

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

November, 1930

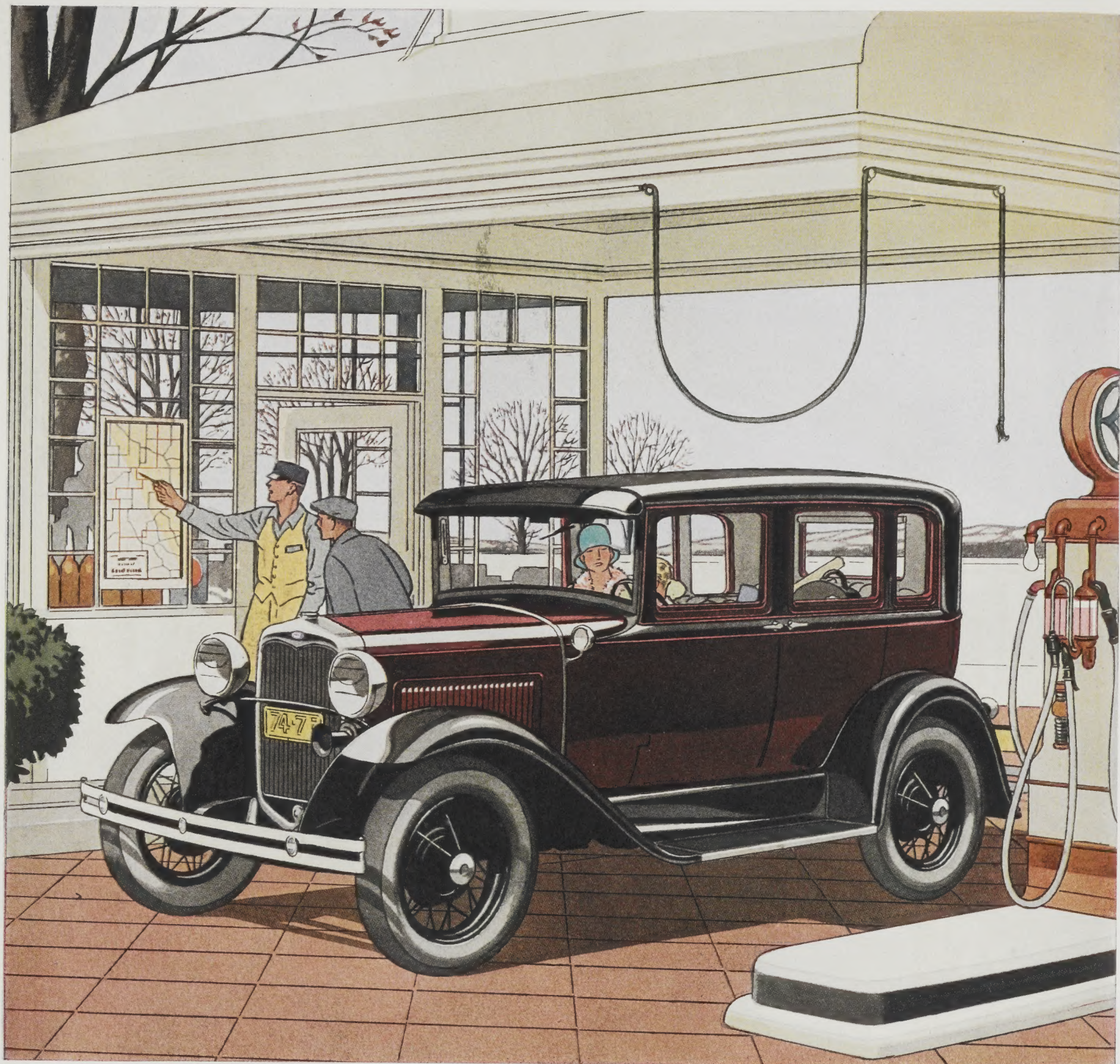
"Canada's Coziest Magazine"

Ten Cents a Copy



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Francis Lynde
T. C. B. de Lom
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THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

You save in many ways when you buy a Ford

LOW FIRST COST is just one advantage of buying a Ford. Of even greater importance is the saving in the cost of operation and up-keep. As the months and years roll by, this saving will total many dollars.

The economy of the Ford is due to its simplicity of design, high quality of materials, and accuracy in manufacturing. Every part has been made to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

Ford owners everywhere will tell you of the economy and reliability of the new Ford. A salesman who travels long distances daily by automobile writes—

"I purchased a Model A Ford Coupe on May 8, 1928, and at this writing have run it 75,888

miles. After I had driven it 44,400 miles, I spent \$45 in repairs, and at 61,000 miles had an additional amount of work done costing \$25."

Another Ford owner tells of traveling 24,000 miles in a year, "and the only parts expense was 75c for a shock absorber link and 50c for a new rubber for the windshield wiper."

A drive-it-yourself firm operating thirty-one Fords is enthusiastic about their performance. They write—"We have found the Model A Ford more economical to operate and the depreciation less. We do not hesitate to say that the new Ford is worth at least \$300 over any other type of car in its price field."

A total of 39,721 miles is reported by a Ford owner on 1405 gallons of gasoline.

Another Ford owner describes a 13,000-mile cross-country trip and says the car was "extremely economical to operate, comfortable and speedy."

Large industrial companies which keep careful cost records are buying more and more Ford cars every year because of their proved economy of operation and up-keep. Their experience is a dependable guide for you in the purchase of an automobile.

Because of the value that is built into it, the new Ford is outselling every other automobile in Canada by a large and constantly increasing margin. In some sections, between 50% and 70% of all cars sold are Model A Fords.



"THE CANADIAN CAR"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Long After the Christmas Drums Are Hushed

and the Christmas cigars are ashes, THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY will continue to make its frequent welcome visits.

It is for this reason that a subscription to a good magazine makes such a popular Christmas gift, and last year some 10,000 of these seasonable orders were entrusted to our care by Santa Claus.

Special rates applying for the months of November and December only are as follows:

One subscription	(with gift card)		\$1.00
Three subscriptions	(with gift cards)		\$2.00
Six subscriptions	(with gift cards)		\$4.00
Ten subscriptions	(with gift cards)		\$5.00

And, in conclusion, may we say that the presentation card, lithographed in colors and depicting the arrival in Western Canada of "The Lady Dufferin," the first locomotive to traverse the Western Canadian prairies, is particularly elaborate.

Right now is a splendid opportunity of solving a considerable portion of your Christmas shopping problem in a satisfactory and economical way.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG, MAN.



"Many Men are Failures because of *INTESTINAL* *FATIGUE*"

*declares Italy's great
Physician-Statesman*

GRANDE UFFICIALE Professore Dottore Raffaele Paolucci, of Rome . . . Director of the Lanciano Hospital, medical teacher, statesman . . . is one of the most commanding figures in European medical and political life. He is known the world over for his daring War exploit, when almost single-handed he mined and sank the flagship of the Austrian fleet.

EVERY man carries memories of the dreams he had when he was a boy. Ambitious dreams. Dreams of achievement . . . happiness . . . success.

Why, in so many cases, haven't these boyhood dreams come true?

Here is what a famous European physician has to say . . . Dr. Raffaele Paolucci, a noted clinic head and vice-president of the Italian Chamber of Deputies . . . a man who has made his mark in *two* great fields of work.

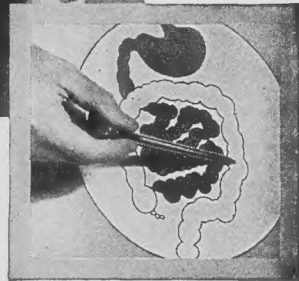
"Frequently," Dr. Paolucci says, "a doctor comes upon really strong personalities who have been unsuccessful because of the effects of constipation—'intestinal fatigue.'"

"How can this condition be corrected? Not by purgatives and laxative pills," he explains. "A more sensible way is to use yeast.

"Fresh yeast," he declares, "has the power to strengthen 'tired' intestines, restoring their activity so that poisons no longer form. Appetite and digestion improve . . . the



Is this the way you feel? Intestinal poisons may be the cause, physicians explain. Correct this trouble with yeast.



individual's whole appearance freshens."

Think of it—just a simple fresh food that brings really natural relief from the commonest of all health faults . . . that tones up your whole system . . . helps you regain mental alertness, energy, "pep"!

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's Yeast*, you know, is rich in *three* vitamins, B, G and D. Eat it before or between meals and at bedtime. At grocers', restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.

What Noted Hospital Heads say:—

DR. PONTOPPIDAN, of Copenhagen's Municipal Hospital, says, "I have had excellent results from fresh yeast for run-down conditions caused by constipation."

DR. JOHAN ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, says, "By keeping the intestines clean, fresh yeast helps keep the system free of poisons."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians



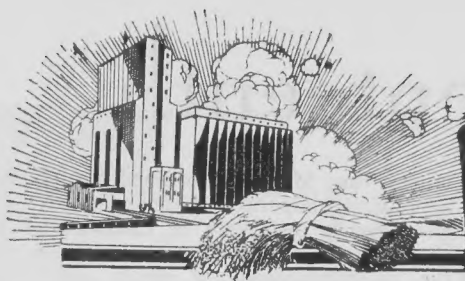
"I was feeling tired and run-down," writes Mr. Oscar Tanguay, of Quebec. "After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my constipation left. I soon felt stronger and better."



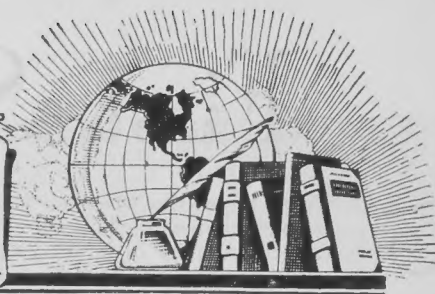
Thousands eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—plain or in water (hot or cold). Eat it any way you like.



"I was working long hours indoors and hadn't been feeling well," writes Franklyn Turner, from Hamilton, Ont. "Appetite and digestion went back on me. Then—boils! I was ready to give up . . . Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin. Indigestion left, too. I am enthusiastic about it."



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 11

The Heroes of the Marshes

IT IS Madrid. In the arena the crowds are cheering when the toreador sends his fire-dart into the flanks of his frenzied victim—the luckless bull that has been taken from his green meadows in order that his slaughter may satisfy the depraved tastes of a depraved people. Well might a great British paper describe the sport as “At best but a brutal spectacle in which a noble animal is done to death in a confined area so different from the green, open pasture in which he has been bred.”

How much more refined and civilized are we! How different our conception of sport and of enjoyment! Our arena is not a confined enclosure but the open prairie. The victims are not dumb driven cattle, but the wild-fowl that destroy the life in all the swamps and sloughs of the province. The matador is not a single figure dressed in showy costume. There are hundreds and thousands of city-bred youths and even men who have long passed the age for active service, who on the fifteenth of September, the national sporting day, volunteer to engage in the great adventure. Nor are they armed with sword and rapier and fire-dart. Each carries but a single weapon, an innocent breech-loading shotgun. All day long these heroes stand in their hiding-places. They heed not wind nor storm. They keep up an incessant barrage against the foes of civilization—those long-necked, quacking, waddling marauders that invade the lakes and marshes of our Glorious West. And at night they return to their bivouacs carrying in their belts one-fourth of their victims, while the other three-fourths, wounded, are spared to die in misery—a fitting object-lesson to all of their kind. It is truly a refined and noble sport. In Madrid the poor bull has no chance, he cannot even run away. But the wild ducks can fly. That very fact means that slaughter becomes sport, and in all sport there is always a pride in victory. So one can understand that the evening of the fifteenth is always one of feasting, boasting and revelry. We have never heard what the ducks do at their celebration.

Nor should one overlook the historical significance of the custom of our warriors in wearing the trophies on their belts. Did not the natives of the plains begin it by wearing the scalps of their victims?

So whatever days we honor let us not forget the glorious fifteenth, when courage is at its best, when endurance in the marsh, and at the table is at its highest, and when “slaughter and service” is accepted as the slogan of a people who have passed beyond the barbarism of the bull-ring and are united in a truly noble cause—the abolition of quackery.

Nationalism and the World Mind

NOW that Canada has accepted a high tariff it is interesting to note what an Independent Non-party Review—“Time and Tide”—has to say about the Americans and their protective policy.

“The struggle has been between that of provincialism *versus* the world mind, and provincialism has won. The men who recognize that since the world war the whole American economic position has changed, and that for the first time the domestic market has become inadequate to absorb the production of the giant plants—and that America must maintain and increase her export trade . . . have been shouted down by smaller men who have no faith in the ability of Europe and the rest of the world to buy more American products. These men are backed by the politicians and industrialists and especially by the smaller business men who fear the social and political consequences of the great slump, and also by the workers who dread the competition of foreign labor. They say ‘This is no time for your long-sighted economic statesmanship. Think about today and act and take precautions accordingly.’”

This is, of course, an old, old song, and people do not care any longer to sing the old songs. Perhaps, however, they will find something in what follows, and what applies to all nations.

“Like all other efforts of governments to obtain advantage for their nationals at the expense of other nations, tariff walls and tariff reprisals are among the most dangerous of international irritants. Trade rivalry now stretches around the planet, and becomes yearly more intense, touches more vitally the destinies, the everyday lives, of peoples. Such conditions have never yet failed to provide the raw material for military conflict between the chief contestants for trade and all that trade means. The progress of civilization looks like being tested in the not remote future by the ability of the chief rivals to keep their struggle upon an economic basis and not allow it to explode into a military war. Not that economic wars are bloodless. They kill just as surely as the wars waged with guns and tanks and warcraft, but the slaughter is not so spectacular. Undernourishment and disease do the work of bullets; riots perform the function of high-explosive shells; and instead of grand defeats in the field, there come risings of hungry peasants and enraged proletarians, government reprisals, maybe a revolution, which may or may not be bloodless.”

War Guilt

“THE World To-morrow” summarizes the opinions of 429 “leaders of public opinion.” They are all apparently from the United States, and, therefore, must be leaders. They consist chiefly of College presidents and professors, who are the poorest judges, because as a class they are so used to scholastic pursuits; clergymen who do not properly belong to this world and who, therefore, see through a glass darkly. They arrive at some strange conclusions. Only 29 out of 429 regarded Germany as more responsible for the war than any other power; 155 out of the same number favored all round cancellation of war-debts and reparation; and 80 thought the United States made a mistake in entering the war. The best answer seems to have been given by one professor who said, “It seems to me to be as nearly idle as any exercise I could take, to attempt to grade responsibility.” The trouble with “The World To-morrow” is that it did not go to the right people for an answer. This is true whether one thinks in terms of occupation or nationality.

The Late Rev. J. L. Gordon

IT IS with great regret that the “Western Home Monthly” announces to its readers the death of Rev. J. L. Gordon, formerly pastor of Central Congregational Church in Winnipeg, and for several years editor of a page in this journal. He was a man whom to know was to respect and admire. He was outspoken, sincere, and courageous. Possessing great natural gifts, he added to them by deep study, and active association with people in all walks of life. He was singularly interested in young men, and his advice to them was accepted in the spirit in which it was given. Though he did not talk for effect his church was crowded at every service. The page that he edited in the “Western Home Monthly” was the first that was read by many. Someone remarked that though his church was in the city, his parish was the whole country from the Great Lakes to the Rockies. After leaving Winnipeg he went to California where he was just as popular and as energetic. Would you know the secret of his success? He was earnest and honest and he avoided controversy. He said what he believed and apart from that he had no opinions to offer. He made no pretense to universal wisdom and did not attempt to dictate to mankind in general, on theology, politics or art. When he saw a need and a way to remedy it, there he felt he had a call. His ears were deaf to all other appeals. It is men of his stamp who contribute real riches to a country. “Though dead he yet speaketh.”

A Fine Report

SOMETIMES a Royal Commission does a valuable piece of work. This time it is the Commission appointed to report on the hospitals, jails, sanatoria, corrective institutions, etc., in Ontario. The report is very full and contains recommendations of great importance. These might be accepted by the governments of all the provinces.

The first has to do with conditions in the jails. There should be segregation of diseased cases, separation of juveniles and old offenders, and the government should be such that imprisonment will tend to reform rather than harden the offenders.

The second touches hospital work. It suggests that better provision be made for the middle classes—those who have not enough to pay the excessive cost of a private room, and who do not desire to be wholly a direct charge upon the municipalities. That is exactly what the Western Provinces should consider.

The third recommendation has to do with sterilization of the feeble-minded and morally defective. If it is true that the welfare of a nation depends primarily upon the character of the people who compose it rather than upon possession of material wealth, this recommendation is well worthy of study.

Juvenile Offenders

AT a meeting held in Winnipeg, of those from all the provinces of Canada, who are particularly interested in public welfare, there were addresses given that touched many of the problems in the Report of The Royal Commission of Ontario. One of the most interesting discussions was that on the treatment of youthful offenders. One speaker, talking for the police advocated severity. He contended that it is the only thing the morally unsound can understand. This was about the only unsound expression during the Congress. It is this very attitude in policemen that makes them hated by the young and ineffective in dealing with them. There are two policemen in town one sees every day. The first has a book and pencil and he takes note of every minor infraction of the by-laws. No doubt as a result he brings in enough in fines to pay his own salary. Some are wicked enough to say he acts under instructions. Nobody likes him, trusts him, respects him. He is not a force that makes for righteousness. He is a criminal-breeder—that is all. On another corner is a policeman who with a smile and a kind word sees the children across the street. He takes a little one by the hand, has a word with the boys, a smile for the girls, and he is their friend. He never has to report on those who drive automobiles, for they see his good work and aid him. He is the policeman who is helping to mould right character in the young. The old doctrine of terrorism is as dead as a corpse. It is accepted only by inferior or antiquated officers in the militia. The only discipline in the world worth anything in real character-building is self-discipline. The worst criminals are those who have been repressed unduly. The way to keep young people straight is to give them something to do in which they will lose themselves. It must of necessity appeal to them.

Unemployment

ANY who are given to making rash statements or who have to listen to them might read the following paragraph from “Current History.”

Figures on world-wide unemployment conditions show the following ranking of countries: the United States, 3,000,000 to 5,000,000; Germany, 2,347,000; Great Britain, 1,694,000; Italy, 385,000; Austria, 239,000; Poland, 289,000. In January, 1930, Soviet Russia reported 1,235,000 jobless, and the latest figures from Japan, December, 1929, bring the unemployed in that country over the 300,000 mark.

First Session of the Seventeenth Parliament

By R. J. Deachman

TAKEN all round this was one of the most picturesque sessions of the House of Commons in recent years. It vied with the Storm Session of 1926. True there was no chance of upsetting a Government. This one was anchored, apparently, at least, as firmly as Gibraltar but the legislation it brought down was sufficiently new and startling to attract attention. The whole thing was driven through between the 8th and 22nd of September, fifteen days altogether just twelve working days! It is recorded in Hansard in only 634 pages of talk and this includes covers, index and all, a thin volume such as one might throw on the Library table or place side by side with an ordinary novel. Speed? Yes. Did the public like this greyhound speed of action? Yes and no! If it suited the politics of the individual contemplating it then it shone as a bright light on the way to Damascus but if not—there was gnashing of teeth and muttered implications of autocracy and Mussolini and sundry other unpleasant thoughts.

Speed? Yes. Within this brief compass of twelve days the legislation to cure unemployment by addition to our capital expenditure of \$20,000,000, tariff changes intended to alter profoundly the balance of the world's trade, amendments to the Customs Act giving to the Executive more power than ever before in a British Constitutional Government, an increase in the duty upon New Zealand butter to save the dairy industry—all these and thousands of other little items, snatched up here and there were given to the people of Canada with less talk, less discussion and greater speed than ever before thought of in the history of the Dominion. All this remember while the perquisite to the boys who were doing the work was just \$25 a day or roughly \$300 for the entire time they spent in the task. If economy is a virtue then the originators and planners of this session should be highly rewarded. They will have their reward too if—if—but why delve into the future, sufficient unto these bright autumn days is the sunshine and—the frost.

The Constant Change

EACH new Session brings its changes. Old familiar faces disappear through the smoke of election conflict never to return. Truth to tell some go who will never be missed. There are two kinds of members of Parliament—the same is true in the world of men—those who possess enthusiasm and those who affect to despise it. A member of Parliament without enthusiasm is a pair of trousers without suspenders or belt—there is nothing to sustain him. He can't stand up under the circumstances. If the constituencies are "wise to them" these boys disappear when election time comes round and with all things derogatory which may be said about the judgment of constituents, they sometime hit quite wisely on approximate truth and leave a lot of somewhat doubtful members at home. Of course no sweeping conclusions can be arrived at from this statement. Sometimes the man who watches things from a close standpoint wonders just why a particular constituency left a good man at home and returned the particular "apostrophe" who now appears. But all these conclusions are subject to the change of time. A member of Parliament may be a "dub" more or less in his first session or two, develop ability at a later date and before his first term is over prove to be a tower of strength on which his party leans. Strange too, sometimes a man may actually get away or be retired by his constituents to the raspberries before the party realizes how valuable a man he is. These are the shrinking souls who hide their lights under a bushel, mature at a late date, and, like century plants, bear flowers in their advancing years.

Great Names

MANY great ones might be listed among the missing in the present House. Let us mention only Lemieux, Dunning, Lucien Cannon, and the redoubtable "Tommy Church." The going was harder for the Liberals than for the Conservatives.

Major casualties therefore were greater among the Liberals. Besides the fortunes of war which wiped out Harry Stevens, also restored him to the ranks of the fighting men properly labelled as a Cabinet Minister. Some say the House will never be the same again without the dignified form of Speaker Lemieux who moved out to face the slightly lengthening shadows of life amid the dulcent tones of the Senate



*The Rt. Hon. Richard Bedford Bennett, K.C., P.C.
Prime Minister of Canada*

Chamber. Mr. Black who succeeds him in the task of Speaker of the House gives every promise of being an excellent Speaker, but there is a vast difference in being a great Speaker and a great figure in the Speaker's Chair and it may be some time before the House of Commons will find one with the peculiar gifts of Mr. Lemieux.

Mr. Dunning is out of the House, at least for a time. He brought to it, perhaps more than any other member, a singular lucidity of expression. He will be missed for his capacity to make things clear. He had the mental speed to grasp with celerity, the power to elucidate the obscure, to amplify when necessary and condense when needed. This may be considered as a holiday for Mr. Dunning. Perhaps he will be all the better for it. The life of a statesman is hard. The gentleman will gravitate back to the House of Commons, that is inevitable. Incidentally it is one of the inevitable things which ought to happen. There are always men on all sides and of all views whose defeat, if it means retirement, is disaster.

Lucien Cannon was a picturesque figure in the old House. He had great capacity for forceful, direct speech. Although a master of invective he seldom used that form of expression. It is said that once

upon a time Mr. Cannon found himself upon a political platform opposed to a man who had been a supporter of Laurier and had changed his political allegiance. There were the usual amenities of which our French Canadian fellow-citizens are so capable. There was a promise to avoid personalities on the platform and discuss solely the issues. In the course of his remarks Mr. Cannon

turned to his opponent and said, "Judas, why betrayest thou thy Master?" This it may be presumed was the oratorical equivalent for knocking down a man and dragging him out by the heels.

And last upon the list to be mentioned is "Tommy Church." This was the most unexpected result of the election. Interested people may have thought from time to time of things which happen to "Tommy Church," some in moments of irritation might have wished that something would happen to him, because he had an infinite capacity for carrying elections but none could conceive of his going down to defeat in the city of Toronto. Yet he did, and Toronto in an off year for the Liberal Party cracked loose from tradition, elected a Liberal, a thing it hadn't done for over thirty years, and "Tommy Church" is not now in the House of Commons. Worse still—someone a few days after the election wrote a letter to a Toronto paper suggesting that "Tommy" ought to be made the Leader of the Liberal Party of Ontario. To suffer defeat was bad enough; to suggest his name as Captain of a Liberal Post must have added salt to his wounds.

The Prime Minister

THE real attraction this year in the House of Commons was the Prime Minister. His was the fight and his the victory. Others had a part in that major conflict but his was the leading part. He began the battle with convictions on tariff matters, more deep and profound than any other man who ever sat in the House of Commons. Perhaps that sentence may be qualified by saying "than any intelligent and educated man"—fanatics of all kinds and classes are represented in the House of Commons, as well as elsewhere.

But for a man who approached the problem, let it be assumed with careful study and with all due regard to the circumstances of our national life, Mr. Bennett was unique in that his courage never faltered for a second. When it came to a defence of what in his own mind he considered was the unqualified panacea for our national ills. Mr. Bennett had to back him up in that faith unswerving devotion in the House of Commons.

On Safe Ground

A PRIME MINISTER may have faith in his beliefs, but if there is not a substantial majority back of him ready to vote for what he brings forward then he must alter the slant of his sails. He must catch the wavering and undecided. He must angle for the dissenting vote. No such problem faced Mr. Bennett—he plunged forward confident, self-satisfied, assured.

No one will question the assertion that he did the work well. He brought to the task his major assets, ease of manner, fluency of speech, quickness of mind and above all an unwearying physical and mental energy which was the astonishment of even those who knew him best. It was only natural that in this session on his own side of the House he should not only be General and Army in himself but also control commissariat and intelligence. His companions in arms had only limited training in the field. There was no deputy to whom he could turn. He was not in the position of Mr. King who in the election of 1925 found himself without a seat in the House of Commons, and turned the task of leadership over to Ernest Lapointe, knowing that he did not need to turn round and hand the honourable gentleman any free advice over his own shoulder. Mr. Bennett insofar as the Government was concerned was everything during the present session and day after day faced the task and handled it rather well.

[Continued on page 40]

SKYLINE



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A NEW NOTE IN SILVERWARE BEAUTY

With the vivid loveliness of daring towers reaching for the stars, SKYLINE, the new design in TUDOR PLATE, has given to young moderns the spirit of power and aspiration in Silverware. And distinguished hostesses responded. « So great has been the success of SKYLINE that TUDOR PLATE now creates new service pieces—tea sets, pitchers, serving dishes—keyed to the dynamic rhythms of SKYLINE beauty. « In SKYLINE, as in all its five designs, TUDOR PLATE

is the quality silverware at moderate prices. The same craftsmen who make COMMUNITY PLATE create TUDOR PLATE. They give it the beauty of moonlight with their exclusive new PATINE* finish.

« And that youth may have fine silverware and enough—TUDOR PLATE gives Dozens for what you expect will buy only half dozens. For instance, a Dozen Teaspoons in TUDOR PLATE is \$4.00. The three-piece Tea Set is \$30.00.

*PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found chiefly in rare old works of art—bronzes, fine cabinet work, priceless vases, and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a Patine finish.

TUDOR PLATE



I went down to NEW ENGLAND to discover why some cake was called pie

And I learned a flavor secret, too



You'll even forgive Boston for claiming it's the "hub of the universe" when a marvelous tasting pie like this is named after it.



I HAVE an awfully interesting job, as you've probably guessed — running the kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested. But occasionally I desert my kitchen to travel, talking to women about the good food they cook in theirs. And they tell me things I couldn't possibly find in books.

The experience I've just had down in Boston proved that. I'd gone there to talk about New England cooking and, incidentally, to see if I couldn't find out why Boston cream pie was called "pie." This luscious anomaly is really cake, you know.

Hours in the Boston Public Library taught me nothing. Questions, questions—to professors, to old inhabitants, to cooking authorities—taught me nothing. "Why are layers of cake joined with a custard called 'pie'?"

BUT, in a KITCHEN in Salem, the chirpiest, little grey-haired woman gave me this answer—

Old-fashioned housewives lived only to please their husbands. And their husbands *would have pie*—for breakfast even. And sometimes the wives wanted cake. So they baked a layer cake in pie tins, filled it with custard, cut it in pie-shaped wedges and *called* it pie. That's why Boston cream pie must always be baked in round tins and cut in wedges.

And, incidentally, cooks I talked with said it was always made *best* with Crisco, because Crisco perfectly preserves the *flavor* of its skillfully blended ingredients.

And Crisco so completely wraps itself around every tiny grain of sugar that fine, moist, even textured cakes always come out of the oven! You'll find that the best bakers—in the States as well as Canada—are using Crisco, too. That's

why women in a hurry never hesitate now to buy delicious cakes from their bakers and grocers.

I hear a fish story

From Boston I went to Gloucester to get a codfish cake recipe and heard a funny little story. A Gloucester woman complained that her husband was "getting a little tired of codfish cakes." "How often do you have them?" she was asked. "Why, only every morning since we've been married." And they'd been married 15 years!

Three hundred and sixty-five times a year is probably too often, even for such codfish cakes as these, but I've yet to find a man—or wife—who has tired of them. They're fried in Crisco—and what a difference Crisco makes in the appearance of things fried in it—as well as the taste. These Crisco-fried codfish cakes are golden brown with the crunchiest crust you can imagine; and when they're broken, little spirals of appetizing steam almost sky-write the word "good." The sweet Crisco preserves their deli-

cate flavor as no other fat can do quite as well.

I have a cook book called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes" that you'll be interested in, I'm sure. You may have it by simply writing me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-110, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

BOSTON CREAM PIE

½ cup Crisco	2 ½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt	2 eggs 1 cup milk
1 cup granulated sugar	4 teaspoons baking powder

Cream Crisco and sugar; then add beaten eggs. Stir in milk and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in two Criscoed layer cake tins in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. When partially cool, put together with vanilla or chocolate custard and sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

GLOUCESTER CODFISH CAKES

6 medium sized potatoes	2 eggs ½ cup milk
2 cups shredded salt cod	½ teaspoon pepper

Boil potatoes in unsalted water. Drain and mash. Add codfish and unbeaten eggs and beat well. Add pepper and milk. Beat mixture light and fluffy. Make into cakes, dredge with flour and fry till brown in skillet with Crisco.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada, Ltd.



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA

The Terror of the Boiling Water

By Francis Lynde

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

IT BEGAN while Brice, the general manager of the D. & U. P. Short Line, was two thousand miles away, getting married; and Upham, whose hold on the men would have counted for something, was also out of reach, figuring as Brice's best man. And it was as far beyond rational explanation as is the Einstein theory to the layman.

It's heralding was in mid-afternoon of a perfect day in June. Brice and Upham were a week gone on the wedding errand, and Rader, general manager's chief clerk, was carrying double; keeping his chief's office in touch with the traffic world, and holding down the details of the operating department for Upham. Incidentally, everything on the three divisions of the Short Line was on the hilltop of disciplinary good behavior; trains running on time, employee loyalty on its mettle, the various cog-wheels of the traffic machine intermeshing without a jar, and as smoothly as the mechanism of the electrically synchronized clock on the wall of Chief-Dispatcher Dawson's room in the Castle Cliff headquarters.

At the fateful moment Rader was in the superintendent's office, arranging, with Reddick the general passenger agent, a special schedule for a train-load of Iowa excursionists due to arrive from the east the following morning. Into the schedulomaking broke little Cranston, Upham's chief clerk, carefully closing the door behind him.

"There's a solemn old crank out yonder who refuses to do business with me; says it's him for the biggest boss in the outfit. What shall I do with him?" was Cranston's wording of his dilemma.

"What does he want?" queried Rader, keeping his place on the Iowa schedule with his pencil point.

"I'm trying to tell you that's what I can't find out," complained the little clerk, who was ordinarily a past adept at prying into the inner consciousness of the visitor with a grievance to air or an axe to grind. "He says his name is Hincheliffe; and he looks as if he might be the father of all the cattlemen, with a claim for a whole herd killed on the right-of-way."

"Oh, well; send him in," grumbled Rader. "There is no choking these claim-pushers off till they've climbed to the top round of the ladder."

Cranston disappeared, and a moment later the door opened to admit the supposed claimant. He was an old man, white-haired and bearded; decently clothed, but with the white dust of the desert thick on shoe and trouser-leg.

"Well, Mr. Hincheliffe," said Rader briskly, "what can I do for you?"

The old man's voice went with his bent shoulders and way-wearied attitude. "You the general manager of this here railroad?" he began.

"No; but I represent him. Mr. Brice is away. Rader is my name."

The "father of all the cattlemen," as Cranston had dubbed him, stood awkwardly fumbling his hat. Reddick, looking on, marked the blue powder burns in the weathered face and the battered knuckles of the drill-holding left hand, miner's token these, and no stockman's, he decided. And the old man's next word confirmed the shrewder guess.

"My claim is up yonder on Sombre headwaters, and I've been sent here," he went on in the shaken voice. "I allowed to the Good Lord that it wouldn't make no difference to a faithless and unbelieving generation; but He laid it on to me, and I had to come. I reckon you all don't believe none in visions of the night?" he concluded, with an appealing look from one to the other of his auditors.

Neither of the two laughed outright. Age is in some sort venerable, even in this the century of the young. But Rader shook his head.

"I don't know about Mr. Reddick, here. He is a passenger man. But I have never had one that a late supper wouldn't sufficiently account for."

"I was lookin' to be scoffed at," said the graybeard patiently. "The Good Book says, 'There shall come in the

last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts.' Nevertheless, I must cry aloud and deliver my own soul. Harken at me, young man, and recollect that I've tramped twenty-five mile in the cold of the mornin' and the heat of the noonday to bring the sure word of prophecy. There's goin' to be a terrible smash-up on your railroad at four o'clock tomorrow, jest before day."

Rader's thought went instantly to train wreckers. How else could a disaster be so confidently predicted? "Go on," he said gravely. "How do you happen to know this, Mr. Hincheliffe?"

"I've seen it in a vision of the night," was the solemn rejoinder, and Rader breathed freer. "I was setting on top of a high rock, looking down into a narrow slit of a gulch. Down at the bottom of the gulch was a river, bigger than the Sombre, a-foaming and tumbling over the rocks; and a railroad track twisted down one side of the gulch and crossed over on a slant-wise bridge to the other, so"—illustrating with the work-worn hands on the flat top of the counter-rail.

Rader and the general passenger agent exchanged glances of startled intelligence. The old man was describing very accurately Black Rock Canyon and bridge, on the upper Boiling Water.

"One moment," Rader interrupted. "You know our line—you've been over it, Mr. Hincheliffe?"

Th old man shook his head.

"I been six year in the Sombre country, and I came in afoot acrosst the Taylor range before your road was built. I never set eyes on a rail of it until today—that is, not in the flesh," said the seer.

"All right; go on."

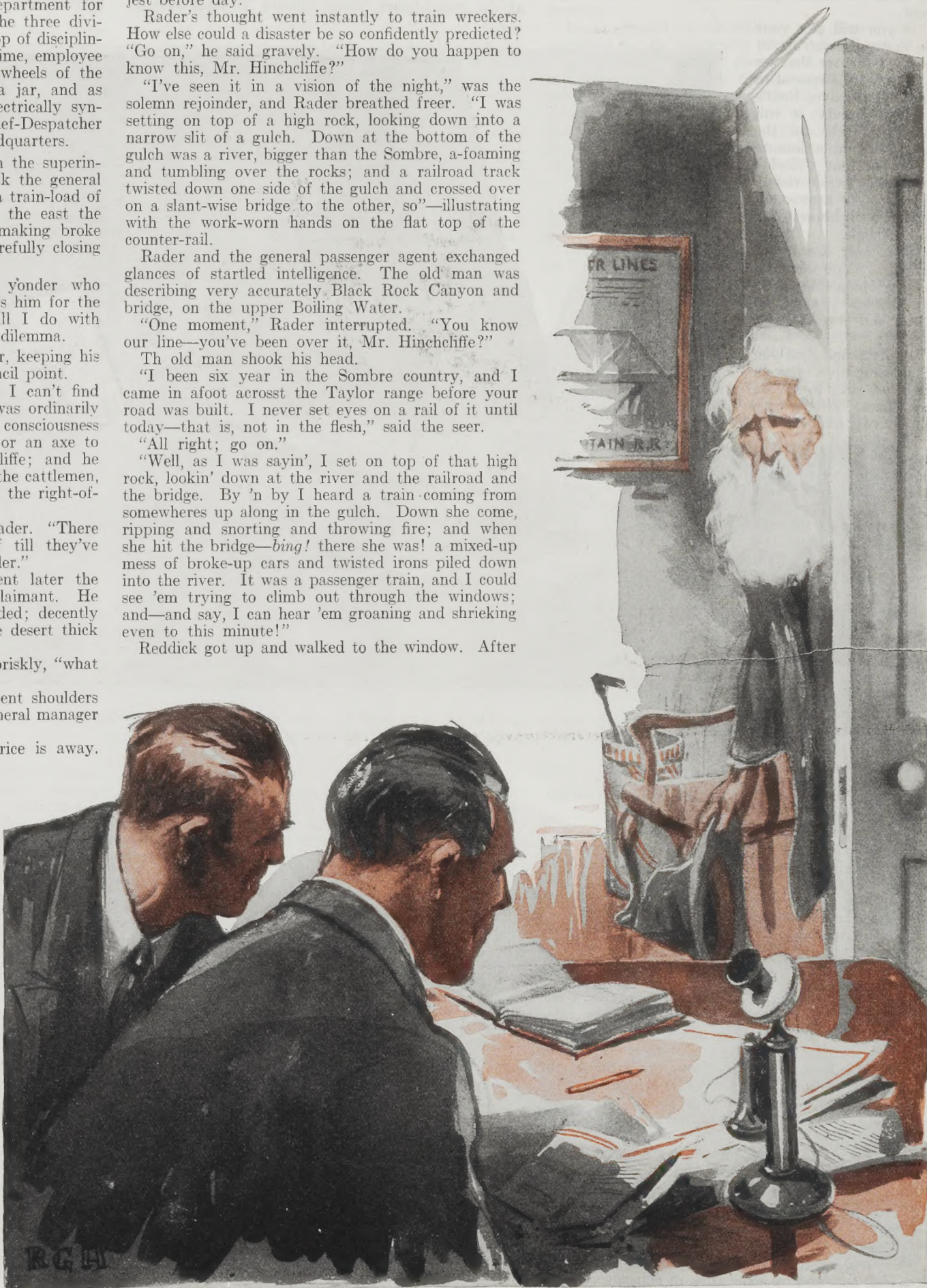
"Well, as I was sayin', I set on top of that high rock, lookin' down at the river and the railroad and the bridge. By 'n by I heard a train coming from somewheres up along in the gulch. Down she come, ripping and snorting and throwing fire; and when she hit the bridge—bing! there she was! a mixed-up mess of broke-up cars and twisted irons piled down into the river. It was a passenger train, and I could see 'em trying to climb out through the windows; and—and say, I can hear 'em groaning and shrieking even to this minute!"

Reddick got up and walked to the window. After

a little while he heard Rader say: "What about the time—how do you know this is to happen tomorrow morning?"

"I can't tell," was the muttered reply. "But when I waked up—with the cold sweat standing out all over me—them figures was running in my head: Four o'clock, June twenty-three. That's tomorrow, ain't it?"

When Reddick faced about Rader was filling out a pass in his book of blanks, and saying, "I wish our Dolomite line ran right up to your cabin door, Mr. Hincheliffe. But we can give you a lift as far as



Neither of the two laughed outright. Age is in some sort venerable, even in this the century of the young.

the camp, anyway. That will still leave us under the greatest obligations to you; you'll understand that, won't you?"

"But you don't believe a single word I've been telling ye," said the old man suspiciously.

"Don't I? I can assure you there will be no accident at Black Rock bridge tomorrow morning if we can prevent it. Here is your pass to Dolomite. Good day, and good luck to you."

There was silence in the superintendent's office while the shuffling footsteps of the prophet of evil could be heard in the corridor. It was Reddick who broke it with remark critical.

"There is one screw loose in the prophecy, and it's a rather important one, when you come to think of it. If our trains are anywhere near on time, we shall have no passenger train within thirty miles of Black Rock bridge at four o'clock in the morning."

Rader smiled and tossed the pencilled schedule of the Iowa excursion special across to the passenger agent.

"If you will run your eye down that string of figures, you'll see that we have timed the special to a dot. If it leaves Bent's at three twenty, it will pass the bridge in the canyon within a minute or two of four o'clock."

Reddick was visibly impressed for a moment, but he shook himself free with a laugh.

"It is only a raw coincidence. You don't let that old man's fantastic pipe-dream weigh an ounce, and you know it, Rader."

"Perhaps not. But you are opening up a big vein when you sling a pick on that claim. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will laugh and tell you that superstition has been choked out and reasoned out long ago, with witchcraft and all the devil-business of the ignorant ages. Yet ninety-eight of the ninety-nine have their own little private hoodoos which they worship like so many Voodooists."

"Nonsense!"

"The superstition is, but the fact remains. Only yesterday I overheard as sober a man as Mac Bostwick telling Haskell, the round house foreman, that there were Fridays when the 1219 would not mind throttle or brake."

"Oh, pshaw! I know the men say such things. But they don't really believe them."

"Don't they? Possibly not. Just the same, I wouldn't have this old fellow's dream story get wind on the line for a farm in God's country. It might be laughed at; and then again it might not. Even you were a little startled when he described a bit of scenery he has never seen."

"Bosh! Assuming that he wasn't lying, there are a dozen ways in which he might, consciously or subconsciously have obtained his picture of Black Rock bridge without having actually seen it. I saw a very striking photograph of it in a shop-window the last time I was in Dolomite; and you forget that our own advertising matter, which is scattered far and wide, carries many cuts of our scenic points. But to come back to business: you won't change the schedule of the Iowa train? The Dolomite Chamber of Commerce is to breakfast these people, and I have promised to get the train to Dolomite by eight o'clock sharp."

"No, we won't change any schedules. But I shall have Holtkamp go up on Two and examine that bridge; and it will be watched until after that Iowa train passes it in the morning."

"By Jove!" laughed the skeptic. "I half believe you're touched yourself, Rader."

"Not necessarily. But suppose the old man's story does leak out, and by some trick of coincidence there should be a wreck to fit it? I know railroad human nature well enough to do a little prophesying on my

own account. Every man in the service might take the sensible view of it; but the chances are ten to one the other way."

Reddick had made a copy of the Iowa train's schedule, and his hand was on the door-knob. "Then let us hope the old gentleman won't talk. We don't want to spoil Mr. Brice's honeymoon with a calamity howl."

UNHAPPILY, the seer of visions did talk. He had two full hours to wait before the departure of the Dolomite train, and in the interval he chanced to foregather with Sanborn, the Castle Cliff baggage agent. Sanborn was a New Hampshire man with an itch for prying into the mental interstices of other folk. He got the story of the Hinchcliffe vision, scoffed at it in his own inner consciousness, but did not fail to pass it on to Jurgins, the hostler who brought Number Two's engine up from the coal track.

From Jurgins it spread to the waiting engine crews at the round-house, losing nothing in transmission;

Rader was in the despatcher's office at Castle Cliff when the wreck was reported. What he said was profanely objurgatory, and it included the false prophets in general and one Hinchcliffe in particular. Later, he ordered out the wrecking train, and while it was making up in the yard he laid down the law to Dawson.

"Don't you let any of this crazy foolishness get into the despatching, Tom," he snapped. "It's bad enough to have it rattling every third train-man on the line."

Dawson looked up from his key and grinned good-naturedly. "You needn't worry about this end of the string," he said confidently. "If the men read their orders straight, we'll keep the wheels turning."

So much for the brave word, yet it was precisely in Dawson's office that the next phase of the terror developed.

It was in Mart Carnagan's trick, between midnight and morning. As the trains were scheduled, the hours between one o'clock and four were the least strenuous in the despatcher's office.

Carnagan never left his key; he was too conscientious to do that. But he was given to reading detective stories—this to keep from dozing in the quieter intervals.

On the morning of the 27th, at half-past two o'clock, and exactly forty-eight hours after the Goodhue episode in Black Rock Canyon, Carnagan put aside his thrilling tale to answer a stuttering call from Callidonia. He cut in on the wire promptly, and, "Orders for Train 202," clicked from the Callidonia end.

Now Carnagan's brain was still only on the returning way to its normal acuteness, owing to the particular crisis he had just reached in his book; but he was well convinced that Train 202 had been provided for two stations west of Callidonia.

"What's the matter with you?" he clicked back. "Two-two had orders at Quirada."

"Train here without orders," was the answer. "Send them."

It was like a blow in the dark, and it left Carnagan groping. A glance at the train-sheet, the record of all moving

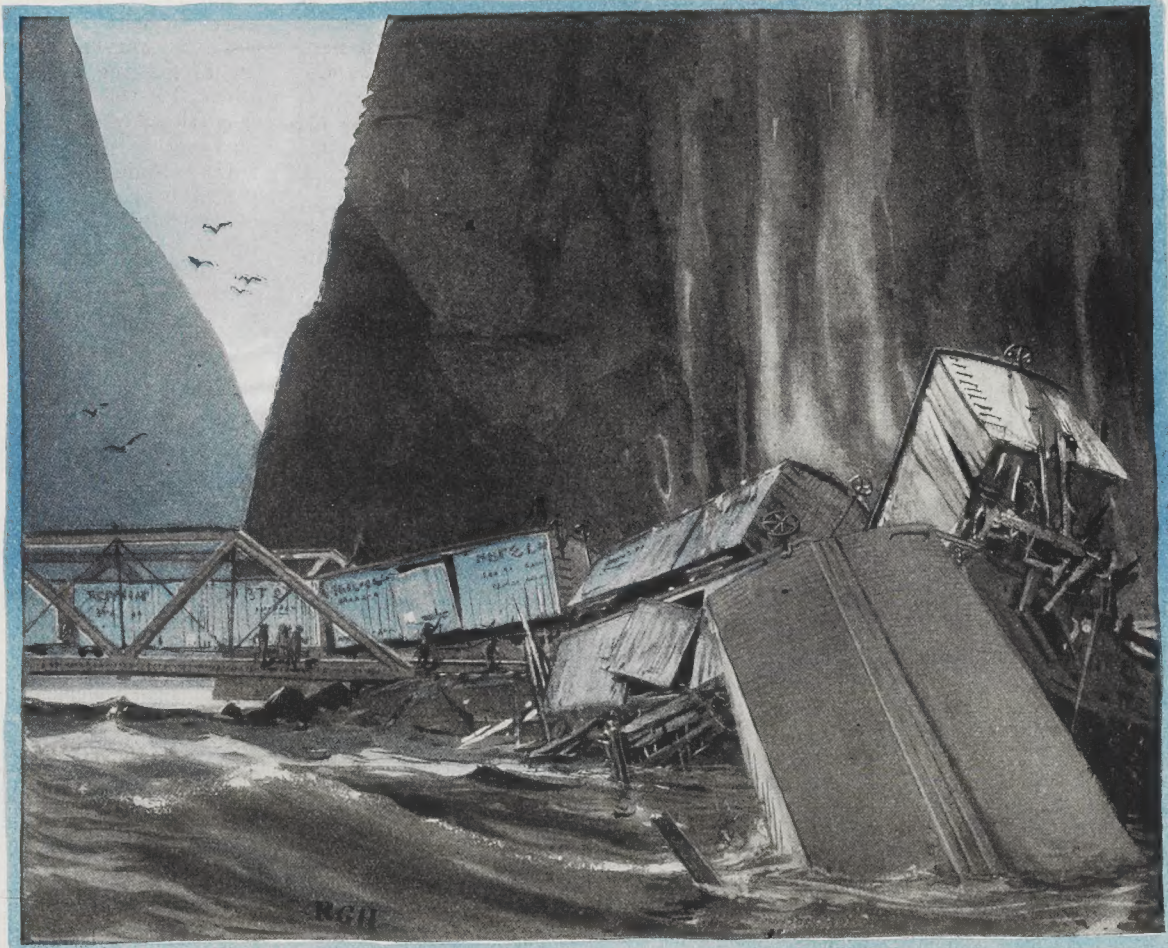
trains, served only to confuse him the more completely. The proper entries stared at him from the figured sheet; Train 202 to meet Train 105 at the blind siding at Arreta; and there was the "O.K." of the operator at Quirada, twenty miles west of Callidonia. How could he have made the entry unless the order had been given?

Carnagan rubbed his eyes, and touched the hot bulb of the electric light to make sure he was awake. "You're crazy," he snapped back at the Callidonia man. "Make Two-two's crew show up."

"Crew here; no orders," came the monotonous repetition.

The night despatcher, still groping, steadied himself with a left-hand grip on the table's edge and sent them. "Train Two-two, Henson, conductor, Hollingsworth, engineer, to meet Train One-Five, Gurley, conductor, Bostwick, engineer, at Arreta." Almost instantly the "O.K." rattled through the office sounder, and Carnagan drew a deep breath and dipped his pen to make the corrected entries on the record.

In the act he saw a thing to make the electric lights go red and the room to spin like a top with a certain set of ink-black figures for its axis. Train 202, heavy freight, had been on time up to Quirada, the station where the original meeting order seemed to have been given, but not received. At Callidonia, however, it was thirty minutes late. Hence, it would be thirty minutes late at Arreta, where there was no station—no operator; and Train 105, a passenger with the right of road, would wait ten minutes, and five more



The long train buckled on the curve, spread the rails and a dozen of the boxes were piled neatly into the Boiling Water.

and before night other details were added. For example, it was whispered about that Chief Engineer Holtkamp had gone up on Two to examine the bridge; that a special track gang had been told off to watch it during the night; that the engineer of the excursion train had verbal orders to run cautiously in Black Rock Canyon.

From this the story got on to the wires, and by midnight of the 22nd every man in the train service had heard some version of it, and the conditions were psychologically ripe for wreckings, mental and material.

After all, nothing happened in Black Rock Canyon. Holtkamp found the bridge in perfect condition—he had the steel-loaded cars of a material train backed upon it, testing it to a strain far above that of any passing traffic. The watchers saw nothing amiss; and in due time, at precisely four o'clock, as it chanced, the Iowa excursion safely crossed the dead line and steamed briskly on its way to Castle Cliff and Dolomite.

But the psychological mischief was done. Two nights later Goodhue, engineer of the 1217, tailing a long string of boxes down the canyon, had a case of "nerves," superinduced by the sight—or the fancied sight—of an obstruction between the rails.

With ample time and space to make a safe stop, he clapped on the air and slammed the 1217 into the reverse motion, taking the back slack so suddenly with the heavy engine that the long train buckled on the curve, spread the rails, and a dozen of the boxes were piled neatly into the Boiling Water.

for a possible variation of watches, and then proceed to a head-end collision with the delayed freight!

The night man pounced upon his key and rattled the Callidonia call, "On, On, On," thickly interspersed with, "Hold Two-two," and presently the circuit was broken and the response came. "Two-two is pulling out of upper yard. Clancy has gone to try to flag her down. Hold wire."

Carnagan held the wire open, and great drops of sweat ran down his face and fell upon the train-sheet. Two other minutes of the soul-killing suspense would have finished him, but the interval was shortened. "Couldn't catch Two-two," was the unnerving reply, and Carnagan sprang up, overturning his chair and raving as one suddenly gone mad.

There was no hope; no telegraph station between Callidonia and the meeting-point where he could intercept the freight, and none east of Arreta where he could catch and hold the passenger. In a blind frenzy he began to walk the floor so mechanically that he fell over a chair without seeing it. The shock set his brain to work again. Though there was no station at Arreta, there was a private wire to the shaft-house of the Arreta mine, a short half-mile up the mountain above the fatal blind siding. Branziger, the mine superintendent, was a self-taught operator, but he would be abed and asleep. Carnagan did not know whether or not he slept within sound of the telegraph instrument; but there was the slenderest of chances, and he sat down to snip out the Arreta mine call in endless repetition, breaking now and then to sign his own office call.

Again and again he tried, and once more the cold sweat trickled from his face. The minutes passed swiftly; the hands on the clock-face seemed to flick forward by jerks. In his ears was the drumming of One-five's wheels, and in his mind's eye he could see the fast passenger train flying down the long tangents and racing onward, nearer and ever nearer to the meeting-point. Now she was passing Boyer's; now she was pitching up to the summit where her headlight would search out the switches at Arreta; now she was standing, air-brake palpitant, at the siding, and the engineer and conductor would be comparing watches and swearing wrathfully at the delay.

And still the mine wire was dead to his clamoring. It must be as he feared; the telegraph instruments were doubtless in Branziger's office, and his bed was somewhere else. Carnagan's hand fell from the key upon the handle of the drawer where the file of train-sheets was kept. He opened the drawer mechanically. A revolver lay in one corner, and his hand was creeping toward it when the sounder snapped hesitatingly once or twice and he started alive again. The snipping clicks were spelling out his office call and signing "Arreta."

In a fierce fury of hope revived he fell upon the key and sent his beseeching, in briefest form, for now the very seconds were priceless. Yet he had to send it slowly to enable Branziger to get it at all. "Get word quickly to night passenger, now on mine siding. Hold it till freight passes."

The answer was encouraging. Branziger would go himself, and report later.

Martin Carnagan was a young man when the first clicking call from Callidonia made him put down the detective story to reply to the demand for orders for Train Two-two. But before the Arreta mine call had broken for the second time into the horrible silence of the Castle Cliff wire office, he was staggering up and down under a weight of years crowded into minutes. And once he had stopped in front of the little toilet-stand mirror in the corner of the room to look at his haggard face in the glass, and to wonder if the morning light would show his hair whitening at the temples.

At last, after what seemed like a lifetime of torturing suspense, the call came. He reeled across to the table and answered it. Then, slowly, as from the difficult sending of an unpracticed hand, the letters and words dribbled out upon the silence.

"Too late. One-five pulled out before I could get down mountain. Branziger."

The night man locked his forehead between his hands and staggered to a chair. The last hope was gone, and for the moment he wished to die. Then the strong hand of routine laid hold upon him and he did what was to be done; sprung the electric alarm for Dawson, whose sleeping-room was in the other end of the building, and sat down to his key

to call up the master-mechanic and the emergency crew for the wrecking train.

IT WAS a pretty bad collision, and it set every nerve of the D. & U.P.—nerves already at panic tension—quivering afresh. Bostwick, engineer of the passenger, had a leg broken, and his fireman was killed outright. Hollingsworth and his fireman jumped before the crash, but they were both severely injured. A car-load of mail was burned, and the postal clerk in charge lost an arm in the telescoping of his car by the tender of the colliding engine.

Carnagan, happily or unhappily, was out of it. When Dawson had come hurrying and half dressed at the summons of the electric alarm, he had found the night dispatcher gibbering and mowing at his reflection in the little looking-glass; past cursing, past discharging, past everything save a straight-jacket and a padded cell. Hence the mystery of the double order entry on the train-sheet remained a mystery.

Rader, roused by the call-boy who turned out the members of the emergency crew, came down in the gray twilight of the dawn and found Dawson patiently unravelling the tangle caused by the blocking of the line and Carnagan's abandonment of the wires. By this time the report of the wreck was in over the Arreta mine wire, and a relief train was hurrying to the scene in the wake of the wrecking outfit. Rader stepped into the breach, praying for a cool head. The sight of Dawson's massive face, calmly hard and impassive, was comforting, and he felt that the wires, at least, were in safe hands while the chief dispatcher could keep up.

Elsewhere, however, the terror was in full swing. Out in the yards, where the night crew was making up the eastbound freight, a man came running with the news that a switchman had been caught in coupling. A little later word came from the yard office that Jurgins, the hostler, had backed the 1310 over an open switch. At breakfast time, when Train Three arrived from the night run down the Boiling Water, the remains of a mangled steer bespattered the front end of the engine, and the two enginemen were pallid under the coal [Continued on page 63]



With a sudden grinding of fire from under her wheels and a roaring thunder of quickening exhausts from the stack, the big freight-puller had shot away up its tortuous steel trail, masterless.

To Scrape the Dish

~

By
Francis Dickie

~

"YOU snitched, Dorgan! An' don't think for a minute this play they're makin' to pinch you is foolin' me!"

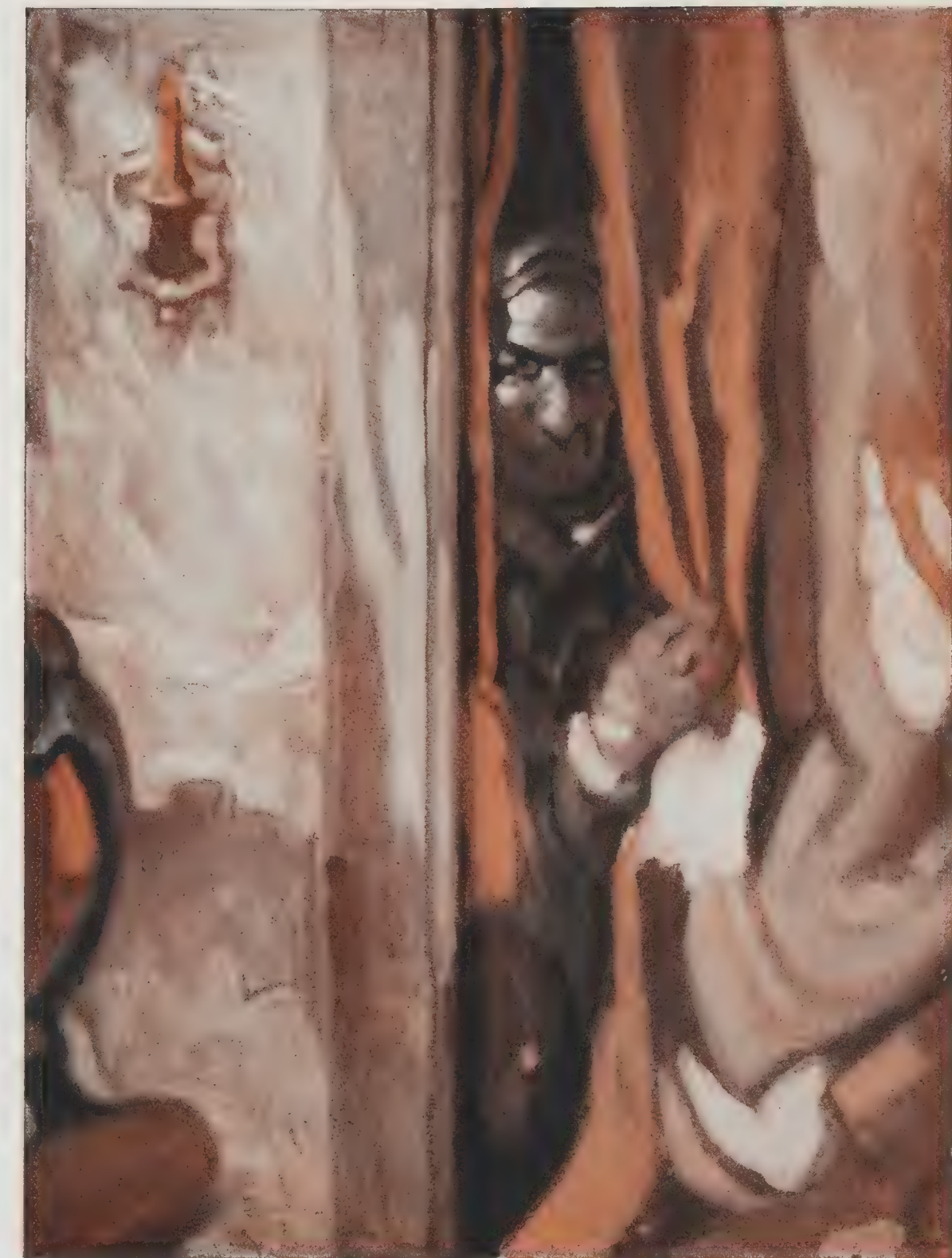
Standing at one side of the shabby little bedroom, with a plainclothes man on either side of him, "Big Face" Macartney raised his just manacled wrists, and, as he snarled out the words, he shook a clenched fist at the man Dorgan, who but a minute ago had been seated opposite him at the little table, playing cards.

Dorgan, also handcuffed, had standing guardingly beside him two more grim-faced men, whose every line of form and feature proclaimed their policeman calling. Yet, though Dorgan, Big Face's accomplice in a recent crime had too been made a prisoner, there was in Big Face's heart absolutely not a doubt that his partner was guilty of the just charged treachery. Almost intuitively, though too late, suspicion had come to Big Face in the just past first moment of arrest. He had tried to put the thought away, but instantly that curious sixth sense seemingly implanted in hunted men as well as creatures of the wild, had strengthened the belief to a conviction.

Now, with lightening rapidity common to such moments, there flashed in thought picture review before Big Face's mind the happenings of the recent past; and a dozen little things, nothing in themselves, hardly noticed at the time, stood out big with meaning in the light of the arrest of the moment before.

Three weeks previously, Big Face had come a stranger to Red River City. But, with that instinctive knowledge with which the underworld is gifted, Big Face, skilled "peter man," on the second evening of his stay in the city had dropped in to the Two Oaks saloon, and there met and struck up a friendship with Dorgan. And now, limned clear in Big Face's mind, came memory that it had been Dorgan who had first "declared himself." Dorgan had made the first advances! Dorgan it was who had called attention to the Vorwaert's mansion, relating how within old Vorwaert's den reposed an obsolete safe, yet in which were kept the family jewels, the most valuable collection in all Red River City.

In answer to Big Face's suspicious questioning why he should "tip his mitt" to a stranger, rather than make the haul single-handed, thus retaining all the spoil for himself, Dorgan had easily explained: He was not a "box-man." For any strong-arm, stick-up, or second storey "prowling" he was equal; but the opening of a safe was beyond his ken. So, though a parlor maid friend of his had been pumped of this information some weeks before, he had let the



Dorgan had remained in the role of lookout, without

information lie fallow in his brain, lacking as he had a working partner of the necessary skill to meet with the Vorwaert's emergency. In the light of such revelation, Big Face's suspicions fled. Always a trifle inclined to superstition, he had even regarded his meeting with Dorgan as a propitious omen that spelled success for the venture.

At once Big Face had looked the ground over. Not, however, with an eye to the crude blowing of the safe; for Big Face, even though a "peter man" of an ability that took safe door and "duster" when he operated with "soup and blanket"—than which is no higher artistry—was still a finer workman. He was an ex-employee of a great safe works, an expert from years of laboring, a "listener;" and upon the average safes which so many citizens place in their homes in fond belief in the invulnerableness of these, Big Face had but to spend a certain amount of time harkening to the tumblers falling as he slowly turned the knob, when the door's secret combination would be revealed, and entrance given to the treasure resting behind it.

Compared to the certain amount of noise unavoidable in opening a safe by the "soup" or nitroglycerine method, Big Face's "listening" was infinitely preferable, particularly when operating in a house full of sleeping inmates.

On the ninth evening of his stay in Red River City, Big Face had opened the safe in the Vorwaert's mansion, extracted a bulky leather case full of assorted diamonds, pearls, and various and sundry

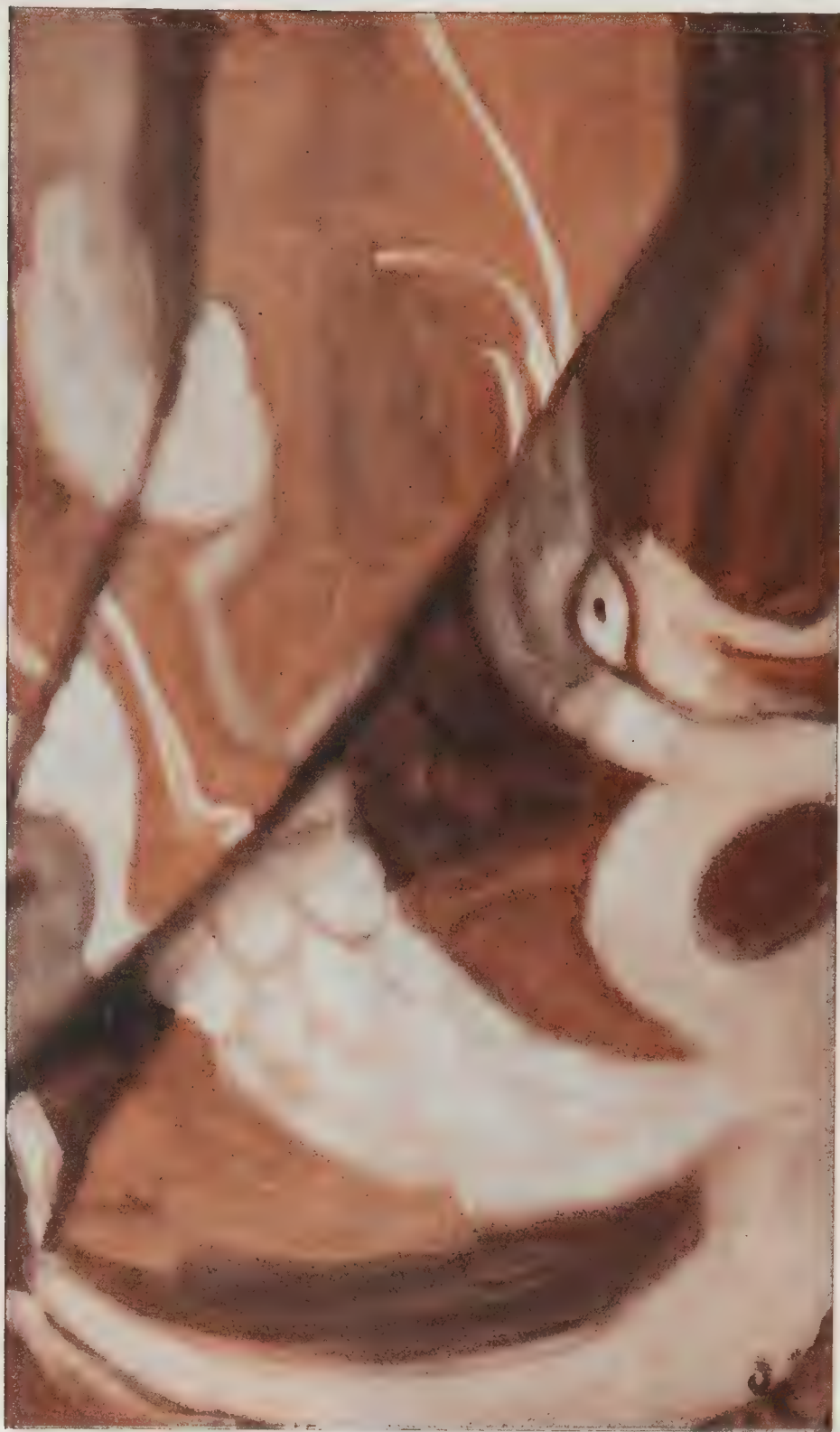
other feminine ornaments, and then made his way quietly to the street, where Dorgan had remained in the role of lookout, without which no first class job would ever be complete.

An hour later in Big Face's dingy hall bedroom, the spoil had been divided; and though Dorgan's part in the procuring was but a slight one, Big Face had made a fifty fifty cut, remarking that in as much as Dorgan had "pegged the peter," such division was rightly his due. All of which was in keeping with Big Face's unrapacious and always fair nature.

The gems apportioned, Dorgan had promptly left for his tiny cottage, for he was one of the oldest of Red River City's "home guard" crooks, a lesser thief, but loyal to his town. Big Face, wrapping his booty in a handkerchief, had carelessly stuck the parcel underneath his pillow and gone calmly to sleep. Big jobs were not new things to him.

Late the following morning Dorgan had returned with the day's papers. Together they read the reports of their exploit, learning with pleasure that their haul was valued at thirty thousand dollars. Finishing this pleasant piece of literary information, Big Face being in need of a little ready cash had entrusted to Dorgan, as one more familiar with the City, the pawning of one of the lesser diamonds, he first carefully removing it from its setting. This mission Dorgan had quickly performed.

BIG FACE, being a long-headed and foresighted workman, was thus prepared to travel far from



Illustrated
by
John Clymer

which no first class job would ever be complete.

Red River City with the balance of his jewels. But, with all his old caution, had delayed making too hasty a departure, knowing full well that immediately after such big hauls as his, the whole plain clothes force of the City with probably the staff of several private agencies added would be paying strictest attention to every outgoing traveller—and Big Face was not forgetful that his "mug" hung in many an Eastern gallery, making safe his own conjecture that copies of it had been passed along westward. Two weeks he had decided to wait. In this time a neatly pointed goatee and professionally long hair could be acquired. In the meantime, with always the remembrance of the possibility of his "mug" being known at local headquarters, Big Face shunned the streets, keeping close to the dingy little room. Here, to wile away the time, he played solitaire, or games of two-bit limit poker with Dorgan who came in every afternoon and spent an hour or so. Thus eight days of Big Face's allotted two weeks had passed.

Then today as they sat at the little table lazily interested in their cards, had come footsteps in the little hallway, followed by a faint tap on the door. Big Face, always cautious, had motioned for silence, and was about to question in guarded tones the identity of the knocker, when Dorgan with: "Aw, don't be silly; nobody could come but the landlady," had sprung quickly to his feet, crossed the room and flung open the door. The next second he had started back before the hasty entrance of burly forms. But there had been something unnatural about his

immediately assumed pose of fear. It lacked convincing realism; seemed stagey and prepared. Equally so had been his assumption of dignity as he made a feeble attempt to bar the lightening entrance of the four plainclothes men. But even as he uttered his protest, his hand had begun rising in response to a gruff command backed by the officers' already drawn guns.

And Big Face, so lulled by sense of security, had realized the truth too late to even make a fight. The whole thing was so sudden, unexpected. Three revolvers had covered him, forestalling any move toward his precious automatic, lying at the minute beneath his pillow—fullest proof of all how safe he had believed himself.

Now, with his review of recent events ended, and as he stood between his captors waiting while one of the other two men left Dorgan's side and went out to summon the patrol, Big Face's thoughts went groping wonderingly for a reason for Dorgan's duplicity. But the man's action was so inconceivably unreasonable that no solution would come. They had, Big Face argued to himself, made a clean getaway with a haul which to a "roughneck" unskilled

worker like Dorgan was wonderful richness. This in itself should have held the man faithful and eager for further operations in his company. Considering these things, Big Face, by no reach of wit or subtlety could explain his recent partner's action. Yet the wonder still remained with him; bothered him; and his brain went on hazarding conjectures as he was led down to the soon arriving patrol waggon, and for many days after.

But not until his trial three weeks later did he find answer to the question, when Dorgan, as chief witness for the prosecution, told his story. Standing in the witness box Dorgan related the happenings of the past weeks spent in Big Face's company. Only in one particular did he differentiate from the truth: told of being approached by Big Face to act as outside man on the Vorwaert's mansion job, thus placing himself in the best possible light. Then followed the relating of his pawning the one jewel for Big Face.

Unfortunately, the police, the very next day following his act, had completed their carefully made out description of all the missing jewels, furnished by several members of the Vorwaert's family, and various jewellers, in regards to some stones where the owner's memory or data was lacking. A circular copy containing a minute description of each and every stone had then been distributed to all the pawn shops and every place where they might be offered for sale. Even the "fence" to whom Dorgan had sold the stone for Big Face had secretly received one of these, for unknown to Dorgan and many other members of Red River City's underworld, the "fence" was secretly friendly with the police. Receiving a tip that the reward for information which would lead to the recovery of the jewels would far outreach any profit he could make by handling them otherwise, besides being eminently safer, the "fence" had been keenly on the alert. And though the diamond pawned by Dorgan had been small and removed from its setting, making it possible to be not one of the stolen collection, it had been sufficiently alike one described in the circular as to arouse the "fence's" suspicion. Still, all might have been well, for he had waited in hopes of something else occurring to make his suspicion strong enough to act upon, had not Dorgan returned later and sold three of his own. Hardly had he left than the "fence" was in touch with headquarters, and when arrested an hour later Dorgan had upon his person his share of the plunder. Of such poor stuff was Dorgan made that the police obtained from him confession without even resorting to their usual third degree method—a practice forbidden by law and justice and all the rules of humanity, but still long used by practically every city police force on the North American continent, without any interference from press or public, though almost daily open allusions are made to it journalistic-ally.

But craven as Dorgan was, he still had been crafty enough to hold back his partner's whereabouts until promised freedom for this revelation and the following testifying against him. This the police had readily done, knowing full well that Big Face was the man really worth while taking.

ALL this Big Face pieced together as he sat in the prisoner's box, hearing Dorgan's evidence. And as he listened there came to Big Face an all searing flood of hate, bitter beyond any he had ever known. It welled up and up in him, filled his heart, his soul, became a consuming thing that burned within till he had to grip the seat edge to keep from making a rush toward the witness stand where craven Dorgan stood. But realizing the futility of such action here in this guarded court room, Big Face controlled himself and sat on, silent, frowning, his eyes riveted to the floor.

Ordinarily he hated "coppers"—a natural feeling born of a lifetime of crime. Now, sitting here listening to the damning words that meant for him long years of incarceration, this feeling became strangely dead. The old animosity, that had ever flared up at even the sight of a uniform gave way to a newly come passion so great as to leave no room for other feelings.

After all, he reflected, coppers were coppers; they moved according to their lights. But Dorgan! He was different! He had snitched—gone over to the enemy—turned upon his pal. And Dorgan's treachery was twice heinous in the light of his evidence showing how needless had been his action.

Yet when Dorgan left the stand, Big Face did not even look up, but sat, still frowning, his eyes resolutely fixed upon the floor. And no one saw how burning bright were his [Continued on page 67]



The City of Disappointment

By Marion Isabel Angus

HAVE you ever wanted something with such intensity that you knew that if you got it everything would be lovely forever and ever—and then Fate was kind, and you received what you wanted and discovered that the thing you had and despised was really most important and what you really wanted?

Such was my experience recently. I had always wanted to go to New York. I pictured it as the romantic Mecca of youth and adventure. I thought if I could only get to New York my whole life would be different. I felt I should really live.

Strangely I got my desire. I boarded the C.N.R. train at Vancouver and headed eastward. The trip was not monotonous for my eyes were fixed inwardly on my goal. On a Saturday morning I arrived at the Pennsylvania Station, New York City, and my glorious adventure had begun.

The first day in New York had the heady influence of champagne and thrilled me by the mere fact of its existence. The representative of one of the Pacific Coast papers called for me and took me sightseeing. We started off by taking a subway to Broadway. As this was in the morning there was no crush, but in the late afternoon it is indescribable. The speed is tremendous but not apparently so.

We went into the Paramount Building and entered an elevator. We transferred, after a number of floors, to another elevator that took us to the roof—more storeys than I can remember. From the roof we could see miles and miles of skyscrapers of varying heights, colors and dimensions, and the absolute insignificance of the human atom struck me with overwhelming force. Momentarily I felt depressed, but shook off the feeling as we watched the majestic Leviathan manoeuvring from her berth, outbound.

Hell's Kitchen, which is all its title implies, was pointed out and the rolling hills of New Jersey. The Hudson River flowed before our eyes like an imperturbable, silver ribbon. To the south, as far as eye could see, extended monumental masses of stone, New York's shrines to the gods of Big Business. The most beautiful, architecturally speaking, was the 65-storied Chrysler building with its really uniquely beautiful tower. Later I saw the vestibule of this building, which is very modernistic in style and awe-inspiring. Owing to the depression, following the Wall Street slump, there are many vacant offices in these huge buildings, but prosperity will undoubtedly ameliorate this condition, which prevails everywhere.

Directly below us ran the famous Broadway of White Way fame. This intersects the city diagonally and is very narrow. Theatres line the streets and nearly all the movies were featuring pictures of Admiral Byrd's Polar exploits.

WE RETURNED to the Pennsylvania Hotel to see if my trunk had arrived. It hadn't which was to be expected, so we walked up to Fifth Avenue and took a bus. We sat on top and drove past miles and miles of beautiful shops where everything from evening gowns to beach pyjamas and camping

outfits were displayed. Most of the very exclusive places featured the white evening gown, touching the floor and fashioned on expensively simply lines. On the street, however, I saw no long dresses, in fact none were as long as the dresses worn in Montreal, or even on the streets of Vancouver and Victoria. The majority of women wore simple silk or crepe-de-chene sport dresses and gauntlet gloves. Later I commented on this to a girl I met, and she said: "Oh, yes, gloves are decidedly 'in' this year, in fact more so than they have been for several seasons."

as any. It may have represented the artist's abstractions—geniuses are supposed to be queer—but all we could see were jumbled masses of geometric figures. Another artist used dots instead of sweeping lines to express himself. This picture was done mostly in light greens and blues, with occasional dots of red, yellow or white, and presented a dazzling effect of heat and glare. Probably the most powerful canvas was a scene from the subway. A little yellow-haired girl with skinny legs sat reading on the end seat. Leaning against the partition was a huge, evil-looking negro, and behind him loomed a resident of the Ghetto, with his hunched shoulders and straggling beard. We also saw some interesting bronze nudes that were so vital they almost breathed.

By this time we were hungry so we had dinner in one of those places that newcomers always want to see. We knocked on a door and a discreet face appeared at the grill. After a careful inspection we were admitted. Candidly, the place was disappointing—it might have been a restaurant anywhere. The man, opposite us, might have been a gangster, judging by his face, but judging from his manners and general deportment, he was probably a real estate man, or perhaps a bond broker, or even a banker. The dinner, I may say, was delicious and the cocktails guaranteed "pure stuff." One custom that has become popular in New York since Prohibition, is that most women stand up to the bar in these places.

Later in the afternoon we took the subway to Grand Central Station, where surely all the people in New York had gathered. We took a train to Connecticut where my companion and his charming artist wife had their home.

My week-end at Westport, which is an artist colony where John Held, Jr. and other celebrities hold forth, was delightful and spent mainly in my hostess' studio which was lined with interesting flower, still-life and nude studies, but that is another story.

MONDAY morning about 9:30 found us back in the Big Town. I had found it hot enough on Saturday but over the week-end the thermometer had hit the sky. Loyal New Yorkers asseverated that this heat was unusual but I was unconvinced. Never had I felt such overpowering, miserable heat and never had I been so uncomfortable. Already New York had lost

much of its magic for who could be happy or gay in such humidity. In fact, many people I talked with, frankly congratulated me that I could leave New York when I desired and return to the Garden City of the Pacific, which they regarded as idyllic as the Isles of the Blessed were to the ancients—as New York had once seemed to me.

My business during that and succeeding days was visiting editors and a literary agent. At this latter place and at the editorial offices of such high-brow magazines as Scribners, I was courteously treated and as soon as possible taken to the office of the person I wanted to see. This same also applies to the National Broadcasting Studio, of which more later.



Fifth Avenue looking North from Forty Seventh Street

The effect was extremely smart as many of the gloves were the same pastel shades as the dresses. Colored shoes were also greatly in evidence. The absence of extremes in make-up was noted, although my companion informed me that in certain districts of Broadway, make-up was applied crudely and brilliantly. Later I did notice a Jewess with nails lacquered a Chinese red, which was, to put it mildly, startling.

A modern Art exhibition claimed us next. I was astounded at most of the canvasses that passed as Art Moderne, although, as an occasional perpetrator of *vers libre*, I probably had no reason to be. My companion and I were greatly intrigued by a picture entitled "Abstractions," which was as good a title



The Chrysler Building

The pulpwood magazines were different. Not that they lacked courtesy, but it was a different, dehumanizing courtesy. I am sure the President himself would have been easier to interview than the editors of most of the cheap-grade magazines. Occasionally, if I were fortunate, I was enabled to meet the personal secretary of the big man (or woman, and very frequently it was a woman) but that was not what I wanted or had come so far to get.

This, combined with the overpowering heat and noise, was disheartening and robbed New York of its remaining glamor. I was glad when the time came, and I went to the C.N.R. office on Fifth Avenue and bought my return ticket to Montreal.

It must not be assumed that New York was without its highlights. Bobby Jones, or Mr. Robert T. Jones, Jr., as he prefers to be known, made his triumphal return from England, and in their exuberance the enthusiastic New Yorkers showered him with just 120 more tons confetti than Lindbergh received after his epoch-making flight. (The debris after Lindbergh's reception weighed 80 tons.)

Another interesting thing was a visit to Wall Street district where one immediately perceived justification for H. G. Wells' "Mr. Bletts-worthy on Rampole Island." The streets were being torn up as another subway is under construction and gave a very unprepossessing appearance to the wealthiest spot in America. While in this district I had lunch at an Automat with a naive, young stenographer I had met several days earlier. It was most amusing to insert a nickel or a number of nickels in various slots, turn the handle and obtain a cup of coffee, sandwiches, ice-cream or what one desired, including succulent-looking spaghetti and tomato sauce. Here was the rush and bustle of New York personified. If one was lucky one got a seat, but immediately about six people parked themselves behind one, waiting for the chair. There was no hesitating at the Automat if one was to eat and get a seat, and at the same time one was eating, it was a strictly, efficient business, with no

time for Fletcherizing or ruminations.

After lunch we went over to old Trinity Church where an organ recital was in progress. Around the graveyard, even on the stones, people rested during the course of their noon-hour. We noticed several deeply engrossed lovers, utterly oblivious to heat, audience or anything.

The stock exchange and many famous financial houses were viewed from the outside, then I took the "El" back to 34th Street. This passed through a poor tenement district where a crowded humanity eked out a miserable existence.

THE inspection of the National Broadcasting Studios was probably the most eye-opening experience of my visit. Owing to the magic of a personal letter, I was shown over three floors of the immense studio by the head of the reception committee, the courteous Mr. LaTour. Among other very interesting things, we saw Reinold Werrenrath, the famous baritone, rehearsing for the Camel hour programme, in which he is one of the many-priced artistes. This Camel hour programme is broadcasted with the assistance of a hundred and fifty piece orchestra and we

were able to see them from the vantage point of a small, darkened room above the rehearsal hall. As the musicians are the most temperamental of all artists, no one is allowed in the rooms while they are actually rehearsing or someone is quite likely to get a fit of temperament and refuse to play, thus throwing consternation and confusion upon the harassed master of ceremonies. Among other things arranged for the comfort and peace of mind of these children of genius is the unique lighting system. According to the tempo and character of the pieces they are playing, the lights change color. There are delightful lounge and smoking-rooms on every floor for the players and singers, when resting between rehearsals or actual broadcastings.

As the future of radio is almost limitless, would-be song-writers, playwrights, continuity writers, pianists, violinists, singers, etc., are casting longing eyes upon this golden field of artistic opportunity and new and original ideas are instantly welcomed by the broadcasting operatives.



One of the largest studios of the National Broadcasting Company



The Paramount Building

If one has money one can, of course, escape the heat to some degree. On the top of many of the skyscrapers are bungalows, or penthouses as they are called. Here gardens flourish and evergreen trees and they present a decidedly picturesque appearance amid their sophisticated surroundings.

The Roof Garden of the Pennsylvania Hotel is another delightful place to escape heat. The service is perfect and the food exquisite and one can forget the sweltering humanity hundreds of feet below. In fact, I think that is my most pleasing memory of New York because I became cool and comfortable for the first time in days.

It may seem strange for me, a woman, to confess that I did not see inside a store, yet such is the case. Frankly, I was not on a shopping expedition, so why should I make myself more unhappy by gazing at dresses and many other things I could not possess?

I was impressed by the way traffic was controlled in New York. Many of the side streets, that is, the streets that intersect Seventh Avenue, Broadway, Sixth, Fifth, Madison, Lexington, and others, are one-way streets for automobiles. One, of course, has to step lively, but there is little danger and none of the confusion that prevails in other cities, where, literally, it seems "open season" for pedestrians all the time.

The buses stop on the far corners and load and unload rapidly. The conductors are invariably courteous and helpful.

A taxi "price-cutting" war was in progress and the rates seemed ridiculously low, although if one had to go any distance, and New York is a city of distances, it would mount up. The subway, of course, is the quickest and cheapest way to travel.

Now I am at home enjoying the cool breezes from the Olympic mountains, and, having learned my lesson, I intend to stay. That is, of course, unless a visit to London looms upon my horizon. Personally, I have always thought that London must be—

Ordeal in Ontariopsis

By T. C. B. de Lom

Illustrated by J. Graham Hunter

RAIN fell in sheets before the verandah of the Hudgkins House, and the gloomy group of commercial travellers, waiting for its cessation, stared dully into the downpour.

From behind them appeared Bert Hudgkins in person—presiding genius of the only hotel in Ontariopsis, Ontario. He liked rain. It frequently prolonged the stay of his guests by making their business impossible.

"Where was you a-goin'?" he enquired genially of the nearest traveller.

"Whò, me? Why, I was going out to Tanbark Lake to Shruke's. I got a line of enamel-ware to show him."

"And you?" addressing the next in line.

"If I could get down the street at all, I'd be in Bob Duggle's drug store. I'm in liniments."

"Good for man and beast," asserted Bert. "And who be you?" he asked the natty young man with the pleated waistcoat.

"Confidential mission," he murmured importantly to his host. As a matter of fact, he had a rival line of enamel-ware to that of the first traveller, but did not want to divulge the fact.

"Minister," mused Bert to himself, misunderstanding the youth's implication. "Goin' to hire a hall?" he enquired aloud.

The youth started. A demonstration was just what he wanted. Housewives were indicated, and here was a chance to get them all together.

Bert could be accused by nobody of being a religious man, but was nevertheless a strong believer in the power of goodwill.

It had been rather noised about of late that certain persons had visited the Hudgkins House surreptitiously, and had come forth again with a smile—better, warmer and more invigorated villagers. And this fact, having got abroad, had put Bert's establishment into questionable repute with the respectable citizenry.

"There's a hall tacked onto this here hotel," he volunteered helpfully. "We ain't usin' her Thursday afternoon, if you'd like to have her for then. And I'll fix it up for you free of charge."

The young man looked at Mr. Hudgkins, pink with delight. Here was unexpected good-luck. Here was the chance supreme to stick one over the representative of the rival House of Poskin before he got back from Tanbark Lake.

"That's the berries!" he agreed enthusiastically. "Thursday it is. And try to get me some kind of a gas stove."

"It's quite all right," beamed the obliging Bert, departing to make arrangements.

EHU D SMOKE, virtuous superintendent of the Sunday School of the Hope Memorial Church, strode along King Street en route to get his mail. Where Ehud stepped abroad, there righteousness walked.

What is more, he made a point of going past the Hudgkins House—a perambulating statue of grave disapproval.

There was no need for Mr. Smoke to go past the hotel, it being just one block out of his way. He felt, however, that his very presence was a silent rebuke to the Hudgkins House of Sin.

It was with some satisfaction, therefore, that he observed its owner standing at the door.

To his surprise, however, Mr. Hudgkins advanced upon him with an open and pleasant countenance.

"Afternoon, deacon," said he.

Mr. Smoke was not a deacon, but he felt a thrill of involuntary pleasure at the mistake.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hudgkins," he replied stiffly.

"Quite a shower we had this morning, deacon."

"Let us hope that it was wet outside alone," replied Ehud, with a shade of meaning in his tone.

Bert ignored the implication. He came to the point abruptly.

"Say, deacon," said he earnestly, "think I could mebbe get the loan of some hymn-books?"

Ehud started violently. It was on the tip of his tongue to say that none of his hymn-books should ever pass into the hands of iniquity, when it occurred to him that perhaps his repeated walks past the Hudgkins House had actually effected a conversion.

"Hymn-books?" he repeated cautiously.

"The moment I seen you, I thinks of hymn-books," explained Bert brightly.

"Of course," agreed the now mollified superintendent. "And what would you be wanting hymn-books for?"

"There's a fellow here from the Confidential Mission, and I'm lettin' him have the hall Thursday. Like to help him out. A bit of the old revival stuff sure works, deacon."

Ehud was thoughtful. Admittedly he had never heard of the Confidential Mission. But he had already known the Penitential Mission, the Gift of Tongues Tabernacle, and the Ark of Righteousness. Ministers of all denominations had been invited, and each of these missions had been above reproach.

Added to this, he felt, the conversion of Bert Hudgkins, and the implied compliment to his own rectitude, should remove any doubts.



"It's but the Old, Old Story—it all takes root in sin."

A swift and condescending smile suffused Ehud's features.

"And when would you like the hymn-books, Mr. Hudgkins," quoth the superintendent.

IN HIS room at the Hudgkins House, Mr. Carbutt, the sleek young salesman, was patting himself heartily on the back. This time, thought he, he had certainly put a fast one over that Poskin bunch.

Hudgkins' Hall was the only place in the village adaptable to his purpose, and he had not taken long to find that out for, we give Mr. Carbutt credit, he was an energetic mover.

Saturday, he knew, was the usual time for demonstrations of this sort in small towns, but, as he soon found out, Thursday was cattle-shipping day. That meant that, from miles around, farmers came in with their cattle, and their wives came with them to play havoc with their profits in the village stores. In short, the occasion would be ideal for cash sales.

On Saturday, when the local housewives swarmed down to King Street to lay in their Sunday supplies, Mr. Carbutt would be on deck again—if he could get the hall—this time for them particularly. But Thursday was the day in Ontariopsis for the people from the farms.

The world looked good indeed to Mr. Carbutt.

TWO o'clock Thursday afternoon found Mr. Carbutt, armed with a sample-case, stepping off the verandah of the Hudgkins House, on his way around the corner to the hall.

A considerable number of people had already collected, though why, he could not quite understand, as he did not intend advertising his lecture until that moment. He could only imagine that Bert had spread the good news in advance.

Cattle buyers and sellers, however, stood in groups. Women in droves, busy with their gossip, crowded the Council's new concrete sidewalk. The stage was set!

Under Mr. Carbutt's arm, he carried a large sign, which read as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING GOOD

COME IN AND SEE

MR. CARBUTT

HE WILL SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO!

Quite intriguing, thought he, and yet non-committal. Just the very thing to attract a mob without frightening them off. Once inside, they would be held by his interesting sales talk and experiments. He remembered that Bert had told him he would have a stove in the hall.

Why the missionary should want a stove, was beyond Mr. Hudgkins' ken, incidentally, but the ways of righteousness were a little unfamiliar to him, and too close a questioning might, he felt, expose his ignorance.



Mr. Carbutt was not cursed with bashfulness, and his manner was impressive.

Planning to be early enough to catch the farmers when their business was done, Mr. Carbutt elbowed his way towards the door.

As he did so a stout, florid woman seized him by the arm.

"You're Mr. Carbutt?" she enquired.

"Why, yes, I am."

"Well, I'm Mrs. Grickle. I'm president of the Women's League of Hope Memorial. I'm so glad to meet you."

Mr. Carbutt stopped pushing. This was the very thing he wanted.

Hudgkins had most undeniably done his stuff well.

"You are interested in our line, then, Mrs. Grickle?"

Used as she was to evangelists, it was a surprise to Mrs. Grickle to hear their message labelled as a "line." However, she knew that modern, present-day revivalists were natty, trim young men, who tried to look and speak the part of Modern Youth.

"Why—er—yes. Yes, of course, Mr. Carbutt. We have felt of late that this is the time for a great awakening."

Mr. Carbutt warmed to his subject.

"You, too, have no doubt felt that poor health, unhappy homes, and malnutrition have had some deeper, underlying cause, than the mere food you eat."

"Indeed and I know it," replied the president of the Women's League, "It's but the Old, Old Story—it all takes root in sin."

For a moment, Mr. Carbutt was perplexed. It almost seemed to him that she had said "sin." What she had said, of course, must have been "tin." Tin cooking utensils were, as he was about to demonstrate, practically tantamount to suicide, with the only difference that they protracted the process with an agony of indigestion.

It was quite fair that he should have misunderstood her, as she was equally at a loss to understand his own term "malnutrition." Again, she felt, the modern divine was in evidence. So outspoken! Here was a totally new sin which, when she was a girl, was evidently never mentioned by name. Malnutrition, it seemed to her, must be something so awful that no respectable pre-war prophet would even refer to its existence.

"You are going into the hall now?" she asked, her eyes aglow with the spirit of endeavor.

"I am, Mrs. Grickle. Do come in—you can help me so much, I'm sure."

They entered the hall, and found it just a hall, and nothing more. At one end was a stage, with some bits of a set used in a recent play. The rest was filled with rows of plain, deal chairs. On the stage stood a table, and, moved thither by an extension tubing—by courtesy of the obliging Bert—stood also a gas stove, with a vase of flowers upon it.

City-bred himself, Mr. Carbutt accepted the flowers philosophically. He had always held that the ways of the country were beyond his understanding, and made no attempt to get to the bottom of them.

Placing his sample-case on the stage, he went back to the far end of the hall, and posted his very prominent notice in the window.

One thing escaped him as he did so, and that was the fact that Bert's hired man—Milt—was tacking a great streamer across the top of the building, over the window.

This is how it read:

CONFIDENTIAL MISSION

EVANGELIST CARBUTT SAYS, "ARE YOU SAVED?"

OLD-TIME HYMNS FOR SINGERS AND SINNERS

To the innocent onlooker, there was nothing in the one notice which did not jibe perfectly with the other. People promptly acted on the suggestion, and commenced to file in. At the door, Mr. Hudgkins took his place, and handed out hymn-books—a fact which Mr.

Carbutt, busy with the gas-stove, quite failed to observe.

When the hall was filled, and the demonstrator had at last succeeded in producing a wobbly flame, Mr. Carbutt turned to the now considerable audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "before I begin, I have a few serious words to say to you."

"Have you ever felt that the world was black in front of you—that the future didn't exist? That you were all wrong inside?"

A murmur of approval coursed through the house. Mr. Carbutt was not cursed with bashfulness, and his manner was impressive.



"Let us hope that it was wet outside alone," remarked the virtuous superintendent of the Sunday School.

"Modern ill-health, lack of vitality, breakdown of morals, can all, in the first instance, be traced directly to one original source. And that source is—tin!"

The congregation, still slightly rustling, thought they had not heard aright, but common-sense told them he must have said "sin." Heads nodded vigorously.

"But there is one great substitute," continued the lecturer, "and that is what I am going to put across to you today."

Again the audience nodded. They knew, of course, that there was a substitute for sin, but they wanted to hear about it in a new and more exciting way.

"Actions speak louder than words, my friends, and I am now going to show you exactly what I mean."

Visions arose in the minds of the multitude, of sections of a cat's entrails, riddled by alcohol. They had seen this sort of thing before, and liked it.

Mr. Carbutt turned to his kit, and fumbled with the lock.

At the back of the hall arose Bert Hudgkins, and his powerful voice rang out:

"Now folks," roared he, "all together—let's have number three—forty-two!"

Mr. Carbutt, still wrestling with the refractory catch, failed to take in the full significance of the words. But the audience promptly did so. To a man—and woman—everybody present whipped out a hymn-book.

"One-two-three, tumpty-tum-tum!" directed Mr. Hudgkins, and the hall, with one voice, gave tongue.

As if pricked by a pin, Mr. Carbutt jerked himself into an upright position. He stared uncomprehendingly.

The words of the hymn filled the building and shook the rafters. Hearty singers, these rural folk, and accustomed to make the most of any sort of tune.

Mr. Carbutt was puzzled. He felt that there was something radically wrong, but, as the hymn was in full swing, there seemed to be nothing to do about it for the present.

Gradually collecting his wits, he remembered that piety was paramount in many smaller communities, where the populace had time to think about the more serious things of life. Of course, he argued to himself, they would want to open any meeting with a little devotional stimulation.

Standing in a reverent attitude until the end of the hymn, Mr. Carbutt conveyed an even stronger impression of sanctity, and the volume of sound accordingly increased. Everyone wanted to draw him or herself to the attention of this wonderful young man.

AS THE last verse died away in echo, and the assemblage again took to the chairs, Mr. Carbutt, now more composed, opened his sample-case with a final wrench, and drew forth the

first object for his experiment. It was an enamel-pudding-dish, and he placed it on the table, turning his back again to extricate the other articles.

As he faced about again, with a heavy book in his hand, descriptive of the evil effects of tin on the human interior, and profusely illustrated with plates, he was astonished to note that the dish was gone. The retreating form of Mr. Superintendent Smoke came into his line of vision. Mr. Smoke was carrying the dish, and into it the company were dropping handfuls of loose change.

Mr. Carbutt stood as if stunned. His brow was furrowed, and a great measure of his youthful aplomb was gone. This was disconcerting in the extreme. He really must get the notion into their heads that this lecture was free—the gift of a beneficent manufacturer to the tin-rusted thousands.

He spoke again.

"Friends," he said, waving the book at them, "it is not to ask for money that I have come. It is to see your health perfected and protected, and your lives happier. It is a message of bubbling youth for everyone that I bring you—joy and restored vigor—but absolutely free to all."

"Aye," quavered an aged gentleman in the front row, "Free to all! Aye, free to all!"

As Mr. Carbutt was about to resume his discourse, a hand tapped his shoulder. A grey-haired, gentle-faced person, in a clerical collar and sober suit, stood smiling at him.

"Reverend Carbutt," said the newcomer.

Once more Mr. Carbutt's jaw sagged.

"There has been talk—evil talk—about a brother in this town," said the minister.

Utter confusion descending on the lecturer, he wriggled, but the grip of the old minister was still firm.

"Gossip, that lying serpent," went on the D.D., "has spread it around that our brother—I refer to Albert Hudgkins—was guilty of purveying the fruit of the grape within his caravanserai."

Everybody, except the missionary, understood that to mean that Bert Hudgkins had been selling Scotch in his hotel. They fell stonily silent.

"But," went on their pastor, "today we know that is not so. For, far from staining his arms with the fruits of iniquity, he has instead sponsored this excellent young man—" [Continued on page 71]

Brightening Up Samuel

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," Etc.

Illustrated
by
John Little

"If Grandma didn't insist on that five-dollar rheumatism-remedy—And it don't do her a bit of good!"

"Oh, well, she's old. We ought to humor her," said Sam. "We'll have a long time to live after she is gone."

"She's only seventy-five, dear. Her mother lived to be one hundred and two. We ought not put off all the things we want. In twenty-seven years we'll be—"

"Oh, let's have dinner and forget it!"

"Didn't you have a good day at the office honey?" asked Dora, because his voice sounded tired and on the verge of irritation.

"Same old thing," said Sam, "Just work, like always. Dinner ready?"

Grandma came into the dining-room as chipper and bright as she always was. Except for her rheumatism she was as sound as a nut and might well be expected to reach one hundred and twenty instead of a mere one hundred and two. She was placid and happy; her rheumatism was just painful enough to be worth talking about and to make life interesting by being better one day and "not so good" the next. She took her seat at the table with a sort of prim courtliness tinged with condescending good nature, for she considered Sam and Dora a couple of youngsters hardly old enough to keep house, although they had been married four years.

Sam had just filled her plate—she had a noble appetite for a woman of her age—when the doorbell jingled, and Dora after a glance at Grandma, who hated interruptions, went to the door. Through the long narrow hall Sam heard the conversation at the door:

"Yes, this is Branns' apartment. Yes, we did advertise for a roomer. Five dollars a week, with breakfast; we don't care to supply other meals, but there is a good, cheap restaurant on the corner."

"Suits me. I've got to see the room, though. I've got to have room to swing a cat. No telling when a man may want to own a cat, and then he may want to swing her."

"It's a nice room. Of course, we will require references."

"I've got 'em by the bale."

"If you don't mind walking through the dining-room—we're just having dinner."

"Not an iota! Lead on, lady!"

Sam heard the door close and Dora escorting the would-be roomer down the narrow hall, and then they entered the dining-room. Dora cast a triumphant glance at Sam, for renting the maid's room had been her idea, and Sam glanced at the tall, lanky human being in the floppy felt hat and baggy garments. He looked at the narrow shoulders as the man entered the maid's room.

"I do believe it is!" he exclaimed to himself, and he was surer it was as he listened to the man's voice.

"I'll just have to speak to my husband, then," said Dora, and Sam got out of his chair and stood with his napkin in his hand as Dora led their prospective roomer back to the dining-room.

"Sam," she said, "this gentleman is willing to take our room. This is Mr. Brann, Mr. Corsey."

"Well, my aunt's cat!" exclaimed Sam. "Don't tell me it is old Crazy Corsey! What in the world are you doing in this man's town?"

"Jee-miny crickets!" cried Mr. Corsey, a grin of delight spreading over his face. "If it ain't Sammy Brann! And me just answering an advertisement in the paper as innocent as anything! What are you doing in New York?"

"Living here. Dora, this is Crazy Corsey; I've told you about him forty times. Grandma, this is Mr. Corsey of Meotock. You remember his father,

Thaddeus Corsey."

"Yes, yes! He died—poor old soul. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Corsey."

"Some folks are and some folks ain't," said Mr. Corsey. "Well, well! Go right ahead with your dinner, Sam, you old fire-alarm! I bet you are ripping New York up the back. Some boy you were!"

"Oh, nothing like that now," said Sam. "Respectable family-man now, Crazy. See here, have you had your dinner? Dora, can't we have a plate for this long-legged memory of the past?"

Dora hurried about, finding a clean napkin, a plate, silver and steel, glass and one of the good cups. Her nerves were twittering pleasantly; not for months had Sam been so lively. In little more than a minute she was saying: "Do you take sugar and cream in your coffee, Mr. Corsey?"

"Two lumps or six or four or three, thankee," said Corsey, "and cream *ad infinitum*, mum. Well, well, you old Sam! To think!"

"What are you doing?" asked Sam.

"Book-agent, by golly!" cried Corsey, and he banged his fists on the table and threw back his head and laughed. "And what are you doing, sonny?"

"I'm in an office downtown," said Sam.

ABOUT a week later, one night about nine o'clock, Corsey was sitting in the alcove of the parlor, where Dora allowed him to use her desk, making out his daily report and listening to Grandma drone out words that seemed to Corsey to buzz around his ears like a flock of lazy gnats. She had been droning on and on for half an hour, until he felt like brushing her words away from his ears as one brushes away a mosquito. She was telling him for the fifth time what a nice, steady young man Sam had become. Corsey decided that, if he remained with the Branns, he would hear this same thing several thousand times—perhaps a million.

"And I used to be so worried for fear Samuel would be a ne'er-do-well," droned Grandma. "And he's settled down so steady and good."

"Yes mum," said Corsey politely. "Some does. I suppose. I suppose he's getting twenty-five thousand dollars a year, ain't he? These men that settles down so steady and nice always makes us rolling stones look like nothing-at-all wrapped up in a piece of atmosphere."

"Samuel is doing right well," said Grandma placidly. "He's young, but he's steady. Samuel will get on."

"Yes'm, those steady ones do get on," agreed Corsey. "On a local freight sometimes, but they ain't in any rush. Did you say it was ten thousand a year he was getting?"

"At his age my husband wasn't earning but half what Samuel earns," said Grandma. "He was earning but fifteen dollars."

"A year?" asked Corsey politely.

"A week," said Grandma.

"And you don't mean to tell me that Sammy Brann has climbed up to thirty dollars a week, already!" exclaimed Corsey. "My! my! how these New York employers do throw money about! That's twice what your husband was getting at Sammy's age!"

"Indeed it is," said Grandma proudly.

"And rent and food and clothes and everything so cheap nowadays!" cried Corsey. "Thirty dollars! Why, mum, I give you my word I can hardly remember a day when I cleared thirty dollars—"

"I said thirty dollars a week," said Grandma a little sharply.

"Oh!" said Corsey, and he was silent awhile, as a man should be who has made an awful mistake, or who wishes to pretend he has. Grandma rocked in her chair and looked at the back of Corsey's head in a manner not quite approving.

"Well, it is a good thing——" he said presently.

"What is a good thing?" asked Grandma, swallowing the bait.

"It's a good thing Samuel is steady," said Corsey soberly. "I don't suppose they would pay him anything at all if he hadn't settled down so nice and steady."

Grandma had been droning on and on for half an hour, until he felt like brushing her words away from his ears as one brushes away a mosquito.

IN THE apartment the Branns occupied, there was one small room between the dining-room and the kitchen known as the maid's room but never used by a maid because the Branns could not afford one. There were two other bedrooms. One was used by Sam Brann and his wife, and the other by Grandma Overby, who was a dear old lady and now well content that her granddaughter had married Sam Brann. At one time she had been afraid Sam Brann might be a little wild, and she had hesitated—Dora's mother being dead—before giving her consent to the marriage. Now she told every one that Sam was a "nice, steady young man" and that he had "turned out real well."

Sam Brann had "turned out" so well that he was earning thirty dollars a week, paying fifty dollars a month rent, cutting out all but the most necessary expenditures and reaching the end of each month with about two dollars cash and a careworn expression. He had become such a "nice, steady young man" that Benderbury & Briggs would as soon have thought of discharging the office floor as of discharging Sam Brann, and he was about as resentful as the floor when they walked on him. He did his work faithfully and well, because he and Dora and Grandma had to have shelter and food, and he looked forward to a five-dollar increase in his salary with wistfulness but without enthusiasm.

"Anybody answer the ad?" he asked when he entered the apartment and had kissed Dora.

"No, Sam, not yet," she said. "Of course it will be in The Telegram two more days."

"Well, don't be disappointed if nobody comes," he told her. "I'm not so keen on having a stranger in that room, anyway. Five dollars a week isn't going to make millionaires of us. We can get along until I get a raise."

Grandma usually went to bed at half-past nine, and she made no change in her habit this evening; but she left her door ajar, and when Sam and Dora came home, she called Dora.

"What is it, Grandma?" asked Dora. "Aren't you well?"

"I don't like that man; if you take my advice, you'll get rid of him right quick," said Grandma. "He ain't going to have a good influence on Samuel—you can take my word for it."

Grandma was a dear, sweet soul, but she was very well satisfied with her life as it was. She was living placidly and wanted nothing more than she was having. She did not whine that because she was aged she ought to have the best of everything the Branns could afford, but she was not distressed by the knowledge that their goodness of heart made them feel they ought to make sacrifices for Grandma, who might not be with them long. The young menage came, therefore, to be built around Grandma, which meant that Grandma, ruled the roost, as Corsey would have said.

"SAM," said Corsey when Dora had retired that night and the two men sat alone, "I wish you would lend me one hundred and fifty dollars for a couple of months."

"One hundred and—Stop fooling, Crazy; if I had one hundred and fifty dollars—"

"But you are so steady," grinned Corsey. "You've settled down so nicely. Now, if you asked me to lend you one hundred and fifty, it would be different. I'm unsteady. I'm one of these rolling stones. I'm a crazy guy. But a steady, settled-down man—"

"Crazy," said Sam, "I never had one hundred and fifty dollars all at one time in my life!"

"And you don't expect to have," said Crazy Corsey.

"No, I don't," Sam admitted.

"Well, if you would like to know how it feels to have more than thirty dollars in your pocket at one time," said Corsey, "I can lend you one hundred and fifty. I can lend you fifteen hundred. I can lend you three thousand and five hundred and eighty-two dollars and eighty-five cents. And it would be just like me to do it; I'm such a crazy, unsteady, unsettled creature."

"Oh, I expect you've made some money," said Sam.

"What worries me," said Corsey, "is when you expect you are going to make some. Sammy, you were our hope and our delight back there in Meotock, Iowa. I've got a notion to derail you—you folded-up, pigeonholed, schedule-timed time-table, you!"

"No, thanks!" said Sam. "I'm going to bed. Good night."

The next evening Sam came home with a frown and answered Corsey's noisy greeting with considerable shortness, which did not affect Corsey's spirits at all. He waited until Grandma and Dora had gone to bed and he was alone with Corsey, before he spoke what was on his mind.

"Look here, Corsey," he said scarcely hiding his irritation, "I don't mind having you come into the parlor every night, and I don't complain about that rank pipe you smoke in here—"

"I don't light it up until the girls go to bed," said Corsey cheerfully.

"That's all right," said Sam. "I say I don't mind it. I don't mind your making the parlor your property, although that is not in the bargain we made for the room. If you were any other man, we would want you to keep out of the parlor. We rent you a room, and we give breakfast with it, but the rest of our house is our own. But I won't complain about that. If Dora didn't complain, I won't. But I don't like what you did this afternoon."

"I'm a book-agent, Sammy. I've been doing it all my days."

"Well, it don't go with me!" said Sam flatly. "You can spill all over this apartment, but you've got to keep away from the office. Book-agents are not allowed there, and clerks are not allowed to have visitors come in and loll all over their desks by the hour."

"I was there ten minutes," said Corsey. "I just floated in and asked you to introduce me to the boss, and you wouldn't and—"

"And then I saw what you did," said Sam hotly. "You went over to that fresh clerk, Simmons, and got him to go to the boss."

"And I sold the boss a book," laughed Corsey, "I did so! And he said 'Thank you, Simmons,' to that fresh clerk. He thanked Simmons, and he might have been thanking you instead. The book I sold him, Samuel, was 'Morrow's Improved Interest and Bond Tales.' It is a book any business man is glad to own."

"Oh, cut that out!" said Sam impatiently. "You can't sell me one."

For the first time Corsey seemed to become a little angry.

"I'll bet I couldn't!" he exclaimed. "If it was worth its weight in gold to you, I couldn't. You'd mull along counting up interest and bond income with a stub pencil, wasting more time than the job was worth, because of some silly regulation about not buying of book-agents. Now, you listen! Benderbury was tickled to death to get that book. Any live business man would be. Now I'll tell you what happened down there at the office:

"I went in and asked for you, and the boy took me to you. 'That gave you a chance to go to Benderbury and tell him I was in the outer office with a book that would save time and labor—which every business man wants to save—but you told me, practically, to go to the devil. So I went to—what's his name—Simmons, is it? Simmons took one glance at the book and saw it was a good thing, just the thing a man like Benderbury would want. 'Here's where I make a hit with Benderbury,' says Simons to himself, and he takes me to the boss. And the boss bought the book. And the boss thanked Simmons. 'There,' said the boss to himself 'is a clerk who is wide awake. He is worth watching. He has the interest of the firm in mind all the time.'"

"Fresh guy—that's what Simmons is," said Sam. "Doing things like that all the time is he?"

grinned Corsey.

"Yes, and—"

"Honestly, Sam," said Corsey good-naturedly, "what do you think? If there was to be a promotion in the office, who would get it? You or Simmons?"

"Well," said Sam reluctantly, "that man Simmons is one of those fresh, butting-in, ready mouthed fellows, and—"

"And he'd get the job, hey?" grinned Corsey. "Sam what do you have a head for? Just to grow hair on? Just to give the barber a job once a month? Back there in Meotock we used to think you were Mr. Bright-boy; what has happened to you? I'll tell you something. I didn't go down to your office to sell a book—I can sell books anywhere. I went down to look over the place and to see what it was like and why you've got stuck in the mud there. I want you to make more money. I don't want to think of Sam Brann as one of the under-dogs. You have to get another job."

"Like fun I will!" scoffed Sam.

"Yes, you will," repeated Corsey. "You have to. Because you have been with Benderbury & Briggs so long now, and have been a clod in a rut so long, it is too late for you to start in as an efficiency instigator there. Simmons has usurped that place. Simmons is the recognized Mr. Bright-boy in that office."

THEY said no more that night because Sam got mad and went to bed; but the next evening Corsey brought Dora a five-pound box of chocolates, and Grandma dived into them as if she had been starved for candy for forty years.

"Old Wicked Mr. Roomer-man stuff," explained Corsey to Sam. "I'll bet it has been a year since you felt you could afford to give Dora a box of candy, and here I am ace-high with the whole female contingent in a minute and right in line to go ahead and wreck the happy home. I don't think I could ever get Dora to pack her grip and fly away with the wicked roomer, because she is not that kind of lady, but that is how it is done. In a month I can get her so dissatisfied she will never be the same toward you. To-morrow night I am going to bring theatre tickets."

"I will not permit—" Sam began.

"For the three of us," grinned Corsey. "I'm going to do it, Sam. You'll be in a corner. If you accept them, Dora will be grateful to me; if you don't, she will hate you. I'm setting up as a home-wrecker—Crazy Corsey, the Wrecker of Homes! Only you are the home-wrecker, Sam not me. You're being such a cheap man, you are leaving an opening for any man to sow discontent. I ask you, Sam, are you willing to earn more money or are you afraid to?"

"I hope, by the first of the year—"

"And if you get a five-dollar advance, Simmons will get fifteen," said Corsey. "Do you know what you are? You are a three-letter man."

"What do you mean?"

"R-u-t—in a rut," said Corsey. "Did you ever stop to think about the words spelled with three letters? Think of some—man, cat, dog, pig, hat, cow, sow, rut. And of words of one syllable—bread, food, time, sheep, coat, hair, five, three, grass. Then think of some big words—automobile, telephone, efficiency, psychological, commerce, business."

"What of it?" asked Sam.

"Ever see a flock of sheep? One goes over the stile, all go over the stile. Ever see farmers driving to market? One drives in a rut, all drive in a rut. Ever see human beings going across a field? One takes a zigzag course, all take a zigzag course. There is a permanent zigzag path soon. I read in a magazine the other day that when one man enters a street-car and sits on one side of the car, the next man sits on the same side. [Continued on page 69]



"Sleep—a one syllable word, even the cows can do it," said Corsey. "Wakeful cerebration—words for a real man. Try it for half an hour longer, and then I'll let you go to your one syllable bed"



The first Telegraph Office in The North West Territories.

When the West Was Young

The First Telegraph Station in The Great Lone Land, N.W.T.

By Mary Markwell

THE following excerpts are taken from a diary kept by one of the first white settlers going into what was then known as 'the great lone land.' A lone land it was when George Weldon made the overland journey from Baie St. Paul (Winnipeg) by Red River Cart to a point called Swan River Barracks, nine miles from old Fort Pelly. At the time there wasn't a furrow turned west of the Portage Plains; the diary—kept from February 25, 1878, until February 1, 1879—records (without any idea of publication) a period of time that makes the items, trivial and tragic in turn, well worth reading.

February 25, 1878. I engaged with Mr. Richard Fuller to go to the Nor'-West and work on his division of the Canadian Pacific Telegraphic Line, at \$75.00 per month. Left Fishers' Landing on board "Manitoba" of Red River Transportation Line, arriving in Winnipeg on March 22. Left Winnipeg March 28, in company with Selimone Desarjin for the far west. Left Baie St. Paul March 30, getting into a creek, but the horses, unable to draw the cart out, had to be unhitched; the cart unloaded, hitching the horses to the cart by their tails to get the cart out. For more than a mile I waded through water over my knees, ice $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick. Two lads joined us on their way to Little Saskatchewan to take up land."

"Stopped half a day at McKays' mail station where we were joined by Daniels, Antoine Snai and his newly married wife; an Indian and the two boys. The bottle was passed round freely, the Indian striking up a song "hi—ah—hi" through the night."

"April 2. Ten miles East of Palestine they bought a pig, killed and burnt the hair off on a fire of hay. Stopped at Shoal Lake Barracks; kindly treated by Saunders and Rideout."

"April 10. Reached Swan River Barracks."



Miss Margaret Legg,
first white woman hunter
of the plains.

"April 17. G. W. Wright and I started west on Telegraph Line, moving on to 27th when we reached Gabriel's Trail. Wright turning back to find trouble on the line. I went on travelling in the teeth of a snow storm; about two inches snow covering ground. I camped and made a first attempt at making bannocks."

"April 28. Warm sunshine."

"April 29. I reach south bank of Saskatchewan."

"May 2. I reach Big Stone Lake, snow, showers, ice $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick."

"May 4. I go to look for lost horses and bring down my first goose."

"May 11. We reach Prince Albert."

The Medicine Man whose name is 'Picking your teeth' paid us a visit; his wife pitched the tepee, chopped wood while her better half smoked kin-nickinick."

"May 23. Swan River Barracks again, where Captain Herkmer tells me I can have the ground below the hill to plant potatoes."

"May 24. I plant half bushel, seed in one tenth acre. Fence the place."

"June 3. I had swim in Assiniboine."

"June 4. We find $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch ice on water. Good water convenient to Stake 2210."

"June 10. Camp at Stake 3990. No water but Joe digs hole at stones in meadow and finds good water."

"June 11. Arrive at Stake 3580. Wright and I commence to read the Bible."

"June 14. While at dinner west of Zero ten miles we see a water-spout away south, probably near Quill Lake. Thunderstorm."

"June 18. Early start with old pipe-stem in my mouth for breakfast. Get into P.A. about noon. Bulldog flies are bad. The horses can only make 15 miles per day. Mosquitoes so bad I put green trees on the camp fire and get into the cart to sleep. I woke about midnight and find a fire spreading from the smudge I made to keep flies from horses. Catching up a coat I beat out the fire."

"June 21. My wife and child and sister-in-law arrive, tanned by sun and wind, but well. Jim Sutherland: Orders to meet Wright at P.A. Start with Napoleon. We cut 26 trees off line, camp at Beaver Meadow."

"July 3. Roll out of bed which is a buffalo robe. Find line in bad shape. Wires blown down. Every indication of bad storm. Poles twisted, brush flattened to earth. I fix line temporary state and camp at Stake 2700. Good water there."

"July 4. Take 34 trees off line by standing on wet log, cutting trees above. I slip and cut line—

not having pulleys I cannot fix it up. I reach P.A., take dinner, off again west, find trouble on line. Take nine trees off line making a total of 43 trees that day. Camp at 4414. Almost eaten to madness by mosquitoes; travel through bush, cut no wires at Creek Zero, camp on Creek 339, but mosquitoes torment me so. I can't keep on cutting very long."

"July 7. Provisions getting small. Not sure of meeting Joe; start out on small bun for breakfast. I get dinner where Joe camps near Forks of Carlton Trail; sumptuous repast; we spin long yarns. Strawberries, blue berries. Joe makes fire, leaves me to get

[Continued on page 65]



A Christmas Call (1882)

Surprise for Mr. Linton

By
Anita Gabrielle Lavack

HE THOUGHT Kay Lester's cap of soft black hair and the white girl under it the most unutterably desirable of all things feminine the city held.

The blonde on the other half of his balcony—it was a wrought iron affair in the Spanish style, and only half of it belonged to Horace Linton—lifted the handkerchief she clutched to sharp little white teeth. Ten seconds later she flung over the railing the shreds of what had been a peach-colored georgette *mouchoir*, prinked in its corner with the portrait of a very sophisticated, one-eyed Parisienne done in angles.

From the steeple of St. George's, half way down the hillside that slopes to the Saint Lawrence, the chimes sounded. Two o'clock. A shadow-city, splashes of grey and black stippled, with lights, Montreal-by-night rewarded watching eyes with beauty. Horace gazed at it and did not see. Still less was he aware of beauty more clamant beside him.

He did not rouse from his abstraction even when she followed temper with tears. Not until she spoke to him, called him by name.

"Oh . . . Mr. Linton!"

The mood which numbed him to everything but his own thoughts was black as the beloved head. It had settled on him as he stood a little after midnight receiving the parting compliments of the seven who had been his dinner guests.

For Kay Lester had been the first to make the move which broke up the party, though there were older women and married women present, and, except secretly in his heart, she had not been the guest of honor. She had taken very good care not to be left alone with him, as if she guessed he had intended, undeterred by eight prior refusals, to ask her for the ninth time to marry him.

It wasn't as if he was not convinced that Kay liked him more than a little, so much so indeed that she seemed each time surprised at herself for refusing him. "Horry, you're really rather sweet, but . . ." But what? he wondered. If he had ever had one brisk refusal, he would have been better prepared for the disappointment in which the evening had left him sunk.

For he had had hopes this time. All the circumstances seemed so favorable. It was the first dinner-party he had given since refurnishing his apartment in the Spanish style, as Kay had suggested, to match the building's architecture. All lovely and glowing color, it was the perfect setting for Kay, he felt; she seemed to belong to it as surely as did his treasured, sun-drenched Sorolla over the mantle-piece.

And, of all lucky things, his new book of poems had arrived from the publishers that day. Brave in its cover of magenta and silver and gold stripes. Chastely simple in its dedication "To K.L." Horace cherished the thought that "K.L." stood for Kay Linton as well as Kay Lester. Not a word on it anywhere to show that it was privately printed. "The Far Horizons."

"Night, Horry." Kay choked a yawn, followed it with an apologetic little grimace. "Grand party."

"Where's my book? Where's my book? Where's my bu'ful, blessed book?" shrieked Connie Holt, five-feet-two, not-quite-eighteen, rose-and-gold, so active that her flashing arms and legs gave her the appearance of a child's paper windmill in a gale gone mad. Horace had presented an autographed copy of "The Far Horizons" to each guest.

"Just a moment," he had murmured to Kay. "I'm driving you home."

He had planned for that rather neatly, he thought. Verna Royce and her husband, Dick, and Mary and Bert Mason lived in the opposite direction from Kay. They were the four most happily married

people he knew. Gustave Duval, Horace guessed, asinine as such a preference seemed to Horace, would want to escort taffy-curled Connie, since that debonair King's counsel had an even more than gentlemanly preference for the fair-haired. It was Gustave's well-known weakness for blondes which made Horace willing to invite him at the same time as Kay.

"Staying all night with Jane," said Kay. "Sorry."

Jane was Kay's married sister who lived across the hall. It had been Horace who suggested the apartment to Jane Brock and her husband when it became vacant. He wondered why he had thought it would be advantageous to have them for neighbors.

"I won't, won't, won't go home without it," crescendoed Connie. "I never had a poet give me his book before. Gus, you had it last. You

MY SON: By A. M. Radcliffe

When you were a tiny baby,
When I rocked you on my knee,
Little did I dream the anguish
That this year would hold for me.
Little dream how swiftly ending
Were those hours of joy to be,
Each one strung a gleaming jewel
On my chain of memory.

On the day when first I saw you
I could not believe you true,
I had scarcely left off playing
With my dolls as big as you;
Eighteen years upon your birthday
My own life had just begun,
And I looked at you in wonder,
All my own, my little son.

Tears and grief to you unknown were,
All your life one summer day,
You and I together, baby,
Laughed the golden years away.
And the same, through childhood, boyhood,
Every pleasure I must share;
I would give the world to hear your
Life-long question, "Are you there?"

Now in Flanders sleeps my treasure,
While I watch the stars tonight.
Well I know that you are near me,
Very close, yet out of sight.
And I have the surest feeling,
When my life down here is done,
I shall meet you, gay as ever,
Still my own, my little son.

were reading out of it to me when we had our coffee and cherry brandy. Find it, Fido. Go find it!"

It was Horace who located the shining volume on the settle which had been made from the headboard of an old Spanish bed, over whose gilded background pink and crimson roses clambered. From his first glance at it, Horace felt that the settle had been designed for none but Kay.

"How perfectly sniveling of me! I left it on that delectable settle myself Horace Linton, I simply can't understand why some wise virgin hasn't grabbed you before this. Eyes like yours and a place like this and dinners like you gave us tonight and you a bachelor—it's too sobbing." Connie clasped "The Far Horizons" closely and opened blue eyes till they were larger than her painted little mouth. But, Horace, I ask you—what about the old pash? Are you holding back on us, or are you really as cold as your poems sound?"

Horace said nothing. He felt that for him, her host and a man, there was nothing to say. One of the women, surely, would reprove the impertinent youngster as she deserved. But Verna and Mary merely smiled indulgently. Kay, from the doorway, turned to look not at babbling Connie but at him. Then she was gone. After her, the others.

IT was not until an hour and a half later that Horace found himself looking down from his balcony at the city. He had spent the interval walking about the apartment surveying its new furnishings with a disgruntled eye. Lighting one after another of the mild, monogrammed cigarettes which were usually so exactly to his taste, and throwing them away. Trying to read. Going to bed and trying to sleep. Getting up again.

He had been too dejected to do more than realize vaguely that he was not alone on the balcony until the sound of his own name stabbed through his inattentions.

"Oh . . . Mr. Linton . . ."

He turned from his contemplation of the night to the shadows nearer at hand.

"I beg your pardon?" he said. "Did you speak to me?"

"Yes. I'm Arline Gwilt. Mrs. Gwilt, your neighbor, you know. I'm afraid to go in, Mr. Linton. I think there's a burglar in our apartment, and my husband is away and the maid's gone to see her sick mother and I can't get the janitor. Perhaps it's only a stray cat but I'm frightened to death. Oh, would you, Mr. Linton, come in and turn on the lights for me and just look round?"

Mr. and Mrs. Pennington Gwilt. Horace remembered the card on the mail-box. He had met them in the halls too. A couple of high visibility. Mrs. Gwilt, a luscious blond, tapering to delicate hands and slim ankles. Mr. Gwilt, equally blooming, broad-shouldered, dark and shining of hair and eye. The sort of man who, had he been born twenty-five years earlier, would have taken pride in a glossy and luxuriant beard. Horace remembered seeing them going into their apartment one day just as he was bringing Kay and her sister in to have tea. "Male and female created He them," Kay had murmured.

"If you'll wait till I dress," Horace offered. He hesitated to suggest that he would prefer to arm himself, since his neighbor took it for granted that he was a man who could tackle burglars with bare hands; but he was diffident about leaving home so informally clothed. "I've only a bathrobe over pyjamas," he explained, and then blushed a little at having mentioned to a member of the other sex and a stranger beside garments so intimate.

"Oh, but please!" said Mrs. Gwilt. "Your clothes are quite all right. Don't leave me! I'm afraid to be left alone. I shall scream or I shall faint if you leave me, I know I will. It's probably only a cat, but I want to be reassured."

For an instant Horace hesitated. After all he was as fully covered as he was by day, and Mrs. Gwilt was so frightened.

He jumped over the scrollwork barrier which separated his share of the balcony from the Gwilt's. In the state of mind that was his, he didn't so much mind if he did meet a burglar.

He went from room to room, snapping on the lights, investigating every corner, growing bolder as he found his search fruitless, with Mrs. Gwilt shivering along close behind him all the way. Horace had forgotten his own negligé in astonishment at the casualness with which Mrs. Gwilt accepted hers. She wore a short coat of printed velvet, patterned with enormous flowers of turquoise blue on a black ground, lined with silver tissue, over pyjamas of peach-colored crepe.

They came to Mrs. Gwilt's bedroom at last, without having found even a trespassing mouse.

"I suppose I must just have imagined I heard a noise," said Mrs. Gwilt. "But if you knew how terrified I was! I didn't dare come in here all alone in the dark."

She was standing very close to Horace—still a little nervous from her fright, probably. She was a beautiful woman, and her costume was most awfully becoming. Horace couldn't help thinking how Gustave, who liked blondes would admire her.

Mrs. Gwilt reached out a white hand to rest on Horace's arm with childlike impulsiveness.

"It must be wonderful to be a man—not afraid of anything," she declared.

Before Horace could modestly disclaim the possession of more than the usual amount of bravery, a voice just behind him spoke testily.

"Dammit, Arline, what's this? What's this?"

Horace bounded into the air.

"It's only Amelia," Mrs. Gwilt explained. "She says that exactly like [Continued on page 70]"





The movement loosed his grip a trifle and, on the instant, the halfbreed was at his throat.

Beyond the Law

By
Mary Imlay Taylor

Illustrated by Newton Brett

Part II

"My God, six days!" he breathed, and set his teeth hard.

Before him rose a face, a woman's face, wide eyes of terror, a tremulous mouth. The bitter winter night enfolded him, a thick snow mist rose before the twinkling lights where the Crees were gathered drinking and gaming while their dogs snarled out in the snow. Other lights shone sparsely. He was in Le Pas and there was grim work to be done; yet—how she troubled him, kept herself ever before the mind of this grim traveler of the barrens to whom women had been little more than shadows in a world beyond his ken.

Then he thrust all thought of her aside, and went on. Somewhere here was the man who had driven a dog train back from the creek, a hundred yards below Gharian's cabin, on the very day of the murder! Within an hour of it, unless O'Hara's calculations were wrong. That it was not the same man who had carried supplies to Ninon at the cabin, O'Hara knew; he had searched that out. He had sure information, too, of the time Nicky had spent at Churchill, of his threats against Gharian. He needed only to find the man who had rescued the fugitive from the icemound creek; that man held the key to the greatest mystery of all.

Down there, where those red lights twinkled, were Crees and halfbreeds, a strange crew. And there was the clue he sought, the clue that would send him back before six days to the chief. Or—?

Well, the die was cast. If he did not go back in the allotted time Macdonald had his letter; he would use it. God, he would use it! O'Hara swept one arm across his face. For an instant he shut out those wicked little lights that danced like witch eyes in the snow gloom.

Ten minutes later he pushed open the door and looked into a hot, smoke-filled, noisy den of a room, glimpsed dark, wild faces, saw the flash of dice falling on the tables, heard a medley of tongues, half French, half Cree, an oath here, a song there, the uproar of a quarrel that subsided suddenly at sight of his uniform. Then, from somewhere, a derisive laugh. It pricked him like a knife thrust. In an instant he was iron, every nerve strung taut, the manhunter in him leaped up like a caged tiger. He felt neither pity nor remorse.

Deliberately he thrust himself into the centre of the room and laid his hand suddenly on the shoulder of the one who had laughed. "You're wanted, Duval!" O'Hara's tone was like a whiplash, and the hand that gripped the half-breed had the feel of iron.

Duval started to his feet with a smothered oath, but his dark face changed and paled as his eyes came to the level of the sergeant's. He was a stranger, too, and there was no show of partisan feeling, only a gaping curiosity in the nearest faces. "What d'you want of me?" he asked sullenly.

SO YOU'VE brought in Creuse as the only suspect, and you've covered the ground up there thoroughly; that's the long and short of your report, then, O'Hara?"

"The whole of it so far, Inspector."

Macdonald turned around in his chair and eyed the sergeant sharply. "What ails the bunch of you?" he asked tersely. "What the devil's got into this case? You're like Johnson, now; You're holding something back!"

O'Hara's face crimsoned. "I'm asking leave to check up on it further, Inspector. If I can clear up one or two points I'll lay it all before you. If I don't," he drew a letter from his pocket, "I'll resign. I'd like to leave this with you, sir. If I don't report in six days, open it!"

His chief took the sealed envelope and looked at it curiously, then he glanced up at his subordinate's set face. Something had happened to O'Hara. He looked older, more worn; there was even a sag in his ordinarily erect, confident bearing.

Macdonald carefully pigeonholed the letter. Then he struck his heavy hand on his desk. "You're planning some dare-devil risk, Sergeant, and leaving this in case of your death. Very well! You men have to take chances, but you're a good officer and I don't want to lose you. I'll give you an assistant. Who d'you want?"

"No one, sir!" O'Hara's voice was harsh. "No one can do what I've got in mind. I'd like to finish this job myself, Inspector."

"Then go ahead; you've got orders. If you need more expense money it's here. If you're not back in six days, I'll—" He did not finish but nodded at the envelope which showed conspicuously in its pigeonhole.

Once again he turned his searching eyes on the sergeant, and could have sworn O'Hara winced. Yet the officer's weather bronzed face and his tight shut lips were calm as he saluted at the door. A moment later it shut behind him and his chief was alone.

"Now what the deuce is up?" Macdonald mused, nettled by curiosity he found difficulty to quell. "I've half a mind—" His hand went toward the sealed envelope, then he let it fall on the desk. "No! I'll play fair, and wait six days, though I believe he's going to risk his life, doesn't expect to come back alive—and he's a mighty valuable man!"

Again he meditated, strumming on his desk, but

he was used to these things. Men were sent out to their deaths sometimes, to danger of it often; what matter, if it was for the good of the service? The service was the inspector's *secibd gidl* yet his eyes clouded a moment later when he saw O'Hara cross the snowy space before his window, erect and strong, in all the vigor of his splendid manhood.

"The best subordinate I've got!" he muttered. "I'll wait just six days; then Gayle can go after him." He touched a button and sent orders out about the careful jailing of Nicky Creuse. "He's safe anyway," he thought, "One young daredevil behind the bars until it's cleared up. I'm far from convinced that he could have done it—or did."

O'HARA, meanwhile, unconscious that he had stirred strange uneasiness in his chief's mind, went about his business, a business that sent an unaccustomed chill to his stout heart. For once, he sickened deeply at his task.

"Hunting men, that's been my business," he mused bitterly. And then, half aloud, "May God forgive me if I'm wrong now!"

He had a sudden recollection of Nicky Creuse on the way to prison, rebellious, snarling, vowing to get even. Yet the boy was so young, and there had been, hitherto, a certain charm in his devil-may-care-freedom. O'Hara had seen him once dancing a jig at French Pete's amid the uproarious laughter of the *voyageurs*. He had loved his sister, too; that first shooting of Gharian had stirred the sergeant with something akin to sympathy. Yet he had dragged the boy to prison, was leaving him in peril of his life.

"My business that!" he cried again to himself, and thrust his hand into his pocket to feel for that small object he had found in the snow beside the frozen creek.

It was strange that Johnson had overlooked it! The thought recalled Johnson; the constable was out of the infirmary but not yet fit for duty. He might explain one point more—if he chose!

But O'Hara did not go to Johnson, instead he took the first train north. He had urgent business at Le Pas, business that must be concluded before the time expired—he had given himself six days! As he recalled that a sudden apprehension surged over him, and the perspiration stood out in drops on his forehead though the thermometer registered thirty below.

O'Hara made no answer in words, he kept his grasp on the man and thrust him quickly between the crowded tables toward the door that he had left open when he entered. He felt, rather than saw, a growing sympathy among these men who were his prisoner's equals, if they were not yet his pals. There were some murmurs, an oath here and there; in the farther corner one or two rose. O'Hara was alone and there was no love here for the Mounted. But the sergeant got Duval outside and shut the door behind them.

That movement loosed his grip a trifle and, on the instant, the halfbreed was at his throat. They grappled, stumbled and rolled over in the snow. Duval had been drinking, O'Hara was deadly sober, with muscles like steel; a trained fighter. They battled over the edge of a drift and the sergeant held his enemy down and out of sight when someone opened the door and looked out.

"Gone like a lamb!" they heard a voice say from the inside of the cabin, then there was a shout of coarse laughter as the door snapped shut again.

A couple of dogs began to howl, a fiddle scraped somewhere, and O'Hara got his knee on the halfbreed's breast, slipped a hand down and disarmed him. "You're making a mistake, Duval," he said chokingly, for the struggle had cost him his breath. "I'm not going to run you in, and I'll let you go scot free if you answer me straight and take orders like a man."

A red light shone from a window on the snow beside them, in the weird glow of it he could see the breed's sullen eyes; but his grunt was a half way surrender.

"Let me up—you choke me, by gar!" he gurgled, for O'Hara's grip was on his windpipe.

The sergeant rose and ordered him to his feet. "You drove your team up to the creek below Gharian's place the day of his death. No, not a word of denial; I *know*! If you want to keep out of jail, get your dogs now. I'll go with you. You and I start north tonight, Duval, and on the way we'll settle certain other matters. Ready."

The halfbreed made a quick movement, but the muzzle of O'Hara's forty-five was at his breast.

"Going quietly?" the sergeant snapped.

Duval answered sullenly. "I wish you in hell!" he growled.

The officer laughed. "I may send you there, old man, if you don't get started mighty quick!"

As he spoke he drove his prisoner down to the vacant place below the huts where he knew Duval's dogs were tied. Half an hour later, to the snap of the halfbreed's whip and the deep baying of the huskies, the sledge started north laden with ten day's rations, Duval walking beside his team and O'Hara close at his heels. Out through the last straggling streets of the settlement, leaving the wicked little twinkling eyes of light behind, into a wilderness of snow and ice, in the teeth of a biting wind, they went. The snow was packed tight and the trail they followed through the night was not difficult, except that there could be no turning back.

MORNING came, gray with the eternal gloom of the Arctic winter. They sat down and ate, resting and feeding the dogs. The halfbreed was sullenly silent, watching his captor with a fierce enmity that he could not disguise.

"He'll get me if he can!" O'Hara thought, and watched as narrowly as he was watched. Yet, later in the day, Duval seemed to relent a little, for he answered now and then, and once he pointed out a spot he had passed before.

"Bad place," he said laconically. "Man slip dere he break his neck, by gar!"

"But you got through safely with a loaded sled that day," O'Hara countered quickly.

The breed grunted and fell silent again, nor would he speak except barely to answer a word or two for the rest of that long afternoon. But by this time, the man who followed him already knew the story; a gesture there, a half admission here, even a startled glance at some particular turn of the trail which he was being forced to follow, were enough to fill out the skeleton that O'Hara had constructed from the evidence in his hands. Unconsciously Duval furnished the one clue vitally needed; and the sergeant's face was set and stern as they passed the frozen creek and travelled the last two hundred yards through a little forest of spruce and balsam, half buried in the deep snow.

Emerging from it, the open space of snow-covered ground had a strange radiance; it was bluish white, while the ice covered barrens to the westward

stretched out like a sparkling desert, pricked here and there with frozen willows. It was beautiful, so striking that O'Hara drew a deep breath of admiration. Then he saw the windows of Gharian's little cabin and the woman at the door. Her face was turned toward them and, even at this distance, he sensed the light in her eyes.

He gave sharp orders to Duval. The halfbreed and the dogs preceded him, but there was no change in that figure by the cabin door. Calmly the woman waited for him. Duval had assented readily to a halt here. "To help madame, *hein*?" He knew her, he would stay, he swore, and since O'Hara knew he would, he let him drive the dogs to the rear of the cabin, to a shelter Gharian had built for his own team in old days.

The dogs knew the way and so did the halfbreed, but they seemed to pass Laure almost unnoticed. She did not move. She still was there, her pale face touched with snow-light, her mouth a little curved as if with anxiety, her deep eyes unfathomable. She did not hold out her hand, but there was a sweet, low note of welcome in her voice.

"I knew you were coming," she said simply. "I have your supper ready."

O'Hara started, "You knew that—I was coming?" he gasped. "In this wilderness how could you know?"

"In solitude one knows things, m'sieur, it's as though—the heart had ears!"

A deep wave of crimson went up over his bronzed face. "And in your heart you heard me coming?" But he did not speak the words aloud.

She turned and led the way into the little log-ceiled room. It was changed as if by magic; a woman's touch had worked a miracle. A snowy cloth covered the table. It was daintily set; the disorder of the room had been transformed into a lovely orderliness; the fire burned clean and bright; a workbasket stood on the bench; there was the savor of well cooked food.

O'Hara stood staring at the preparations, his breath coming slowly. A scowl was on his forehead—possible corrugated the deeper because right then he had no desire whatever to frown. "So, you thought I was coming!" he said harshly.

She turned from the fire, a little flush on her pale face, bringing a dish for the table. She smiled at him without words, and her eyes were shining. A long moment passed. [Continued on page 74]



"Jacques!" she called sharply. "His arm's broken and his head is bruised and bleeding."

How Scotland Yard Scores

IN ORDER to fully appreciate the great work accomplished by Scotland Yard with its ceaseless activities, it is necessary to take a glimpse at the mighty machinery operated by the foremost detective organization in the world. No other man hunting system stretches such far reaching tentacles to net the transgressor, nor so adequately guards the public safety.

Even the French Sureté, so rightly renowned for its successful tracking of criminals, cannot claim the crowning glory of the Yard—a resultant decrease in crime. It should be remembered, however, that Scotland Yard dates its activities as far back as the year 1829, when the famous Act to strengthen the forces of law and order was put into effect by Sir Robert Peel, then acting as Home Secretary, the Act being powerfully supported by the influence of the Duke of Wellington.

During the decade immediately preceding the passing of "An Act for Improving the Police in and near the Metropolis," a similar reign of lawlessness ruled in the capital of England as now flaunts its head throughout the United States, most glaringly evident in certain large criminal centres, notably Chicago, New York, Los Angeles and Kansas, the first named city being the very Mecca of criminals.

Recent articles in such leading magazines as Harper's, which published "The High Cost of Hoodlums," the "Review of Reviews," with "The High Cost of Nullification," "The Literary Digest," in "Our National Disgrace," and "The Century," with "The Devil's Workshop" reveals a state of affairs similar to that which existed in London prior to the inauguration of Scotland Yard, which first came to birth under the name of The Metropolitan Police Force. Indeed it was not until some years after the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Act, that the Metropolitan Police took over the precincts now known as Scotland Yard. Up till then the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police Office was in Whitehall Place.

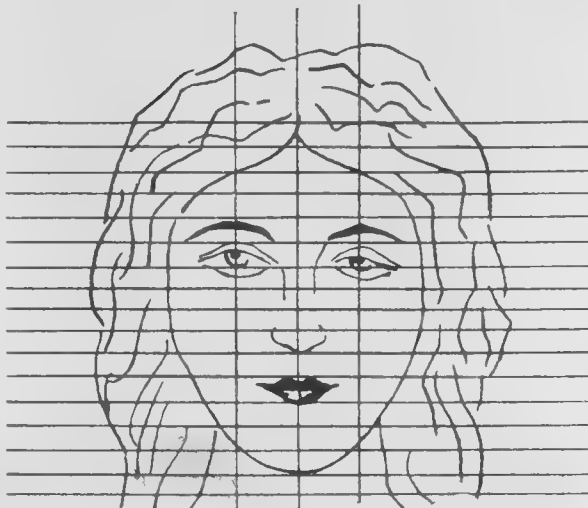
The Act in question dealt summarily with the measure for improving the Police Force of London. How effective those measures for improving to prove none could then have rightly gauged, for to the credit of the Great Yard it can claim that in one recent year alone to 280 murders recorded in Chicago, England and Wales together numbered but twelve, and not one of the perpetrators escaped arrest. Of the 280 for that year in Chicago, less than half were tried and only eight convicted.

During the one hundred years of its existence, Scotland Yard's greatest service to humanity lies in the fact that it has done more to prevent crime than any other Police Force in the world. Nothing can compare with the efficiency of its chosen men, from the highest official to the lowest of the Yard's law enforcing representatives, except only the activities of the Canadian Mounted Police, for both alike are inspired with a love of law and order. It is for this reason that the dangerous criminal, particularly murderers as a class, rigidly avoid crossing the Canadian border, since in the United States it has become a fixed belief that the Mounted Police always get their man. Sooner or later they run him to earth.

The question naturally arises as to the *raison d'être* of the remarkable exploits of the Canadian Mounted Police and of Scotland Yard. Apart from the actual methods employed for tracking the criminal, there are two main factors to account for the unique success of the Yard. In the first place, throughout the section of the British Empire populated chiefly by white men and women of British descent, the hereditary respect for law and order in which the Britisher has been reared has left an indelible impress—a feeling of security and confidence, a desire for its maintenance and an innate love of justice.

Britishers in all parts of the world justifiably glory in a respect for national honor and unhesitatingly respond when a call is made to uphold the arm of

By B Holmes



Facial Qualifications

the law, willingly rendering assistance when the occasion arises. This in turn has an excellent effect on the morale of the Force, not only strengthening their authority but stimulating all its members to maintain the confidence reposed in them. Public opinion plays a significant part in the success of the Canadian Mounted Police and in that of Scotland Yard.

Second only in importance are the provisions of the criminal laws common to Canada and England, and covering the entire British Empire. Her fewer laws, as compared with those of the neighboring States, are rigidly enforced, thus establishing a precedent which is not conducive to criminal aspirations in the British Empire.

THE efficiency of Scotland Yard at the present time has been largely augmented by modern inventions—that of the telephone, the wireless messages, the aeroplane and scientific instruments being of paramount importance, but this advantage, of course, is common to all civilized countries. One of the instruments in question is peculiar to Scotland Yard and its uses have hitherto been confined to officials of the Yard.

In part it consists of rulers of various shapes, circles and arcs, on a scale very similar to that of the Metric system. By the use of this ingenious and wonderfully constructed instrument, which is surmounted by a magnifying glass of great power, exact and minute measurements of the strokes, loops and even the width of the finest line can be taken, these being proportionately enlarged by the moveable glass. A systematically complicated measurement of these minute spaces in the case of a suspected forgery produces incontrovertible evidence as far as the authenticity of disputed documents is concerned.

Of greater interest, perhaps, than any modern mechanical device to outwit the criminal, are the psychological and tactical methods employed by the Yard for the discovery of a felon. The psychological make-up of the habitual criminal is so much a part and parcel of himself that as far back as the days of Charles Dickens, that close observer of human nature, wrote: "Sometimes detectives are called upon to investigate robberies so

executed that no human ingenuity appears to ordinary observers capable of finding the thief. As a connoisseur can determine the painting of a picture at the first glance, or a vine-taster the precise vintage of a sherry by the merest sip, so the detective at once pounces upon the authors of the (criminal) work of art under consideration by the style of the performance, if not upon the precise executant, upon the 'school' to which he belongs."

In modern crime detecting methods this psychological clue is taken into account, although the great organization combatting the Underworld fraternity differ in their opinions as to the specific value of certain psychological or intangible clues. Scotland Yard, for instance, does not support the theory of a leading German criminologist—Prof. Hans Gross, that a certain dangerous mental state is always indicated when the foot is put forward and the shin bone slightly stretched out, with all the toes drawn in toward the sole of the foot, like a cat when it feels good," nor does the Yard accept the idea that in seeking to avoid arrest at night a criminal, when operating outside his own country, finds himself back again at the scene of his crime. In fact the Yard discounts many of the fanciful and popular notions in this connection and relies mainly on plain, incontrovertible, solid facts, plus material evidence, to effect a capture.

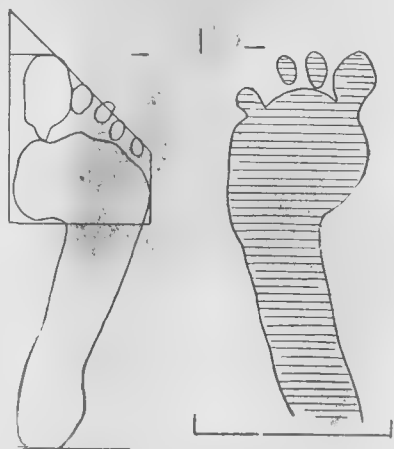
This disregard of certain commonly accepted notions does not imply the rejection by the Yard of the "school" to which Dickens referred, but rather marks Scotland Yard's preference for following out the particular tangible clue held to be most vitally important, concentrating its battery on the obvious rather than on the sub-conscious workings of the criminal mind.

The Yard aptly discriminates between the different types of transgressors and the special "art" they ply, just as the Underworld judiciously differentiates respecting the mental calibre of its members. In this connection it is interesting to note that lowest in rank with the Underworld is the stick-up-man, who is indeed rated by his comrades in crime as the very poorest of his class. Burglars hold the second rank, since more skill is required in order for them to effect their purpose. Slightly superior to them in skill is the pickpocket, who again obviously has occasion for more adroitness in his finger manipulations.

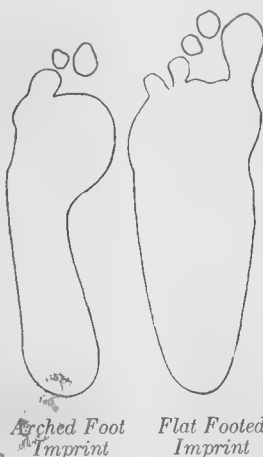
Far superior to the pickpocket or the burglar in efficiency is the safe-blower, sometimes known as the Soup-man—the name originating from the word "soup" applied by thieves to the nitro-glycerin solution prepared by these men. But while safe-blowing demands far more skill and courage than the former nefarious activities (lacking which skill the soup-man forfeits his life)—the professional Confidence man is regarded as the Top-notch in the criminal world. Unlike any of the rest of the Underworld fraternity, he is compelled to meet his victim face to face, and engage in conversation with his "mark" not once but several times, until he has gained the confidence of his selected dupe.

AS each member of the Underworld applies his special calling year in year out, he acquires a certain habitual trait or sign-mark of his activities. For instance, the pickpocket, who invariably uses his first and middle fingers in order to draw out the contents of the pocket book, so develops the first phalange of the index finger that it extends to the same length, or nearly so, of the middle finger. Consequently an abnormally long first finger is peculiar to skilled pickpockets, although not always found. Detectives are fully aware of what a long first finger among crooks indicates, and quickly recognizes the individual's special pursuits.

As there are identifying habits, so in the same way there are also vocational signs. It is customary, therefore, with most officers, when questioning a suspect who asserts he is engaged at some branch of manual labor, to examine his hands. Should the man give his occupation as that of a painter, callouses will be found between the fingers which hold the brush. A bricklayer's fingers will show smooth but calloused finger [Continued on page 72]



Measurements used in comparing suspect's footmarks with those of the criminal



The facts recounted by Charles Dickens were obtained by him from the very source of all information—the Scotland Yard of that day and were published in "Household Words," to which office on one memorable occasion Dickens invited a large party of detectives to tea. The deductions of that immortal writer were, therefore, not based on the imaginary pictures of a fertile brain, but solely derived from the study of criminal facts supplied by Scotland Yard.

A Woman Who Dares to be Herself

By Arthur Lamsley

IN BRITISH public and political life Lady Astor is the "Pilgrim Mother." She "mothers" all things and everybody, the House of Commons holding a special place in her affections. She is at home and at ease almost everywhere. In all her many and varied activities she is greatly loved for herself, although many of her opinions are not held in the same esteem.

This unique gift of motherliness accounts for much of her sustained success in public. I once remarked how easily she managed men, even those whose opinions and manner of life were directly opposed to her's. She gave me a flashing smile and answered immediately: "All men are just grown-up boys. I treat them as boys and mother them all. Men like being mothered."

I know only two men of note whom Lady Astor has failed to "mother"... Lord Banbury and Winston Churchill have stoutly refused to fall under her powers of adoption. The latter was rude enough to refuse to speak to her when she first entered Parliament, and for many months, although well-known to each other, they passed each other as strangers. When, however, the moment came when they were socially forced to speak, Lady Astor told me she asked Winston what was the matter with him, and chided him for his lack of courtesy. His reply is characteristic of Churchill: "When you entered the House it was like a lady breaking into my bathroom when I was only armed with a sponge. I resented your intrusion." Lord Banbury is even more adroit than Winston Churchill for he keeps out of Lady Astor's way entirely.

This flair for being a "care-free mixer" in social and public life was born in her youth during those wonderful days so brimful of physical abandon and outdoor enjoyment, when as Nancy Langhorne she lived in the romantic countryside of Virginia.

I first met Lady Astor at a street corner meeting in Plymouth. A great crowd blocked the roadway. They were cheering lustily a woman speaker, mounted on a trolley cart, whose words gripped them with a wild, unrestrained enthusiasm, as she unfolded her policy as a Candidate for Parliament. It was not so much what she said, but how she said it that captivated the crowd. Her unfailing repartee, rippling humour, and "show of fight" when unfairly heckled by a brewer's hireling, turned electioneering into festive merriment.

My thoughts went back some three hundred years to the days when some of her forebears sailed from this town in the Mayflower to America in search of a New World. They found it, and now, hundreds of years afterward, this daughter from America is back again in the same old starting place of the Mayflower—not a few hundred yards from the spot where they first sailed—fighting as the first woman legislator in the political life of this Old Country.

And although the British public has got used to Women Members of Parliament, and the novelty with most of them has worn very thin, Lady Astor is still a consistent "draw" at any indoor meeting. Crowds attend to hear her in support of any cause, to enjoy the refreshing entertainment of her daring and original personality, to be dazzled by her matchless wit, but rarely for the purpose of serious education. People of all classes and ages feel better for having been in her gay, vivacious presence for an hour or two; her actual message is rarely the attraction.

ON THE subject of women in political life Lady Astor is always eloquent. She believes: "Women are the greatest force for progressive social legislation in this age. You have only to look at the programmes of political parties in all lands to see the great influence of the women's vote. There are things in

for her mind always runs along the line of intimate co-operation with men, not only to do the best for them but also to do the best for the country. In this connection I asked her if there was any possibility of an all Woman's Party in Parliament. Her answer was a most emphatic "No! Experience and commonsense show that this would be impractical."

Lady Astor is an enigma to friend and foe alike. She is a traditionalist who, in spite of her love of tradition, kicks against it. She loves personal freedom as a woman, but she is by no manner of means a fanatic on women's rights. In no sense does she try to ape men and some of their exclusive habits in the vain imagination that she is their equal—she is, but in other ways. She neither drinks nor smokes, she fights the traffic of the former, and the latter habit she says fouls the fresh air. A more highly complex personality it would be impossible to meet. She is a moralist of the old traditional school and in spite of her wealth and social position she has never lost intimate and affectionate touch with the deep religious spirit which was the foundation of her New England forebears.

The two fundamental sources of her personal power lie in her deeply religious nature and in her broad understanding of human nature, and the possession of a very human sense of humor.

Consistent with her religious outlook is that all her public and social activities are animated by the ideal of service. Evidence of this moral obsession is the fact that she continues to endure the intense strain of public and political life, considering the rebuffs and cruelty she has experienced at the instigation of powerful vested interests in her Party, and the seeming ingratitude in other places.

HER political triumph might seem to be all glamour to an uninitiated public, yet has been fraught with many and varied anxieties. At a tea-table conference one afternoon we spoke of the growing burdens of political life, and the bitter oppositions and personal feuds, which she said had almost become unbearable, and she expressed serious thought of giving up her service. However, after having "entered the silence" of her own room and "meditating for divine guidance," the conviction came to her that she was in her right place and doing a right service. With renewed strength she carried on her tenacious fight and within two weeks had won her fourth election to the House

of Commons with a handsome majority.

On a Sunday I met a happy instance of her undaunted endeavor to do and say the right thing, and incidentally was the victim of her capricious sense of humor. It was on the platform of a mass meeting of religious social reformers numbering some three thousand. Lady Astor had given her address, rich in brilliant argument, and mellowed with the ripeness of a deep spiritual conviction; but on sitting down she evidently found she had forgotten to use one of her main points. I was already on my feet speaking when the chairman handed me a card on which Lady Astor had written: "Do say something about keeping Sunday for God's service." This is typical of her mind and method; she had forgotten the point herself, but had made up her mind it *must* be said! I managed to get the point into my remarks, although it had nothing whatever to do with my

[Continued on page 82]



A recent portrait of Lady Astor wearing a cream lace over blue satin draped gown

their programmes now that would never have been there had they not had to face the woman elector. And those things are all making for moral and social betterment—you can see that the same influence has been growing since early post-war days, when women first took an active part in creative citizenship. Women have brought an entirely new vision into political life, and hate has no part in their message. To women, love is the greatest thing in life, and it is this overwhelming faith in the all-power of love that will ultimately cleanse the world of hate and war."

She sees the world as a larger Home for human beings, and to create a happier world she knows it means the creation of happier homes in individual nations. Not only is she a home-lover, but she advocates from her rich experience as a happy wife and mother the blessings of home life. It is in this sense that Lady Astor is not an aggressive feminist,

Rooms That Bespeak Their Ownership

Masculine as a Briar Pipe—
Feminine as the Rustle
of Silk

By
Katherine M Caldwell



A room to delight the heart of man.

NO ROOM in a house has quite the same opportunity to express its owner, as the bedroom which is furnished primarily to please its occupant, to cater frankly to that person's needs. In other rooms, several personalities are apt to be reflected, but here is one's castle, one's retreat.

Nothing could illustrate these facts more clearly than the two rooms which we picture on this page. On the left we have shown a room to delight the heart of a man. There is something very clear-cut about it, a directness in line, color and material sure to appear to masculine taste. It is sturdy without heaviness, simple enough to be given to an older boy and fine enough to satisfy the man of seasoned and cultured tastes. With the details of his small personal belongings added, one can see this room as the prideful possession of the college youth or the satisfying quarters of one of his professors.

In contrast, glance at the room on the right. You can almost hear the gentle swish of silky surfaces, catch the delicate fragrance of the perfume its owner favors. As simple, in its way, as the other room, there is a lightness and delicacy in its outlines, fabrics and coloring which at once establishes its character.

LET us return to the oak room, take note of the means by which its very definite atmosphere is established.

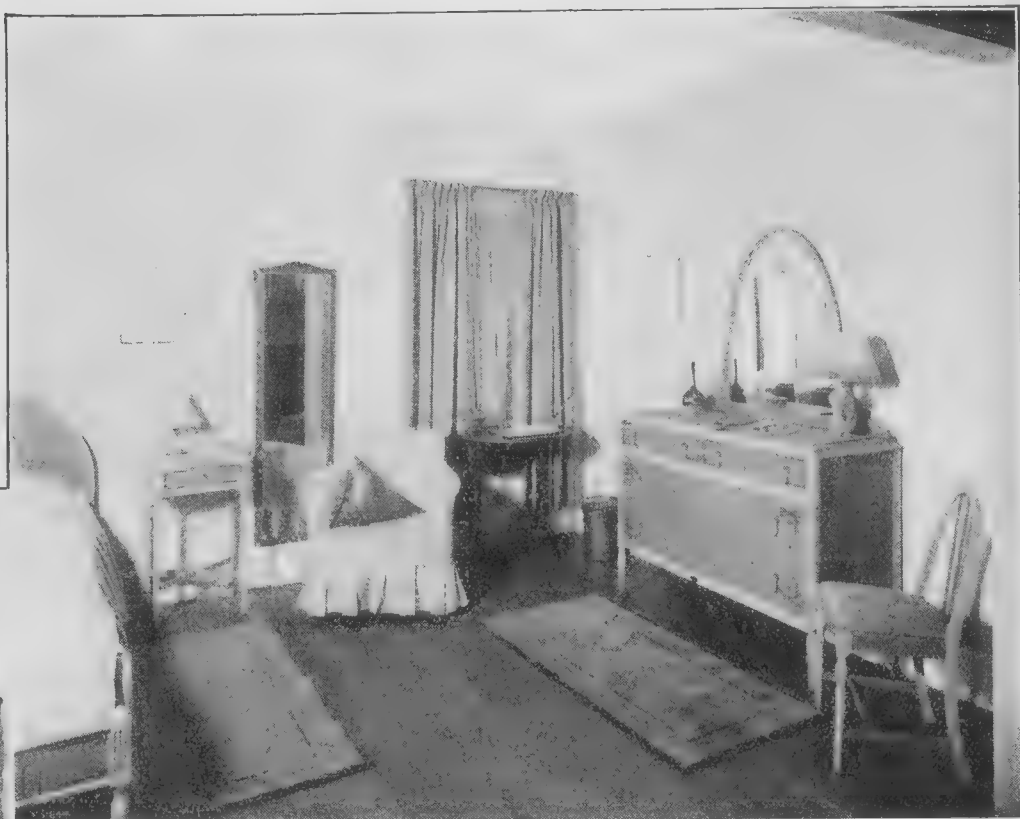
Let me first paint its background for you. The camera has failed to catch the delightful wall-paper—but suggests another treatment which would be quite as happily in accord: a plain painted or stippled wall would be admirable, or one of the plastic papers so much used at present, could throw a soft glow of color, like that in mellow plaster, over this important back-

ground. Actually, in the room we photographed, there is one of the most successful of this season's papers; against a soft écu background, faint cloud-like washes of color appear, with the effect of having been brushed on ever so lightly; these misty fragments of color are without definite outline, yet suggest a group of very modern papers, whilst fitting beautifully into this room with the decidedly old-time air.

Carried right to the baseboard is a tiled linoleum, marbled in black. Thrown upon it is a small oriental rug in which long years have toned dull reds and blues to a most engaging softness. One can picture this nice bit of oriental carpet lying on a plain broadloom rug or directly upon a dark polished floor: Or another good choice for this room which might very possibly be the preference of the older man, would be a large rug in oriental patterning, still featuring the rich deep tones of red, blue and brown that belong so thoroughly to the earlier color schemes.

Oak is unquestionably in character—and whilst one can picture other woods in successful use here, the dull richness of this very dark oak is so very, very right! All of these pieces share a simplicity of line and treatment, but here and there a touch of carving relieves the furniture from a too-great austerity. For instance, there is one carved board across the top of the bed, and the little commode which unfortunately our camera could not include for you, has a carved door; a little bedside table which stands on the opposite side of the bed from the commode, has a simply carved rim and there is a little panel of carving on the drawer of the writing-table.

We managed to include a bit of the bedspread, to show you how well the old-fashioned crewel-work, in a Jacobean design, fits into the general scheme. The colorings of the embroidery are the simple primary colors that, as I said, were the first to be used in room



These rooms point more clearly by their contrast the fact that the successful room reflects its occupant.

decoration—dark reds and blues, with golden yellow and the relief of green and brown tones.

There is a very broad window in this room, the kind a man would most surely approve of, and at its sides hang wide curtains of soft crash, embroidered in the same colors as the bedspread. We just managed to include a corner of the valance; enough to show you that it is the tightly-drawn, strictly tailored type—mounted on wood and with a simple trim of two rows of braid, one red and one blue with a touch of gold. The glass curtains are of square-meshed net with plain four-inch hem.

The lamps are of brass or pottery, with parchment shades, plain or touched with color, and they are numerous enough to bring an intimate light wherever it is required—on the desk, at the bed-head and beside a comfortable arm-chair—leather upholstered and brass studded like the one at the desk.

It only remains for Himself to add his own touches—his special *lares* and *penates*, the pictures he likes, the paraphernalia of his desk (made as nearly ready for him as possibly here, by the tooled leather appointments that he could not fail to appreciate).

AND now, to revert to the essentially feminine charm of our other room.

Its furniture follows the curving line of grace rather than the straight line of strength, and we have here instead of the mellow tones of dull wood, the delicacy of pale enamels.

The color scheme leaves the simple primaries for the soft tint of apple green and that very effective group of shades that begin with pale peach and apricot and deepen through rather subtle salmon tones to the richness of terra cotta.

To begin with the background again—the walls are covered with a paper which shows broken lines of peach color. Now usually, a contrast would be sought in the fabric for the graceful full-length curtains which hang so directly against the paper. But the usual was not done here; the decorator saw the possibility in repeating, with the emphasis of deeper color, the same broken line of the wall-paper in the silk for these curtains—and the effect was especially good.

Against the delicate tints of the walls, the apple-green of the furniture was very charming. Wide bands of ivory and a touch of the warm peach tones, outline the pieces.

The bed, you will observe, almost dispenses with the foot-board. Its spread has a deep plainly-shirred flounce, corded for the length of the bed to the side of the spread, allowing the [Continued on page 62]

Oh! lady, lady

if you only had
glasses like these
*you'd learn some
valuable secrets*



IT'S pretty discouraging to take clothes in from the washline and find they aren't the lovely *white* white you expected. And it's puzzling, too!

But, if you saw these clothes through magnifying glasses, you'd understand. You'd see tiny particles of dirt clinging to the fabric. Held there by grease (that wasn't loosened in washing) so the dirt couldn't be rinsed away.

How different with Fels-Naptha washes! For every big, generous Fels-Naptha bar gives you *extra* help that gets rid of this pesky, clinging dirt. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap combined with plenty of grease-dissolving, dirt-loosening naptha. Two busy, active cleaners working together, loosening stubborn dirt and washing it away so thoroughly that when your wash comes off the line it's bound to be white—really, truly white—and fragrantly clean.

Thanks to the *extra* help of these two cleaners, Fels-Naptha does away with hard rubbing, too. It makes your washing easier

—whether you use tub or machine; whether you soak or boil your clothes. Naturally Fels-Naptha works best in hot water—all soaps do. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha also washes clean in lukewarm or even cool water. And does it so quickly that you don't have to keep your hands in water long. Which, of course, helps keep them nice.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. The next time you're buying soap for washing help, be

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

wise. Buy Fels-Naptha and get a real soap bargain. A bargain that brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help with every soap-and-water task—whether it's washing greasy dishes, wiping smudgy woodwork, or doing the family wash.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it NOW!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. 11-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

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State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries



John Barrymore and Joan Bennett
in "Moby Dick."

Moby Dick

"MOBY DICK," Herman Melville's famous novel of the early nineteenth century whaling expeditions, was used a few years ago as the basis of a silent picture featuring John Barrymore as Ahab, the intrepid pursuer of the great white whale. That silent film was called "The Sea Beast," and it was a very fine picture. Now Melville's classic comes to us once more, this time under its original name, "Moby Dick," in a splendid dialogue and sound production, again starring John Barrymore.

The story, if you remember, is about a daredevil young whaler, Ahab. Ahab has two loves: the first is the sea, the second, a sweet girl named Faith, whom he is to marry when he returns from a long whaling trip. But this expedition brings disaster to Ahab, for on it he loses a leg in a savage fight with "Moby Dick," the great white whale that is the terror of the whalers. Upon his return, Ahab sends his brother Derek ahead of him to prepare Faith gently for a crippled lover. Derek, however, has fallen in love with Faith, and he lies to Ahab about Faith's answering message. Believing himself jilted, Ahab, broken-hearted and embittered, goes back to the sea. His desire to destroy the sea beast that has ruined his life becomes an obsession, almost a madness, and for years he scours the waters, relentlessly searching for "Moby Dick." Finally he finds and kills the whale in a thrilling struggle and then returns home to discover that Faith, true to her name, is still waiting for him.

Without a doubt John Barrymore's new Ahab is one of his very best screen performances. The talking version is strengthened in that it accentuates Ahab less as a romantic lover and more as the embittered man obsessed with the desire to have rightful vengeance on the terrible sea beast. Mr. Barrymore plays his whaling scenes with great gusto and gives the role of Ahab its full picturesque quality.

Although the part does not demand much of her, Joan Bennett is attractive and appealing as Faith, a role played in the silent version by Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore.) Miss Costello suggested the passing years and their attendant sorrows by a slightly ageing make-up. But Miss Bennett's Faith remains perennially youthful—and hence is somewhat lacking in realism and artistry.

Lloyd Bacon, the director, who is experienced in handling stories of "the men who go down to the sea in ships," excels himself in "Moby Dick." The hurricane and the scenes of the harpooning of the white whale are indeed thrilling. You will certainly enjoy this reproduction of Melville's stirring tale.

Hell's Angels

"HELL'S ANGELS" is a bizarre mixture of excellence and cheapness, magnificence and tawdriness, originality and banality. The story is unadulterated tripe. The dialogue is often mawkish. The acting is mediocre. Ben Lyon and James Hall, in the two leading male roles, are so un-English that the

illusion of their being officers in the Royal Flying Corps is distinctly shattered. The real stars in the picture are the camera men and the aviators. These men give us scenes so thrilling and beautiful that the film is well worth seeing in spite of its overwhelming and sometimes almost ludicrous deficiencies. The aerial photography in "Hell's Angels," particularly in the scenes showing the Zeppelin moving through cloud banks and mist and the air warfare culminating in the terrific crash of the huge airship, is the most spectacular and impressive I have ever seen.

A series of Technicolor shots are incongruous and form the only weak photographic spot in the film. Otherwise the camera work is magnificent.

Common Clay

THIS picture, based on the Harvard Prize Play by Cleves Kinkead, is another melodrama like *Madame X* and *East Lynne*—the type of story often known to members of the theatrical profession as a "tear squeezer." When "Common Clay" was first produced as a stage play, with Jane Cowl in the leading role, it was very successful and is still good



George Arliss in "Old English."

"theatre" in the talking picture version. The photographic production is wordy and occasionally cheap, but Constance Bennett is clever and pretty in the leading part and some really excellent acting is done by Beryl Mercer. The story is one that will be of interest only to adults.

Anybody's Woman

RUTH CHATTERTON, recruited from the stage, has proved to be one of the most brilliant stars of talking pictures. Her work in "Madame X," "Sarah and Son," and "A Lady of Scandal" has shown her high ability as a character and emotional actress. Therefore it is with regret that we see her rich talents wasted on such a poor picture as "Anybody's Woman."

The story of "Anybody's Woman" was written by Gouverneur Morris, the novelist and short-story writer, and the dialogue comes from Zoe Akins, a very clever playwright, but assuredly neither of them did creditable work in this particular case.

The plot tells of Neil Dunlap, a successful lawyer

who goes to pieces and takes to drink after his wife has divorced him. One morning he awakes to find himself married to Pansy Gray, a burlesque chorus girl whom he had once defended in court. Neil's first wife, a social butterfly, is unhappy with the rich man for whom she had divorced her first husband, and she wants Neil back. But he realizes now how worthless she is and chooses Pansy, who really loves him.

As I have said, Miss Chatterton's valuable talents have been squandered on a weak story. Clive Brook is also miscast as Neil. Paul Lukas is clever in another leading male role.

Dancing Sweeties

DANCING contests and dance marathons have recently had so much space in the news columns of the daily papers that one might think a bright moving picture scenario might be woven about such contests. As its title implies, "Dancing Sweeties" has its main setting in a dance hall, but the story is weak and banal, and little humor has been extracted from such promising sources as the prize contests. Sue Carol is pretty but does not have much to do in the leading role, and Grant Withers fails to produce the personality, comedy and spirit that his part demands.

The Matrimonial Bed

THIS film is, I believe, one of the half-dozen which have been grouped together by the producers under the elegant collective title of "The Sex Appeal Sextette." This method of advertising will give you a good key to the type of picture—something quite ordinary supposed to be seasoned with the spice of naughtiness. As a matter of fact, if you go for the sake of the naughtiness you will be disappointed. The picture is quite mild and quite dull.

Old English

AFTER the meagre fare that such pictures as "Dancing Sweeties" and "The Matrimonial Bed," and others of their kind offer, it is refreshing to come to such a fine piece of character acting as that done by George Arliss, the famous stage star, in the picture version of Galsworthy's "Old English."

Mr. Arliss played "Old English" on the living stage in many Canadian cities a few years ago and his wonderful interpretation of the leading role—the title role—is still vivid in the memories of the many people who saw him in it. They will want to see him again. Others, who were not fortunate enough to see him then, will be anxious to enjoy the picture version.

"Old English" is less a play than a character study. In it Galsworthy has seen fit to neglect the dramatic situations and the firm, carefully woven plots that are present in his other plays. Instead, he gives his whole attention to centering the interest on the main character and building up that one role. As a result, "Old English" is a glorious vehicle for Mr. Arliss, and he shows his appreciation of it by giving it a portrayal that is superb and perfect in every detail.

Mr. Arliss is supported by an excellent cast.

[Continued on page 59]



Richard Arlen and Fay Wray
in "The Sea God."

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



Née Gloria Morgan and married at only eighteen to the third son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris.

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple Paris frocks . . . a flower face with the serene young brow and burning dark eyes of a Spanish Madonna

. . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated French society!

Pearls are her chosen jewels and the gardenia her favorite flower . . . and these accent the incredible whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous

as pearls . . . its beauty due to daily care.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams!"

"And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with the most advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your own skin smooth and clear:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float dirt to the surface.

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Tissues, soft, super-absorbent. (Tissues in exquisite peach-color and pure white.)

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Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish. Use, too, for your hands.

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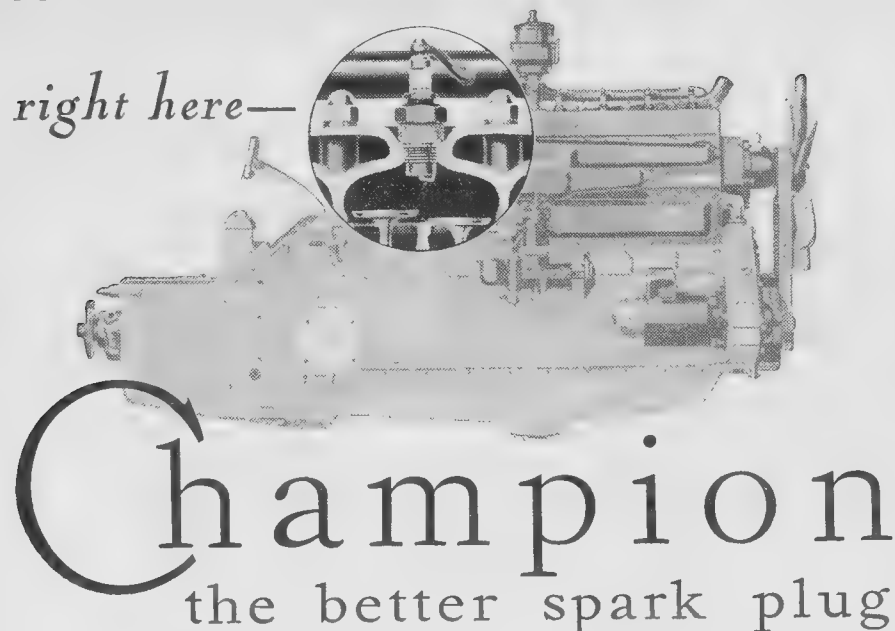
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Exquisite women at home and abroad entrust their skin to Pond's four delightful preparations . . . famous Two Creams for cleansing and protection, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues to remove cream, Skin Freshener to brace and tone.

better performance
is determined

right here—



ACCELERATION, economy, power, speed and the flexibility which make it a pleasure to drive your car are all determined in the combustion chamber.

Once you visualize this combustion process, spark plugs' all-important part in engine performance is not difficult to understand.

Champions are the better spark plugs. Their exclusive features cannot be duplicated. They are designed for the rigorous service of present day motors.

The life of a spark plug is no easy one. It operates over a heat range of more than 1300 degrees. It is called on to function properly at all altitudes and in all weathers. It must operate with various qualities of gasoline and oil and with varying wear on cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings and valves. It must fight carbon almost from its first day. Dirt and water on the exterior, which enter through the radiator openings, tend to lower the electrical efficiency.

When you realize that each spark plug fires at least 15,000,000 times in 10,000 miles, and that it must deliver each vital spark under intense heat and stress, it is easy to understand why you should select spark plugs which meet all these conditions and do give better performance.

It is quite obvious, also, that all spark plugs—even Champions—must deteriorate under operation stresses, and ultimately reach a point where it is economy and efficiency to replace them.

All motor car manufacturers, as well as millions of motor car owners, have proved that a new set of spark plugs every 10,000 miles restores engine power, speed and pick-up, and more than pays for itself in gas and oil saved, alone.

Because Champion Spark Plugs do give better performance in every engine, they excel and outsell the world over.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR ONTARIO

A CANADIAN - MADE PRODUCT

Killing the Cat

By J. M. Gilmour

AT LEAST once in the life of every great man it becomes necessary to kill a cat. I speak from personal experience. A wealth of knowledge on this subject enables me to speak as one who knows. Thus it becomes a patriotic duty to impart, for the first time in history, the proper and approved method of exterminating one of these usurpers of our privileges and sausages.

I have no intention of applying for a patent for my recipe. On the contrary, I desire that the formula be given as much publicity as possible. From the fullness of my heart, I bequeath it to all—senators, lawyers, and gentlemen.

To begin, I will say in fairness to our cat that I disliked him from the start and placed the seal of my disapproval against him on many an occasion. He resented this keenly and displayed his truculence towards me very, very many times.

It is rather humiliating to be high-tailed in one's own home by an unscrupulous cat around whose personal history there lurked much of mystery. I was probably lax in not making a careful scrutiny of his family tree when he first came to us. Had I done so, it might have disclosed a tendency to those traits and habits which later caused me to hate the very fence he cried on.

Although admittedly prejudiced against him, I wished to be fair. Consequently, to distinguish him from other cats I named him "Marmaduke." It had no apparent effect, however, and we might as well have called him "Tom" from the start.

He had not been long with us before I discovered that he came of very, very low stock. He was utterly devoid of all ambition. I assigned to him a box in the basement and spent considerable time in explaining to him the technique of these headquarters. I also showed him the cushions in the living room and stressed the need of his refraining from using them for sleeping or any other purpose. It was all in vain. He got these places confused all the time. Marmaduke was just naturally very, very dumb.

He had probably heard something of the yellow peril and lost no opportunity of wreaking vengeance on all China. In this respect he was wonderfully successful. Another favorite pastime was to get in the sink for a drink of water and then stroll around on the polished floors with wet feet. He would also scramble to the top of the grandfather's clock, the intention, I assumed, being to leave foot prints on the hands of time.

Marm was always hungry and lean looking. Of course, that was only to be expected. Any man who kept such hours and carried on as he did would look the same.

I drew up a code of ethics for his conduct and went over each clause with him categorically. I was anxious that he should arrive at the age of cathood with his reputation unsullied. I went so far as to tie a lily-white ribbon around his neck, hoping this would be an incentive to a blameless life and also give him a high social standing among the cats in our neighborhood. Do you suppose he appreciated this? Well, the next morning he came limping into port on three legs, one eye closed, 66 per cent of his left ear gone, and the white ribbon looked as though he had worked the night shift on the coal dock.

Marmaduke went from bad to worse. The monthly charge against him for damaged property—real and personal—and for the loss of the odd lamb chop, pint of milk, pet canary, etc., kept growing apace. One day we were having company for dinner and Marm tipped through the tulips and over a lemon pie on the table. That was the unkindest cut of all and I could see that his end was near at hand. The family held court-martial and convicted him on the spot. I was elected

official executioner without opposition. Outwardly, I feigned sorrow. Inwardly, I chuckled at the prospect of ridding the premises of the low cunning of this disreputable marauder. I would act at once before the family had a change of heart.

To disguise my feelings, I gently thrust Marmaduke out the back door and in a very nonchalant manner softly whistled "Land of Hope and Glory," as I surveyed the yard for a weapon and a point of vantage for the fulfilment of the court's order. Eureka! A baseball bat!

Here I deemed it prudent to have Marm's last fighting place prepared in advance so that he could be speedily despatched thither after the fatal blow had fallen. Fine. This job was about 80 per cent completed when one of our lads with two chums came into the picture and asked what the hole was for. I wished to appear quite at ease and yet not be entirely untruthful. I therefore, answered that I was going to plant some catnip. You can see at once that my reply was precisely 50 per cent right. I have made it a never-failing rule to maintain that average even under adverse circumstances. The boys suggested that September was rather late for amateur gardening. My wide experience in answering prosecuting attorneys, traffic cops and customs inspectors here stood me in good stead.

THE next day was the first Tuesday of the week and I took Marm and the bat around to where all was quiet on the western side of the house. A dull, sickening thud was heard as the end of the bat came in contact with terra firma, but the cat simply moved a few feet away and started his morning ablutions. A dangling clothes line had diverted the otherwise accurate blow. Why anyone would deliberately place a clothes line just where I wished to assassinate a useless cat was more than I could comprehend. I considered it a very, very glaring misuse of the great open spaces.

After catechising some big game hunters from Dunmore, I abandoned the baseball bat as an unsatisfactory weapon and adopted a .22 rifle for the second attack on Marmaduke. I had a very, very limited experience with this style of musket so put in a few days on the history of the Great War and then felt competent to discharge my duty and the gun.

I shall always believe that the rifle was defective as the bullet failed to go where directed. The only damage resulting was to clip off 63 per cent of Marm's right ear. I will say, however, that it greatly improved his erstwhile lop-sided appearance, as both ear tops were now approximately equidistant from his medulla oblongata. Do you suppose he appreciated this? No siree! He regarded it as an affront. That cat was the most ungrateful animal I ever knew. I could tell that he viewed me with the utmost suspicion. This annoyed me very, very much and I became firm in my resolution to annihilate him the next day at sunrise.

When I awakened, that cat was asleep on the pillow and snuggled against my face. He had, doubtless read my determination the previous evening and thought to undermine my plan by this display of a friendly overture that was not part of his nature. I recalled that Roosevelt had said that "Sentimentality was the most broken reed upon which righteousness could lean," and so I remained adamant. Then a very, very bright idea came to me. A friend was moving to the Peace River country that day. I would ask him to place Marmaduke in a bag and drop him at some strategic point in that vast stream.

My friend could not locate a bag, and later decided not to go North. I am very, very certain, however, that had his trip materialized it would have been the approved method for killing the cat.

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph. D., University of Chicago; and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says: "The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension, is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

*"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."

Shirley W. Wynne



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is found by dental research
to discolor teeth and foster
serious tooth disorders.

Eat the Right Foods See Your Dentist Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

EACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. On this page is shown a list of foods to be included in the daily diet.

Remove film from teeth

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, film must be removed each day.

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... Yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

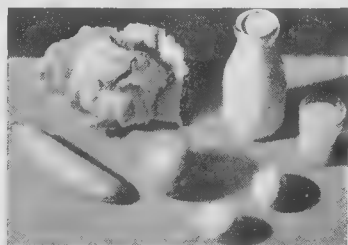
* * *

Amos 'n' Andy The most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent

the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program

DO THESE THREE THINGS to have strong, healthy teeth



1 Follow this diet daily: one to three eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. 1/2 lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.



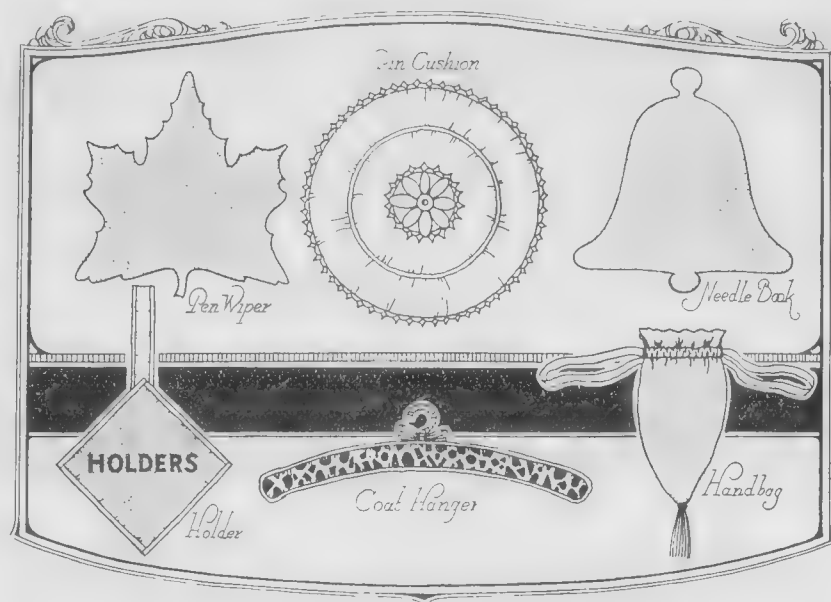
2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

Christmas Gifts from the Scrap Bag

By Clara D. B. Cook



ALMOST every home has a scrap bag—that convenient catch-all, filled with odds and ends of all sorts of materials. With Christmas just over the way, let us take a peep and see what we can utilize for inexpensive Christmas gifts with the smallest outlay of time and labor.

Pretty pieces of light printed voile—just the thing for the daintiest of coat hangers. Cut a strip about 24 inches long and 3½ or 4 inches wide. Fold over and sew across ends. Shirr the two sides together over a plain wooden hanger which has first been wound with a thin layer of cotton batting for padding. Wind the wire hook with baby ribbon of a matching color, fastening with a bow or rosette in centre. What could be more practical, pretty and inexpensive.

Pieces of satin of many colors and dimensions make handsome pin cushions, while different shaped sachets can be made from the smaller silk pieces. A variation from the plain round pin cushion may be made with the addition of a crocheted medallion on its round, flat top. No. 50 is a good sized thread to use for this Ch. 10, join, 18 tr. in ring for 1st row. 2nd row—1 tr. *ch. 4, tr. *Repeat around. This will make 9 spaces. 3rd row—*5 tr., ch. 7. *Repeat in each sp. 4th row—Half d. tr., ch. 5, sc. in middle of next ch., ch. 5. *Repeat around. 5th row—ch. 7, sc. in middle of next ch. 6th row—sl. st. to middle of ch., ch. 10, tr. in middle of ch., *ch. 7, tr. in middle of next ch. *Repeat around. 7th row—sc. in each st. 8th row—ch. 7, skip 3 st. sc. in next. *Repeat around. 9th row—*ch. 6, p., ch. 3, sc. in middle of next ch. *Repeat around. A little picot edge similar to the outer edge of the medallion may be used as a finish to the outer hemmed edge of the cushion. Fine sawdust such as packers use, makes ideal filling for pin cushions.

The sachets may be made of pieces cut square, triangular or heart-shaped, filled slightly with cotton batting which has been sprinkled with sachet powder. A dainty lace edge makes a pretty finish.

Felt pieces, cut in the shape of maple leaves or Christmas bells make pen wipers, attaching two or three together with a paper fastener. Needle books may be made the same way by substituting flannel leaves between the outer felt ones. Small pieces of flannel make pretty needle books by themselves, adding a bit of crochet for decoration. Cut four circles about 2½ or 3 inches in diameter. Crochet doubles around the circles, and a medallion for decoration on the outer one. Ch. 10, join, 24 d.c. in ring, join. 2nd row—*1 d.c., 3 ch. 1 d.c. in 1st st. Ch. 3, skip 3, repeat from *. 3rd row—8 d.c. in 1st

"V." ch. 3, 8 d.c. in second "V." Repeat around. 4th row—8 d.c. with one chain between each on 8 d.c., ch. 3. Repeat. 5th row—8 d.c. with picot between each. ch. 3. Repeat. Join the circles with a bow of ribbon.

Pieces of cretonne make an excellent case for holders. Cut two 7 inch squares, a strip of the same fabric 1½ inches wide and 15 inches long for suspension strap. Bind all around with plain binding. Duster bags may be made from the same material or from pieces of crash. Cut a strip about 20 inches by 10 inches. Cut corner of one end to make a point, and fold up other end to form a pocket. Bind all round and embroider the word "Dusters" across pocket. Dusters, hemmed from pieces of cheese cloth may be added.

A strip of pique 18 inches long and 8 inches wide would make a dainty handkerchief case. Finish one end with a narrow hem and fold up to form a pocket 6½ inches deep, joining the sides neatly. Finish the other end with a narrow lace edge on a crocheted picot one A little pattern with the word "Handkerchiefs" may be embroidered on the flap.

Pieces of homespun or heavy flannel may be used to make shopping bags. Wool or heavy floss embroidery decorate these. Wide strips of ribbon make dainty hand bags. A band for the draw string is first sewed the full length of the ribbon, which should be 24 inches at least. The ends are then sewed together, and the bottom gathered, a tassel being added for decoration.

Dainty roses for trimming and other purposes are made from ends of ribbon. A piece of ribbon is folded in half and gathered at the bottom. The corner of each loop is turned back. The first petal is rolled spirally and succeeding petals partially surround each other until the rose is formed. These may be made in endless variation.

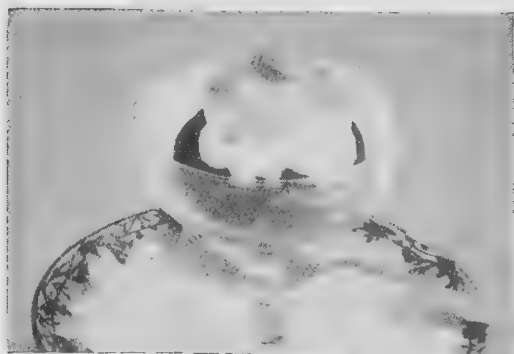
Then there are strips of heavy bleached cotton, perhaps eight or nine inches wide and maybe a yard or more in length. What pretty baby carriage covers these would make joined with insertion and a lace edge added.

Scraps of unbleached cotton offer a wide variety of gift ideas. An envelope of hot iron transfers is a good investment for these. Stamp the animal patterns on the smaller pieces, add some pieces of your odd threads of embroidery cotton and a couple of needles. Place all together in a pretty box to delight the heart of some small girl on Christmas morning.

Childrens feeders can be cut from the larger pieces, stamped and embroidered in a simple pattern, while pretty holders can be made from the heavy unbleached cotton also.

Have we reached the bottom of the bag? Almost, I'm sure!

Just taste this Mincemeat and Plum Pudding!



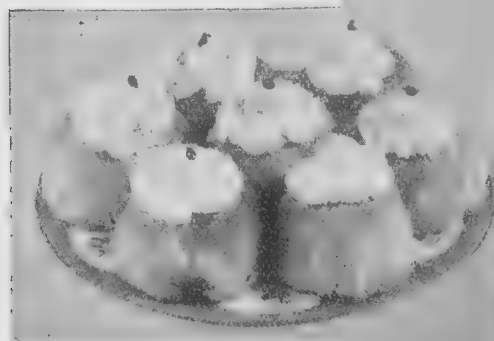
Here is a new, tasty way of serving Clark's Oxford Mincemeat—a dessert that will bring compliments from your friends. Recipe No. 1.



Wouldn't this look nice on your table at Christmas, or for any gala occasion? . . . tuck this recipe away, then surprise your family with this delicious Plum Pudding some day! Recipe No. 2.



There are not many frills to this Mince Pie . . . but just read Recipe No. 3 and see what a melt-in-your-mouth pie crust you can make.



Here's the very answer to that worrisome question of what to serve for dessert when next you have guests. A really delicious dainty. Recipe No. 4.

Just imagine a slice of luscious mince pie on your plate . . . mince pie that actually melts in your mouth!

What, you've never tasted mince pie like that? . . . ah, then you've never tasted mince pie made with Clark's Oxford Mincemeat!

With the first taste you'll know why it makes such delicious mince pie . . . plenty of raisins, currants, peel, apples, tangy spices . . . everything blended and matured, from a famous English recipe.

And Clark's Plum Pudding.

Oh, yes, you probably make your own (and we bet it tastes good) . . . but we'd like you to try one of Clark's.

Rich with choice fruits and spices—yet for all its richness it has a delicious wholesomeness that makes it good for the children too—a real English recipe is responsible!

Your grocer can supply you, or, if he has none in stock, he can easily get it for you—the price is amazingly low.

RECIPE 1

Fruit Meringues may be served hot or cold. Place canned half peaches and a little peach juice in a shallow baking dish. Fill each with Clark's Oxford Mincemeat, and top with stiffly beaten white of egg, flavored with lemon or vanilla, and sugar. Bake in a slow oven (300°) until delicately browned (about 15 mins.).

RECIPE 2

For Christmas or gala occasions, hard sauce forced through a rosetube will decorate a Clark's Plum Pudding attractively—or it may be served in a separate dish, if preferred. Make it by creaming together ½ cup butter and 1½ cups powdered sugar, adding the sugar gradually. Add 1½ tps. vanilla. Chill thoroughly.

RECIPE 3

Clark's Oxford Mincemeat makes luscious pies. Use your favorite pastry recipe, or try this one: (Have all ingredients VERY cold.) Sift pastry flour, measure 1½ cups, and sift these again with ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. baking powder. Cut in ½ cup Clark's Beef Suet (or half lard, half butter), using two knives. Add cold water gradually to make stiff dough. Chill 1 hr. Cut off and roll out sufficient for under crust. Place on plate dredged with flour. Press lightly into place; trim edges, and brush over with white of egg, or dredge lightly with flour. Fill with Clark's Oxford Mincemeat. Roll out top crust; fold in half; cut slits or design in centre of folded side. Moisten edge of lower crust with cold water. Place top crust in position and press lightly under the lower crust all around. Press down the edge with tines of a fork. Bake in hot oven, about 30 mins.

RECIPE 4

For Baked Apple Minced Dumplings, peel and core 6 or 8 apples; fill cavities with Clark's Oxford Mincemeat; roll apples in sugar. Make soft dough with 2 cups pastry flour; 4 tps baking powder; ¼ cup butter, or a substitute; 2/3 cup milk. Roll thin and make into balls with an apple in centre. Place in buttered dish and bake in hot oven till delicately browned. (If apples are large, partially steam them first). Delicious served with hard sauce.



CLARK'S

(OXFORD BRAND)

MINCEMEAT and PLUM PUDDING

W. CLARK, LIMITED

Establishments at Montreal, P.Q., St. Remi, P.Q. and Harrow, Ont.
MADE IN CANADA



Let the Clark Kitchens help you for quicker and better meals.

This double-purpose **TEA WAGGON** *simplifies serving...makes entertaining easier*



Amazing convenience that appeals instantly to the busy hostess. Double utility—a tea waggon and dining table combined.

Saves transferring dishes. Saves re-setting. Does away with half the fuss and bother of serving lunch or tea.

It is a gift that cannot be duplicated, one that will be prized for its intrinsic beauty as well as its marvellous utility and convenience.

You'll never be satisfied with an ordinary tea waggon once you have seen the Adap-Table.

Leading stores in your community are featuring it now. Ask to see it demonstrated.

You have your choice of four attractive designs, ranging in price from \$38 to \$60, all finished in genuine NO-MAR—the finish that cannot be harmed by hot or cold water, boiling liquids or grease stains.



Centre tray pulls outward and upward to form a rigid table

Malcolm & Hill, Limited
Kitchener, - Ontario

"E Pluribus Unum"

Being a Parable to Account for the Reason That Teachers Leave the Profession.

By Alice S. Fisher

THE Little School-teacher was silent for a moment. On her face appeared a Resolve. She turned to the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe, and said so firmly that his heart sank. "No, I am very sorry, but I can not marry you. I have Ambitions, and they are so tremendous that I fear I would not be content to be the Wife of the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of land, a House, and a Chevrolet coupe."

He would have urged his cause, but the look in her face made him stop in the middle of an impassioned plea, and there fell on the Chevrolet coupe, a Silence. He left her at the house, and then went home to toss and turn sleeplessly, and wonder why there was no longer any joy in being merely the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of Land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe, since he could not also possess as his Wife, the Little School-teacher.

The Little School-teacher, however, was not worried by such thoughts. Hers was a feeling of proper Justification. She had done the Right Thing, and he would think so too, later.....

The next night the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of Land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe wearily shut off the Radio which had been adding to his Sorrow by warbling dolefully that "Love's Golden Dream is Past." He wound the Alarm Clock, put out the Dog, and after straining his eyes to see whether he could see a gleam from the West where lived the Little School-teacher, once more sought his troubled Rest.

The Dog awoke him by a furious barking. He put his head out of the window, and called sleepily, "Who's there?"

"It's only I" said a Voice which he knew at once to belong to the Little School-teacher.

Love lent Speed to him, and he was soon beside her, as she stood trembling on the Step.

"Do you still feel as you did when You asked me if I would stop being a little School-teacher, and be a Wife—" began she in a whisper, but the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of Land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe stopped the rest of her Words by the speed with which his long arms encircled her. "You bet I do" he shouted with such vigor that the Dog looked up in surprise. He took his arm away then, but only long enough to run the Chevrolet coupe out of the Garage, and put her beside him. "Well you will be, in about fifteen minutes if the Gas holds out until we get to the Parsonage," he promised.

Neither spoke on the road. He was afraid to break the Spell. Just suppose she changed her mind again, as women were wont to do, and decided to stay a Little School-teacher... The thought made him hunch lower over the wheel, and put his foot yet harder on the Gas.

But his fears were groundless. What a few words it took to change a Little School-teacher into the Wife of the owner of Three Hundred and Twenty Acres of Land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe!

They were on their way back again, going very slowly along the road, for he was a Cautious person, and had no intention of putting the Chevrolet coupe into danger of extinction just because he was using his right hand otherwise...

Yet even a Bridegroom may be curious, so he turned to his Wife who was snuggled close against the Blue Serge of his Coat and asked,

"Darling, how was it that you changed your mind and made me the happiest of Men?"

And she who had been the Little School-teacher, and was now the Wife of the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of Land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe, looked into his face

with such an expression that he almost upset the Car in his delight, as she answered.

"IT WAS like this. Besides acting as the instructress of thirty aspiring infants today, I gave first aid to two of the thirty with all the coolness if not the skill of a professional. Then I mended the harness that one of the horses had broken, so that the drivers could reach home in safety. I am free to admit that my workmanship left something to be desired, but what can you expect if your tools consist of a pair of tweezers, a pen knife, and some shoe laces and binder twine?"

"Then somebody found a wasps' nest in the barn, and because we feared the consequences if they were left to enjoy undisputed sway, I covered my head with a coat, and proceeded to knock it down."

"Gosh!" sympathetically murmured her listener, quite overwhelmed with this courage, and sure now of what a Prize he had secured.

But she had gone on, without hearing him. "Oh, yes, I was afraid, but I conquered fear for the sake of the common good. But that wasn't all I was just getting my breath after this, when along came a beautiful car, the kind I used to dream of in unguarded moments before I thought of Chevrolet coupes." (Here she was reassured by a firmer pressure from his arm)—"Well a very pompous individual stepped out, and before I awoke to what he was doing, was deep in the story of the great gain to me if I would take out a twenty year policy on my life. He spoke of the loneliness of a woman's position, and enlarged on the feeling of protection—"

"Huh, the Dickens he did," came wrathfully from out of the gloom to her left.

"I was rather taken up at the moment with the spot where a wasp had left his sting. That spot was hot, and so maybe it kept me from answering him just as politely as I might have. Anyway I said that I had already been canvassed by seven other companies this season, that my desk was full of gift blotters, and that as far as a safeguard against a starving old age, I guessed I needn't worry, because I'd be teaching long enough to get an old-age pension anyway." (Here the listener, being only human, couldn't keep from a laugh, which he diplomatically smothered.) But even this didn't stop the flow of his eloquence, so I added that it was school time, and as such, I felt I could no longer take time to listen. And I got quite a bit of pleasure by watching him disappear down the road in an indignant cloud of dust.

"I picked up my dinner pail and coat, wearily enough. But I remembered to hide the bologna sandwiches in the weeds beside the road. My landlady would never forgive me if I didn't eat everything, and I loathe bologna."

When I was passing Mrs. Jones' gate she called me to come in for a moment as she was making a new dress, and would I mind fitting it for her? So I went in, and spent half an hour lengthening and shortening and gathering, with my mouth full of pins.

"The telephone rang. The Royal Purple ladies were giving a concert on Thursday night, and would I please recite? It was no use for me to protest that the time was too short, that I had said everything I knew, and that I had a horrid cold. I had to give in."

"When I got to the house the lady was out, and I remembered with a sinking feeling that I had promised to get supper for the men. Being at Mrs. Jones' had made me late, so I had to hurry about like a cyclone to have a meal ready that would do credit to me, for you see I'm a little vain of the fact that I can cook, even if I am a

(Continued on page 36)

"I always recommend Palmolive Soap ...for a very good reason"

says **LINA CAVALIERI**

*former opera star, now a celebrated
Parisian beauty specialist*

Unless the pores are freed of impurities, dirt, oil, make-up, serious blemishes appear. Olive oil, in soap, removes these accumulations gently and safely.

LINA CAVALIERI! Romantic figure in the world of opera; important figure, today, in the world of beauty culture.

Today, she has smart beauty salons not only in Paris but in the smartest hotels of Europe's most fashionable resorts: The Hotel Carlton, Cannes; the Hotel Roseraie, Biarritz; Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, and another shop—opened last summer—at Le Touquet.

Therefore, when she finds Palmolive "safe, soothing, healthy for the skin" every woman must naturally listen with interest.

Madame Lina Cavalieri's treatment

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive. Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then, I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"In the morning, cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my "Lotion Onctueuse" No. 7 before applying my cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that school-girl complexion."

Go to the outstanding beauty specialists in any of Europe's leading cities—in any American city—and you will find every one of them recommends Palmolive Soap. A total of more than 23,720 professional beauty specialists advise their patrons to use this soap in preference to any other. Why?

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives, famous for generations as the greatest natural cosmetic oils. Its color is the natural color of those same oils. It requires no heavy perfumes to mask rancid fat odors. Vegetable oil soaps are safest, most soothing, gentlest on the skin. Follow Lina Cavalieri's advice—use Palmolive. What a difference you will find in just a short time! Use it for bath as well as face, for it costs not even as much as ordinary soaps.

"Ordinary soaps may cause serious irritation: if you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it...to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri



Here is the exterior of Madame Cavalieri's famous salon at 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. It will be recognized by travelers to Paris...for it is one of the most pretentious salons in a city famed for its beauty shops.



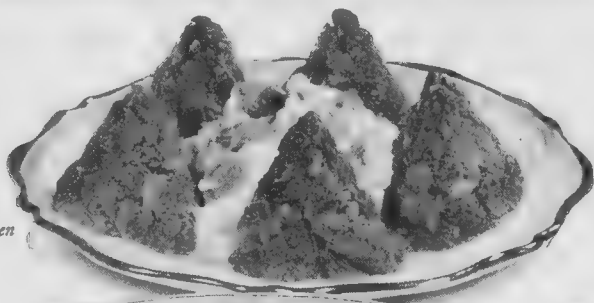
Retail Price **10c**

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

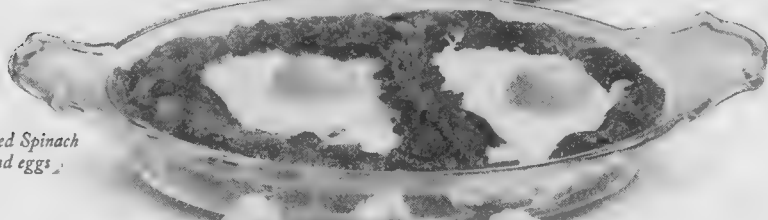
Spinach for "balance" ~of course!

*But just as important—Del Monte Spinach
~for all the springtime freshness and flavor
you want in this healthful green!*

Spinach Croquettes
with creamed chicken



Baked Spinach
and eggs



Spinach garnished
with sections of
grapefruit



Packed in 4 convenient
sizes of cans

In the large No. 2½ can of DEL MONTE Spinach (shown, greatly reduced, above), you get the equivalent of over 2 lbs. of washed fresh spinach, with all roots, coarse stems and withered leaves removed. An economical size for larger families. The smaller No. 2 can (20 oz.), No. 1 Tall can (16 oz.), and Buffet size can contain slightly smaller quantities to suit varying needs.

Full net weight in
every DEL MONTE
can. One quality—and
only one quality—no
matter where you buy.

Just be sure you get

DEL MONTE Spinach

About Dressing Children

By Julia M. Wolfe



THERE is a two-fold significance in putting dress upon a child. Unless intelligently done, it may lead to mild corruption, but if wisely considered, it may mean education and true happiness to him. The child longs for beautiful clothes. Indeed, his first sentiment toward them is pure admiration, which is the seed of art knowledge. His second thought is to use his clothes for pure imaginative play; to play the adult, or a fine princess, or a tree or a flower or an animal.

The moment this emotion is observed in him is the time to dress him decoratively and, in a sense, with his co-operation. During the nursery period the only considerations for clothes should be those of purity and plainness. But when the child begins to create his images, he uses himself as a factor in them, and, like an actor, he must be appropriately dressed for his scenes. If not, in reality, he will pretend to be so, and we may by dress supply this pretense with grounds for further imaginative invention; so making him the practical illustrator for his dreams. The child's game of too much pretense, without appropriate symbols or attitudes, leads to poetic starvation and the capacity for fruitless longings, if it does not soon end in apathy. Since this sentiment is the commonest curse of the race, it befits all instructors and mothers to impart to children a different spirit. This is easily done by teaching them to master externals and to assimilate their beauty. Our dissatisfaction comes because we do not know how to make the most of beauty of our small possessions, and to appropriate which we do not actually and materially possess. No one who understands the law of beauty is ever unhappy from his limited circumstances. All children love color, and their delight to wear it is like the basking of insects in the sunshine. It is the atmosphere which they seek. Even a wee baby takes a mood from a color, and the result of incorrect combinations is to make a child restless. It acts as an obstacle to the flow of his fancy and the action of his reason, and if this grave error occur in his dress, he feels ashamed, without knowing why. But he will wear correctly produced effects of richness and brilliancy, with courage, in the presence of his plainly attired companions.

The dress having been adapted to the mental necessities of the child, there is a further and purely artistic question to be considered. This is a question of size. The rule of following the line of the figure, which is generally observed in artistic clothing for grown-ups, does not apply to the garments of small children. Their forms have not yet reached symmetrical development, their space is too small to be considered in lines. They demand mass; although a detail which is in scale with them, and which does not detract from the color mass, gives a peculiar beauty to childish dress. Striped cloth made in a single piece, in which the lines are a feature of mass, would, however, afford an archaic beauty. Plaids, especially large ones, although having interest to children by reason of clan sentiments, are difficult to use, suggesting too plainly a geometrical division of a space already divided by Nature; although a square pattern placed on end seems a picturesque perversion and a design quite correct for use in small garments. The size and proportions of chil-

dren constitute in themselves a lovable quaintness. Yet if these proportions be divided unreasonably, they become grotesque. We laugh unavoidably at the sight of a little fellow cut up into compartments by his cap, the line of his hair, a jacket, a blouse, a belt, half-stockings, little trousers, his shoes making another division; all these accented by arrangement of color. But the quaintness of children may be an opportunity for using an exaggerated figure with telling effect, such as an enormous plume, far exceeding the scale of the wearer's height, or a buckle, or a bow, if it be not placed out of balance. Still these points must have the whole stage of costume based upon a solid mass of color, or they will begin to play tricks of jugglery with smaller details.

Certain colors and fabrics have been judged inadvisable for children's use; such as purple and black and velvet, on account of their associations. But this would seem to be a mistake, for nowhere is velvet so well placed as near the soft bloom of a child's skin. It suggests Nature's effect in the peach. And the colors of mourning, apart from the convention, are fine backgrounds for yellow and curls and youth, or they enter into harmony with flowing masses of black hair.

CHILDREN love and appreciate designs and distinctive styles, if these are brought sympathetically to their understanding. Indeed, there should be special manufacturers of patterns for children, not only in the interests of fashionable appropriateness, but also in order to teach the principles of decorative art, and to show the dignity, not the variety of costume. If a child be taught the relation of fabric to season, to imagination, life and history, that he may play, he will scarcely, in maturity, be a victim of the petty extravagances of fashion; nor will the little girl obtain the wrong meaning of clothes that obtains so largely among women. She will dress simply, individually, and with dignity. By means of such a movement, arbitrary fashion might, in time, fall naturally into the ways of common sense, and dress would express the use of time, not its misuse—the knowledge of the wearer, not a tyrant's caprice.

Special patterns for children, besides appealing to their peculiar qualities, and giving them their own world, bring them into close relationship with their elders. Children feel gratitude—the primitive sense of religion—towards those who understand their spiritual needs. Art is necessary in every department of a child's life, in order to render it full and pleasurable; but artistic dress appeals more strongly to him, since by this means he can embellish and make real the play that fills his time. It is, therefore, the most practical art educative factor that can be employed. Dress being actually upon him, he naturally takes most instruction from it, and the love of adornment being recognized by all psychologists as a strong agent of civilization, it should be used as the easiest methods of his development. When Kate Greenaway refused the offer of an English manufacturer to design exclusively for children's garments, the children probably lost more than they have gained by her books. If her illustrations alone changed the style of

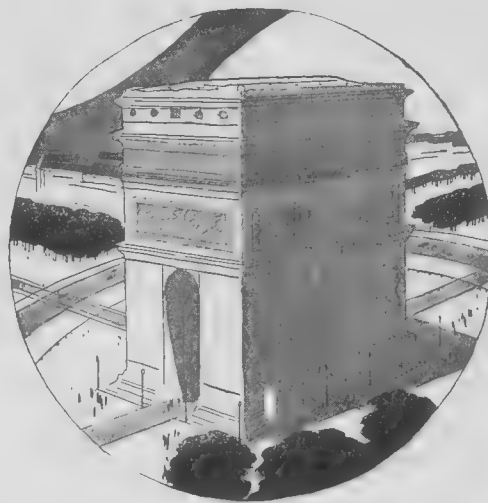
(Continued on page 36)

Molyneux ... couturier incomparable
and smartest of Parisians ...

sponsors

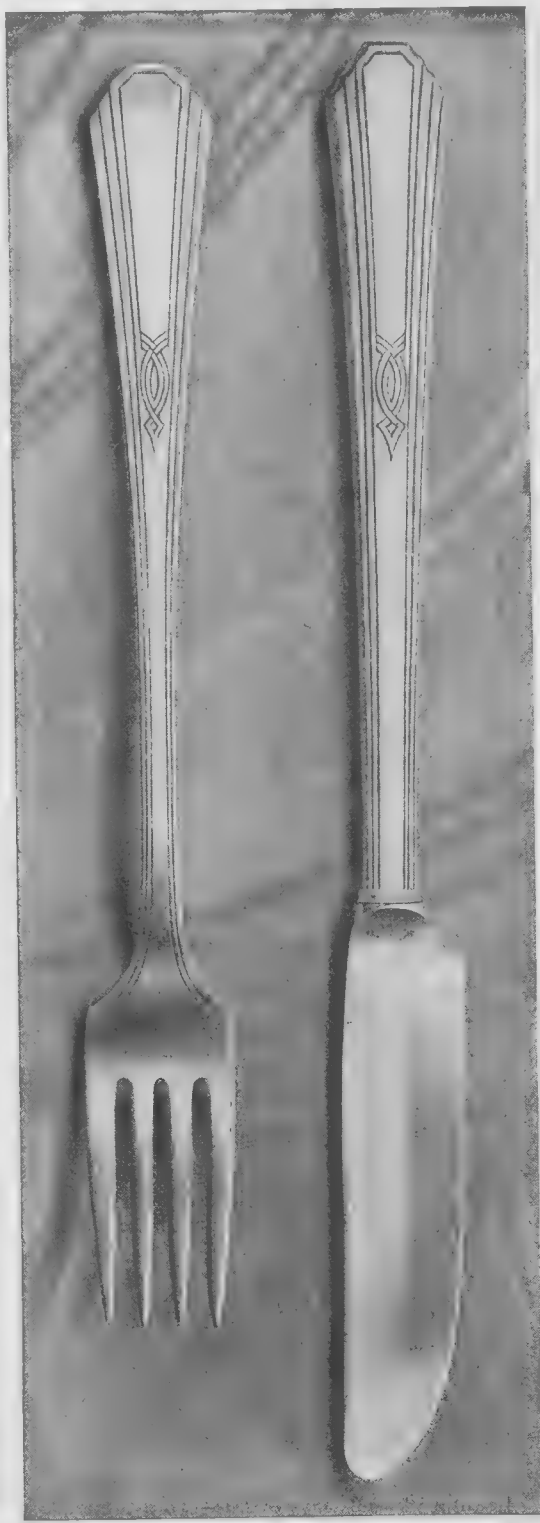
PARIS

a new design in Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate



"I consider the pattern 'Paris' has great 'chic' ... It is sophisticated, beautiful ... like Paris ... perfect in that most difficult of arts ... simplicity!"

Edmond Molyneux



Hollowware to match! So exquisitely simple! So beautifully contoured! And so modestly priced! For instance, the tea or coffee pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher are but \$37.50, other pieces proportionately priced.

26 pieces ... service for six ... in smart, modern chest

the set **\$20.00** includes

6 dinner knives (with stainless steel blades) 6 dessert spoons
1 sugar shell 6 dinner forks 6 teaspoons 1 butter knife
New Viande* style knife and fork above at slight additional cost.



In the *Rue Royale*, center of smart dressmaking shops, is the House of Molyneux, dashing war hero and one of the world's most famous fashion designers. Captain Molyneux is proud to sponsor the beautiful new pattern, Paris.

At your silverware dealer's, ask to see it! Paris ... the newest, loveliest of designs in silverplate!

Never before was there silverware of such true elegance, such sophistication, at so low a price! Turn the exquisite spoon in your hand. Revel in its soft, glowing sheen. Note the perfect proportions. Feel its weight. Test its fine balance. Hold it close, hold it far away, to get both the craftsmanlike skill of its detail, and the sheer daring of its simplicity.

Then consider. Why should you invest your money in cheap silverware ... which comes below your ideas of what is worthy of your table ... when this silverware ... so evidently fine ... costs so little more.

Think of the years ahead. This gleaming silverplate that you admire so much today will be beautiful through the years, for it is the famous Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. Heavily ... heavily ... plated with *pure silver*, and with a still greater thickness of pure silver where the most wear comes ... no wonder it is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

See this wonderful value. See the hollowware to match. At your dealer's. This very day!

Note the Viande knife and fork in the illustration ... the latest, smartest mode, offered for the first time in silverware of modest price. The Paris pattern may also be had in the regular dinner style.*

DON'T SAY «ROGERS» SAY
WM. ROGERS & SON
SILVERPLATE



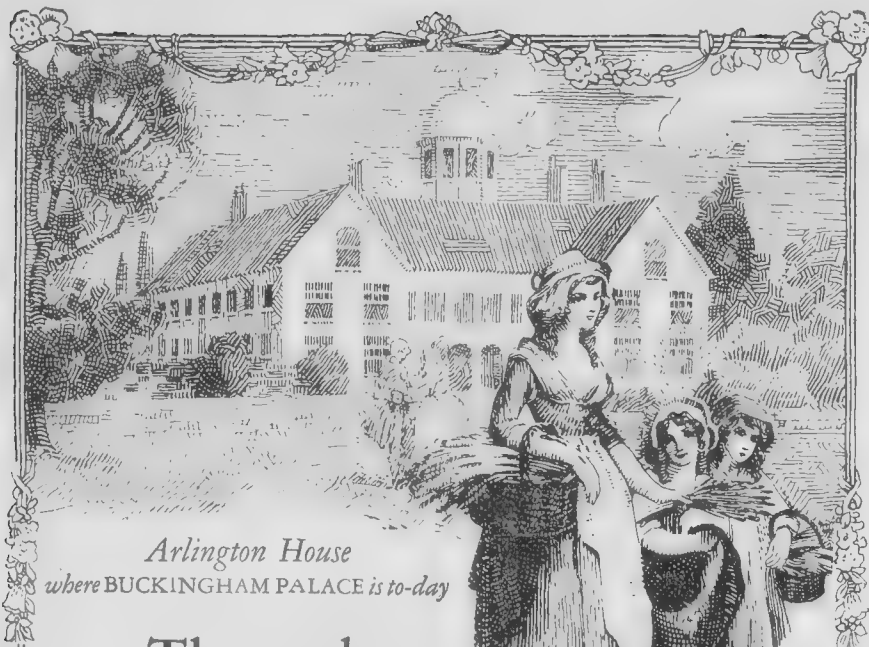
INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

MADE IN CANADA

Keeping Canadians Busy Without Increasing Prices

*Registered 1930
Trade Mark Design Act.





Arlington House
where BUCKINGHAM PALACE is to-day

Through Changing Years Adored

Since the days when high red heels chattered staccato along cobbled ways and silence within doors was dulcet with the sibilance of silk, each successive page in the history of Dame Fashion wafts to her devotees the more deliciously the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender.

Best-loved of perfumes that Fashion ever sponsored! How friendly tender it greets you in the crowded assemblies of to-day. Can you wonder that its wistful sweet simplicity has conquered the civilised world?

YARDLEY'S LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance



The Yardley Lavender Series includes the Perfume in bottles, plain and fancy, from 65 cents to \$15, "The Luxury Soap of the World" \$1 a box of three tablets, Face Powder, Compacts, etc., etc., of all good drug and departmental stores.

YARDLEY, 8 New Bond Street, LONDON

CANADA:

358-362 Adelaide St. West
TORONTO

U.S.A.:

452 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

About Dressing Children

Continued from page 34

costume for children, what might not her practical working in stuffs have done?

The problem of artistic dress for children resides possibly more with manufacturers than with mothers, for the latter are open to suggestion, and nothing is more common than their diligence in decorating garments. When they give hours and hours of time to fancy stitches and trifles on dress, they show susceptibility to follow a new style; so that a regular trade or art movement for the production of nursery costumes, would find a public, and might possibly receive aid from educators. Those who have witnessed the inspiration which costume plays afford to children, would not think costume games too artificial or troublesome. If children knew that their blue calico studded with white stars is the ancient Egyptian pictograph of the firmament, it would add new interest to the fabric. There is also the moon and the half-moon patterns, commonly called polka-dots, which can produce magic garments, when their derivation is known. They are especially attractive in the original colors of the golden moon and the grey sky, and in their later development of the brown circle about the moon. Give a little girl a dress of this commercial stuff, and then show her, some night, that phenomenon of the brown atmospheric circle which comes from the moisture of the air; or choose the old-fashioned cloth covered with wavy lines, a design derived from the Egyptian water motif. These are already obtainable in the shops, with their poetry lost in commercial commonness, but what countless designs, beautiful in form and color, could be derived from the phenomena of Nature, from legend, from child and animal life, and how would they differ from the grotesque flower-patterns and the nondescript motifs of so much of the inartistic stuffs. And the child would be taught that Nature is always beautiful. This would be to give him the foundation of art-training, teaching him where to go for art ideas and how to use them intelligently, without sentimentality or travesty. The same method by its element of imagination would grant him his child's right of play and reconstruction. The rainbow is a fascinating subject for color use and imaginative treatment.

The Little Lord Fauntleroy style did much to make children picturesque, but its weak point lay in the fact that children associated it with too much goodness, and little boys did not like the long hair. Similar prejudices must be respected, for a dress must be acceptable to the child in order to influence him for good. Sailor costumes for boys invariably have the effect of making them manly. They are stimulated to courageous deeds.

Plain colors can always be obtained for imaginative use; azure, like the sky; yellow, like sunshine; pink and gray, like clouds; green, like the trees, are always sure to produce good results, when combined with the color which occurs in the original composition.

It is a delightful part of the mother's function to conceive such dress for her child as will lead him to Nature, to imaginative ideas, to art and her own companionship. But the most accurate and broad results will be reached when manufacturers shall take up the subject as a commercial consideration, and give it professional treatment. Artists will design stuffs with regard to the completed costume. Perhaps colored plates showing the design of the whole dress might accompany each pattern, and thus the stuff would have close relationship with its final use. Then mothers with little taste or education could make no error, and be practically benefited as well. The extension of this idea of artistic dress for children can be only to the advantage of good taste; for gradually as the child matures, or even as the idea becomes familiar to him, the sentimental notion passes away, leaving the appreciation for good drawing, design and color, and thus forming the art critic. The same solution would occur in the manufactory, and usually stuffs would be designed with beauty as their chief object. The technic of basing them strictly upon Nature's analogy might be forgotten, but the artistic purpose would remain; not primarily to make children appear more beautiful to their elders, but to give them the right direction in all that pertains to the education of the senses, and the reverent use of common things; to give them definite though unconsciously, received preparation for the tasks of maturity, which preparation being early acquired, would save an infinite expenditure of time and temper.



"E Pluribus Unum"

Continued from page 32

school-teacher." (This time the happy Husband did not remain silent. "Darling!" he murmured in ecstasy.)

"Supper was over and the dishes were over when my landlady got back. There were some other people with her. By this time I was finished, and was sitting at the table with a book from which I was getting an examination paper ready for Grade Eight tomorrow. And of course one of them had to try and be clever by saying that 'it must be wonderful to be a teacher, with work just from nine to four with two hours off that for recesses.' Man—I wanted to stick out my tongue—words, mere words, seemed to fail me. But I remembered my manners and was silent. Today I was teacher, nurse, entomologist, dressmaker, elocutionist, saddler, agent, audience, cook, bottle washer, all in one, and then that was what they told me."

A fresh burst of indignation gave the Owner of Three Hundred and Twenty acres of Land, a House and a Chevrolet coupe his opportunity, so he added "And

you forgot one then; you should have said wife."

She smiled in a way that set his heart turning summersaults. "So I didn't wait a minute. I wrote out my Resignation, 'phoned to the Agency for a substitute, and came right over."

"So I suppose it was the agent and the wasp and the visitors who were responsible for it" the Husband remarked. "Well I thank them all. Dearest, you won't need to worry about having to be so many things after this. It's going to take you all the time being my Wife."

There was something more than pride in his tone. The Little School-teacher that Had Been thought, "It won't be so easy to change this time if I don't like it." But he didn't hear that.

They turned in at the gate. "Its Home sweet Home" he whispered tenderly as he opened the door of the Chevrolet coupe. And then he added in an aside, "Likely she will find that her new job has as many different trades to it as the one she left today."

But she didn't hear that either.

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Everyday Problems

THE accompanying summary of letters recently answered in connection with these columns will give some idea of the problems with which young men of the country are concerned:

A correspondent at Lamont, Alberta, has been given information on show card writing and on courses in connection therewith.

A Regina reader has asked and been furnished with particulars concerning a home study course in bookkeeping and with a list of books suitable for the home student. Similar information has been sent to a correspondent at Lacombe, Alberta.

From Victoria, B.C., has come an inquiry for a good book on window dressing and selling. This information has been secured and furnished.

A reader in Penticton, B.C., has been supplied with information concerning vocational guidance and writes to say:

"Soon after writing you, I obtained and read 'Guidance for Youth.' It contains specific information on from thirty to forty different vocations and valuable references for further information on any desired subject. This book should be of interest to almost all parents and young people."

To a reader at Pettapiece, Manitoba, has gone information about courses in electrical training.

From Ketchen, Saskatchewan, has come an inquiry about courses in short story writing and the preparation of manuscript for magazines. A detailed answer has been sent.

A reader at Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan, writes to learn of the conditions under which chartered accountancy may be studied in that Province. He has been furnished with a statement of the requirements of the Saskatchewan Institute.

Correspondence with a reader at Aylesbury, Saskatchewan, has been carried on concerning shorthand and short story writing.

A reader at Hamiota, Manitoba, has been supplied with information concerning the relative merits of eastern and western Canadian cities as regards advantages for young men.

All the way from Jacksonville, Florida, a reader writes to say:

"Your article which appears in The Western Home Monthly is the only young man's page which I have ever seen. I have just finished high school and I am considering what I shall do. What factors should be considered in selecting a life work?"

From Lyleton, Manitoba, has come an inquiry concerning instruction in art, to which a detailed answer has been sent.

If these inquiries give you some indication of service that might be helpful to you, address your inquiries to The Western Home Monthly and they will be answered in the order of their receipt.

The Guaranteed Position

A READER at Slave Falls, Manitoba, has asked for information about courses offered by schools whose literature appears to suggest definitely that the courses will lead for a certainty to well-paid positions. We have written as follows to this inquirer:

"Dear Mr.:—
"With reference to your inquiry concerning the advisability of your taking a course at a school similar to the one you mentioned, I suggest that you would go very carefully in this matter as it is possible to spend a lot of money with an institution like this and to be unable to secure a position at the end of the course. You might even save money by submitting the literature to a lawyer in your district and asking him whether the promises mean anything.

Yours faithfully,"

The Executive Secretary

AN INQUIRER who asks for information concerning the duties of a secretary to a company is informed that in all companies the general duties of the secretary are:

To attend all the meetings (which he, moreover, has summoned) of company, directors, or even of committee if desired.

To read the notice convening the meeting and the minutes of previous meeting.

To keep the Agenda Book and the Minute Book of the company and directors' proceedings.

To issue all notices to members, shareholders, directors, and in small societies to committee-men (of Clubs, etc.).

To conduct or supervise all correspondence with the shareholders with regard to shares, transfers, etc., and general correspondence in many institutions.

To keep the company's books, such as the Members' Register, Share Ledger, and Transfer Ledger.

To make due and proper returns as required to the registrar of joint stock companies.

Hints for Debaters

THE speaker must consider the question of "time," the rapidity with which he will give utterance to his words; in this case he must be guided by the paramount necessity of clear articulation, with which neither speed nor anything else, must be allowed to interfere; something of the "time" will be indicated by the nature of the passage to be spoken, an impassioned appeal or a fiery denunciation demanding greater rapidity than a solemn exhortation or a critical analysis of the arguments of the other side. As a general rule, however, rapidity tends to reduce the apparent importance of the subject matter, while deliberate utterance enhances it and makes for effective speech—but the speaker must not be pompous. He must be sincere, and show that he believes every word he is saying. This earnestness will do more than anything to give him the power of persuasive speech. Finally, he must pay due regard to proper phrasing and grouping of his words; this has been well defined as "vocal punctuation," and consists in arranging the words into groups so as to convey their actual meaning, and in separating them by the use of pauses in utterance. The would-be speaker must avoid also the very common habit of dropping the voice at the end of a sentence, especially as this is often the most important phrase, and will probably be left unheard.

To sum up, anyone with a very little preliminary instructions can learn to control and economize his breath, can acquire clear articulation, and practise effective gesticulation; the rest he can learn best by listening to and watching such good speakers as he may have the opportunity of hearing. By taking pains he may soon hope to become a competent and convincing speaker himself.—The Chairman's Guide.

The Work of Advertising

A READER who makes inquiries concerning the work of advertising as a vocation should secure a copy of "Advertising as a Vocation" published by the Macmillan Company. This book, which is not expensive, will give him full information relating to advertising as a profession. The author gives a complete list of the personal qualities needed. Among them are the following:

Constructive foresight, executive ability, originality, knowledge of human nature, mental alertness, facility in expression, imagination, artistic ability, versatility, selling ability, business sense, ability in research, enthusiasm, persistence, tact, honesty to state the truth about merchandise and to create confidence in the public toward a firm or business.



5

Remarkable Features

Here, in a nutshell, are the five things our 68-year-old laboratories succeeded in combining, all in one luxurious shaving cream.

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

To men who don't send coupons

Mail this one, please. This remarkable 7-day test will revolutionize your ideas of shaving.

GENTLEMEN: Men have told us "Why, I never sent a coupon for a sample in my life." And it is true, many do not.

Yet men by the hundreds of thousands have broken that rule to try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For we confess that words are inadequate to describe its advantages and virtues.

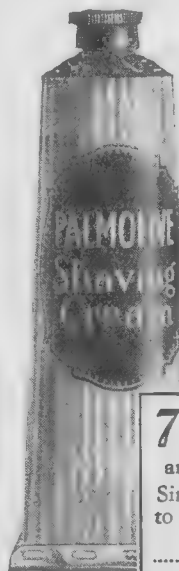
And we rest our case entirely on how the product itself impresses you. YOU are the judge and jury. Your bathroom is the courtroom. If you vote for us, we win.

We feel that we should warn you of one thing, however. If you mail the coupon, the chances

are strongly against you ever returning to old style shaving methods again. For our statistics show that 86% of the men who make our free 7-day test, become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

1000 men were consulted before we made a single move. 129 formulas were rejected before we satisfied ourselves. Now Palmolive Shaving Cream is the world's fastest seller.

Faced with such irrefutable evidence of men's preferment, won't you break your rule about coupons—just this once? Mail the coupon now. What comes will justify you.



7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talo
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. 2062 Toronto, 8, Ont.

(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR
— Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company. 5926

If you neglect your gums



Expect "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA defeats gum troubles while it cleans < < < your teeth > > >

THE modern practice of oral hygiene and the present-day conception of what a tooth paste should do, is far different from what it used to be!

Ipana and massage are keeping thousands of families safe from gum disorders, free from dental worries.

Watch "pink tooth brush" and prevent it!

In spite of the progress made in dental care, many people whose teeth are sound and white never give their gums a thought. The danger lies in that fact.

Dentists remove good teeth in thousands of cases—simply because the gums have grown weak, tender, inflamed.

No matter how perfect they are, teeth set in infected gums are endangered. For "pink tooth brush" . . . bleeding gums . . . leads to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even the more dreaded pyorrhea!

Soft foods are the trouble. Creamy sauces, delicious salads, well-cooked

meats. They appeal to jaded appetites but they rob the gums of needed exercise.

But brushing your teeth and gums with Ipana sends the fresh, clean blood speeding through the millions of tiny gum cells! Wastes and poisons are carried off. Soon the gums are restored to health—to firmness—to vigor.

Hundreds of dentists urge the use of Ipana. It is scientifically compounded to care for the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziranol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders at the chair.

The sensible, modern way to oral protection!

Use Ipana. Insist on it. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows a tinge of "pink," you need it. Ipana is well worth a few cents more because of its double protection.

So send for the sample today, if you like—but stop at your nearest druggist's and get a large-size tube as well. Beginning tonight, test Ipana for a month. Your teeth will be whiter. Your gums will be healthier, firmer. It's common sense to use the tooth paste that makes protection doubly sure.

IPANA
TOOTH
PASTE
Made in Canada

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name

Address

City

Prov.

6

A Case of Reciprocity

By Laura Bell Everett

AS USUAL Mrs. Marr swept the sidewalk before her tiny grocery and the cleaner's shop. As usual the process disturbed the curly white dog of her neighbor, as well as her own slender unworldly-looking Maltese cat that had been lying in sphinx-like pose before the door. As usual Mrs. Marr said under her breath to the dog,

"I wish he'd clean you up once in a while, I do."

Just why Mrs. Marr always swept the cleaner's bit of sidewalk as well as her own, was like some other things for which no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered. With a broom in her hand it never occurred to her to wish that her neighbor would sweep before his own door, but she did feel that he, a cleaner, should wash his dog.

As Mrs. Marr dusted the gingersnap cartons on her neat shelves, she saw a large car that had been chugging despondingly, stop before her door. Her patrons were generally bareheaded neighbors who ran in for the soap or crackers they had forgotten to order from the big groceries down town.

A girl's voice, high and distinct, came from the car:

"A cleaner and a grocery! Why don't you try the cleaner for gas, Dad, while I feed the starving family?"

The cat retreated within doors, followed by the owner of the voice. The curly dog, in less statuesque pose than Mrs. Marr's cat, rose, glanced proudly up at the sign.

"Felix Deroux, Cleaner:

Let me knock the spots off."

and marched lumberingly into the shop in advance of the tall man.

The girl in the sport suit explained the situation to Mrs. Marr across the counter:

"Such a road as we've been on! No wonder we used up our gas. We thought there was a station here, and we can't start without at least a bottleful. We're nearly starved." She selected crackers, cookies, and candy as she talked. "Pussy, pussy, how thin you are. You look as thin as I feel," and she hurried to the car.

"Greatly accommodated, I'm sure," Mrs. Marr could hear the tall man saying to the cleaner. "This will start the car and get us over Border Way. The rest of the run to Green Square is down hill. I won't forget that you helped us out."

The cleaner waved off the thanks, but Mrs. Marr saw a kindly smile on his face as he watched the departure of the car.

As Mrs. Marr sat at her lunch of toast and tea day after day, she looked mournfully at the slender Maltese Princess on the floor.

"Would you forget to mouse for me, Princess?" she asked gently one day, trying to excuse to herself the cat's thinness, "if you were fat?" Heavy as was her rent and light as was her patronage, she meant to feed her cat well; but thin or fat the Maltese with her daintily-kept coat was a recommendation for the store, Mrs. Marr felt. But what about that dirty dog? Did particular people buy elsewhere because they saw him near her door? Mrs. Marr was wondering if she dare lessen the reproach upon the cleanliness of her neighborhood. Would the good cleaner feel that she had taken liberties with his property? She would—No, she would not dare. He was the best of neighbors. He had done her many kindnesses, and if she offended him—and yet to see a clean dog on the sidewalk, what a relief that would be!

Cleanliness was almost a mania with Mrs. Marr. That is why, after deciding not to meddle either with the fat dog or with anything else that was her neighbor's, Mrs. Marr proceeded to the little porch at the back of her shop, there to make a heavy suds of snow-bubble soap. The suds looked good enough to eat. Mrs. Marr glanced out to see that the cleaner was not in sight; then she craftily called,

"Curlylocks, Curlylocks."

The dog raised his head.

"Here Curlylocks; good fellow." Her voice was very gentle.

The dog rose with mild curiosity in his slow movements and lunched up the little step into the tiny porch. Mrs. Marr petted him for a moment, then lifted him into the delectable suds. So deliberate was Curlylocks in his usual movements that she was not prepared for the sudden wild leap with which he sprang from the tub when his paws touched the water.

The All-round cracker man stopped just then in front of the store, and Mrs. Marr, hurrying out to give her order, heard the cleaner say severely to the dog,

"Why do you not stay outside? And where do you get wet paws to walk my floor with?"

The owner of the neat Maltese cat felt troubled and guilty. She had a sense of relief that the dog was unwashed. But Mrs. Marr could not leave unfinished what her hand found to do. Had she been named in the days when desirable qualities were used for Christian names, she would have been called Perseverance. Inevitably she coaxed Curlylocks in, this time into her tiny bathroom. Fatefully she grasped him, submerged him in the suds, rubbed, scrubbed, rinsed, dried, and brushed him. She talked gently to him all the time, but she worked so forcefully that he lay panting and helpless, the most surprised dog in the state, and at that moment the cleanest one.

Mrs. Marr let herself out of the bathroom carefully, keeping the dog inside, while she reconnoitered to see whether the cleaner might be out at his clothes-line at the back of the building. If so, she would escort Curlylocks out the front way.

In the back yard she caught a glimpse of a comfortable figure and heard the words,

"Nice Pussee; eat, Pussee, eat. Le chien is on the sidewalk. He will not bother you." The slender Maltese, who ordinarily ate in a ladylike manner, was devouring chunks of cold meat with the speed of a sword swallower.

Mrs. Marr was more perplexed than amazed. She did not know on what grounds she now stood with her good neighbor. Did he pity or scorn her because her cat proved to be hungry? Would he be alienated by her interference in his care of his dog?

While she puzzled over such questions, the big car again drove up and stopped before the door. The tall man went into the cleaner's shop with his arms full of clothing. The girl in the sport suit came in and bought two boxes of animal crackers.

"Pretty pretty Pussy," she said as she went away.

Mrs. Marr noted that she did not say,

"How thin you are."

"Shall you be at home these evening?" asked Mr. Felix Deroux, appearing just as Mrs. Marr was about to close the store.

She said, "Yes, yes, all the evening," and then ate an unsatisfactory dinner, wondering, meantime, if he would ask her to let his dog alone. He might think she should improve her own appearance. She glanced into the glass; a re-arrangement of her hair, a touch of powder, her better gown, and she smiled to herself at the thought that she might look as much improved as Curlylocks. She never neglected her daily bath, but perhaps she did not look into her glass often enough, she thought.

AT TWO minutes after eight Felix Deroux appeared, dressed, so it seemed to Mrs. Marr, elegantly. She invited him into her wee sitting room.

"Ah, this is the homelike room," he exclaimed, beaming with a smile entirely genuine but quite too expansive for so small an apartment. "Your neat store, it has always attracted me; now I see it is because you are a home maker."

[Continued on page 39]

Mrs. Marr petted the Princess while she tried to think of an appropriate acknowledgment.

"Yes," she said at last, "my Maltese and I like this room."

"It is your forte to make everything clean, is it not, Madame?"

"Yes, I was brought up to keep things clean."

"Ah, but it is more than the teaching; it is nature. Now I am a cleaner by trade, but you by nature."

Mrs. Marr smiled acquiescence, and he went on.

"What ever touches you or your store, it must be clean, even the neighbor's chien that sits on the sidewalk—he must be clean." He was laughing now, so genially that Mrs. Marr joined in before she knew it.

"And yet," his face grew suddenly serious, "there is a sad side to it. Le chien has been long neglected. When he was a puppy my wife washed him often. She died five years ago. Since then I am alone."

Mrs. Marr turned toward him a face of gentle sympathy that said more than her hesitating words as she told him something of her own life and her hardships in the little store.

"And with it all I do not half feed my cat. She eats my good neighbor's meat," she ended sadly, with her hand caressing the soft coat of the Maltese.

"And you grow discouraged and lonely? Oui? I, too, but today two good things have come to me. I accept them as omen and promise that only good is to come. First, le chien—I call him by no name—"

"I call him Curlylocks," admitted Mrs. Marr.

"Excellente! Curlylocks it shall be. Curlylocks looks appears as beautiful as the snow on Mount Blanc. Ah, it is a

promise. Someone cares for him and me."

"And what was the other?" asked Mrs. Marr timidly, as the color crept into her face.

"A matter of business, only, but it means that I shall have all the work I can do and can afford a delivery which will bring still more. The man in the stalled car with whom I shared my gasoline came again today. It meant a great deal to him, he insists, to get home that evening without loss of time. He has brought me things to clean since. He likes my work. He is manager of the Green Square Hotel and will send his patron's work here. Is it not great good fortune, Madame, all for a little gasoline?"

"I'm so glad for you," Mrs. Marr exclaimed heartily, and the Princess, as if to echo the words, walked over and rubbed against Felix Deroux's knee.

"I should thank you for being even a little glad," he replied, "but I shall ask more. The reason the business so gladdens me is that it makes me bold to come and talk to you. With so little work I have said, 'I must not go to see her. I must not tell her that I need her to make me a home,' but today when le—Curlylocks' appearance spoke of your kindness and Monsieur le Manager made a contract with me, I said to myself, 'I will ask her tonight'—and I hope, so much, I hope, she will not say no."

And Mrs. Marr did not say no.

The grocery was included as a room in the cleaning establishment. Every morning before the door a snowwhite curly dog and a plump Maltese cat are disturbed in their naps by the gentle voice of Mrs. Deroux. She smiles at them from happy eyes while she sweeps, as usual.



CAUGHT COLD?

IT'S easy to throw off a cold when you know what to do—and do it. Two or three tablets of Aspirin will break up a cold in a jiffy! Take them promptly. Aspirin will check your cold at any stage, but why wait until you are miserable? These tablets are perfectly harmless because they don't depress the heart. If your throat feels sore, crush three tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glassful of water and gargle. This will ease your throat and reduce any infection. A cold needn't worry you if you take these simple precautions. But even a simple cold is serious if you don't.

Remember that, and remember to get the genuine tablets stamped Bayer. Read the proven directions for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica; and for the prompt, positive relief of periodic pain. Until you are familiar with the many valuable uses of Aspirin you can't realize how much suffering is really needless.

All druggists have the genuine tablets of Aspirin. The box says Aspirin and you will see the word Genuine printed in red. Full directions are enclosed.



ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

What Every Man Doesn't Know

By Frances L. Garside

"PRETTY good lemon pie, that. Guess I'll take another piece," passing his plate to Mother, at the other end of the table.

"It is good pie," commented The Guest. "Where did you get the recipe?"

"One of our members gave it to me at the meeting of our bridge club yesterday."

"Yeh?" from Father. "Glad to know that something useful comes out of that bridge club. She belongs to three clubs," turning to The Guest. "Music, books and bridge. This lemon pie is all we get out of it, and she's been going for six months."

"Now, Father," Mother smiled. She could have said more, but she didn't. Father liked his little joke, so why spoil it by telling of how much that did not come within the province of bridge, music and books she had brought home from her clubs?

She had been to the bridge club the day before. No, she had not won the prize. She was not disappointed, for she had brought home something that would please her family more than a fancy deck of cards or a bottle of choice perfume. The hostess had served a dinner before the playing began, and she had brought home a recipe for "chicken legs" without chicken. She smiled at the recollection of the amazement of the guests when the platter was brought on heaped with what looked like legs of chicken, and which tasted much better.

"You get a pound of the rump of veal and a pound of the shoulder of pork. Have the butcher cut in squares about two inches across, and as thick as the average steak. You take alternately one each of these, run a skewer through each till you have six pieces on. Squeeze into shape, dip in egg, roll in cracker dust and fry slowly in deep fat. Now, I didn't do these quite that way. I browned in fat, and then added a little water, and let them cook slowly. In that way I had a foundation for my gravy."

Mother was smiling so absent-mindedly that Johnnie asked her twice for a second glass of milk before she heard him.

"Thinking of her score," commented Father.

She was thinking of what a surprise it would be for the children when she served "chicken legs." She would have them tomorrow night. How they would look when they saw those long "bones" with the chicken leg in the middle.

Mother did not employ a maid. A hint to Alice, the oldest girl, and the table was cleared and the salad brought on.

"Avocado pear," commented The Guest. "I adore it."

"We had avocado pear served with a half-pear each, with French dressing, at the bridge club."

"Nothing new in that," from Father. "You didn't have to go to the bridge club to learn that, did you?"

"No, but I did learn this: If you will plant the seed of an avocado pear, you will have the loveliest little miniature palm tree for your window garden. Mrs. Alexander has one. It looks like a royal palm, with the long stem and all the foliage at the top. Mrs. Gale planted little Rocky Mountain pinons around her pear-pit, and they look like a little hedge of pine trees. But you have to have a lot of patience. Mrs. Alexander says the pear-pit is so long in germinating you have just about decided to dig it up and throw it out when it comes up."

"Alice made the cake. Isn't it good?"

"Mother showed me how," said Alice. "It is a recipe she brought home from her music club."

"Oh, we don't serve refreshments at every meeting of our music club; just semi-annually, and then only tea and cake. This is crumb cake, and since Alice made the first cake the children haven't wasted a crumb. Alice will copy the recipe for you after dinner."

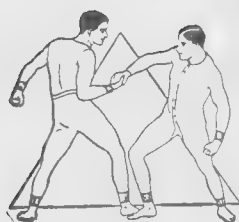
And this, from the music club, is the recipe the Guest took home:

One cup of bread-crumbs;
One cup of sugar;
One cup of chopped walnuts;
Two teaspoons baking powder;
Four eggs, a pinch of salt and one teaspoon vanilla.

Bake in two layers, and serve with whipped cream between.

[Continued on page 57]

We stout fellows certainly do applaud the Comfort-Fit Idea!



I'M five feet eight inches and weigh 210 pounds. So when I talk about underwear comfort, believe me I know! In the first place being stout I perspire more than most men—and to my mind there's only one kind of underwear that will stand that continued excess perspiration—and come out of the laundry tub soft as down—that's Stanfield's.

Stanfield's Does Not Shrink

If you're carrying a little extra poundage think that over! There isn't one of us who hasn't had a suit of underwear that fit like a glove when we first wore it—but which looked and felt like little brother's when it came back from the wash.

But why go on telling you about my experience with Stanfield's—about buttons that don't pull off—cuffs that fit snug forever—shoulder seams that stay where they belong. All you have to do is climb into one suit of it—then you'll know what real underwear comfort is.

So go to your dealer today—and ask him to show you this comfortable underwear. One glance and you'll see it's the best underwear value ever offered—but you'll never know how comfortable underwear can be, until you put it on. There's a style and weight to meet every need—and a price to suit every purse.

STANFIELD'S
Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR
SOFT-WARM-DURABLE

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A QUALITY TO MEET EVERY NEED
THE BEST VALUE AT EVERY PRICE
Guaranteed to fit—\$2.00 to \$10.00

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- 2 Exclusive easy-fitting closed crotch.
- 3 Non-rip cuff seams . . . smooth and elastic.
- 4 Always soft . . . always warm . . . outwears them all.
- 5 Buttons that won't pull off.

First Session of the Seventeenth Parliament

Continued from page 4

The Big Task

NOW all these kind words do not mean that Mr. Bennett is out of the bush by any means or even that he is beginning to see his way through the trees. If one acts as General and Army he knows pretty well how things are going at the moment because he has it all under his own hat. But the difficulty of that sort of thing is that when a man turns round to gaze at the beauty of the sunshine, chat for a moment with a neighbor or nod beneath the shade of a tree, something may quite possibly go wrong and that is not impossible even in so well disciplined and controlled an army as that which Mr. Bennett now commands.

But it is fair to say that this was only the first session. The legislation to be brought down was definitely and specifically that which related to the past promises of the Prime Minister. It was only natural under the circumstances that he should have charge of it and have the most to say.

Although only slightly in evidence this Session, Messrs. Stevens and Guthrie are able parliamentarians. Hon. E. B. Ryckman is a man of business experience. Mr. Rhodes has been successful in his own province of Nova Scotia and although Dr. Manion is more voluble and gushing than the others he has platform attractiveness and sooner or later that is a valuable aid to any Government which wants to remain in power.

The Other Side

ON THE other side there is good fighting material. Also there is a tendency to develop it. The private in the ranks has a far better time in the opposition side of the House than if he were on the Government. Governments as a whole are anxious to get things through. They love the cut and dried approach, deviation from the normal is considered a sin, flowers of speech if they delay the business of the House are treated as common weeds. Cabinet Ministers consider themselves as a general thing a good deal better than the rank and file and they are inclined to drop a word to the common man who happens to be fighting in the ranks suggesting to him that if he keeps perfectly quiet he may this afternoon or this evening hear a very brilliant speech from a certain Cabinet Minister—the Cabinet Minister who happens to be whispering these words in his ear at the moment.

On the opposition side all this is very different. The Leader of the Opposition especially if he happens to be as astute in the art as Mr. Mackenzie King, loves to develop the fighting strength of his own side. It's a handy thing to have in the constituencies at election time and that is where it is needed. If a man happens to light upon a bright idea—well it will be just delightful to hear him air it. It may not be perfectly sound, it may be something which the party itself could not accept if the party were in office but there is no reason why it should not be used to hit the other side and therefore it is allowed to go. This very thing, this tendency to let freedom run in opposition and confine it on the Government side is perhaps in some measure responsible for the fact that governments begin to decay as soon as they are born and that a well led opposition adds to the strength of its fighting arm.

The Leader of the Opposition

MR. KING is a good fighter. The proof of generalship is the capacity of a leader to get out of a tight fix in which chance, fate and general human perversity has placed him. He displayed that ability from 1921 to 1930. In 1925 he went down to the door of defeat turned on the doorstep and picked up a victory as naturally and easily as if

he went to the doorstep for that purpose. While Leader of the Opposition in the brief period of 1926 before the election, he was not only master of his own fate but master of the House. His handling of the tactical blunders of Mr. Meighen must certainly convey the idea that anyone who is matched against him might well beware of snares and pitfalls.

The past session did not particularly suit his style. It was a limited field. There was not sufficient room for manoeuvre. Mr. Bennett had announced that he intended to go to the Imperial Conference. To keep a great Imperial statesman home from the Conference might not look well although, measured by tangible economic results, not very much may be accomplished. These facts hampered the opposition and greatly reduced the area of attack.

In Mr. King's work in the House this session he stressed the economic position of the farmer—the decline in the price of farm products and the relatively small decrease in the price of manufactured goods purchased by the farmer. This is likely to be the main basis of the controversy between the two parties during the next session. There was one delightful little sally in Mr. King's best style. He quoted voluminously from Mr. Bennett's campaign speeches. On one occasion speaking in Regina, Mr. Bennett said, "There is a good time coming, we may not live to see it, but there is a good time coming. I come to call the sinners not the righteous to repentance." Mr. King quoted the words and then said, "I wonder whom my honourable friend thought he was at the time he made that statement."

At times Mr. Bennett can be witty—no one is likely to charge him with being humorous. Like Mr. Meighen he is capable of the sharp retort though in the real acid touch no one in the House of Commons ever approached Mr. Meighen, unless Cartwright in his younger days could have been measured up to that standard of incisiveness. Mr. King on the other hand can at times be humorous. He can paint a situation in a way which leaves a clear imprint of the rather ridiculous or incongruous situation of his opponents. He does this without heightening the colors. Mr. Bennett on the other hand is likely at such times to strike out with patches of rather bold hyperbole.

Tariffs and Technique

THE past session was a tariff session. The next session is likely to be even more so. Mr. Bennett's drastic changes whatever effect they may have on unemployment have made the tariff the real issue. In the discussion of the tariff a new technique is developing. Of old we had beautiful and eloquent speeches. They come down to us from Cobden and Bright, from Gladstone and Asquith, from Chamberlain and Birkenhead, to our own great advocates Tilley, Cartwright, Laurier, Michael Clarke and Arthur Meighen. These men were orators. There is nothing quite so easy to forget as the substance of a great oration. Its spacious form may fill the minds but the driving facts refuse to linger.

The House of Commons is developing a new style for discussion of tariff problems. In future the discussion will search the details. Dealing with a question in this way requires no oratory but it does require very definite knowledge. In the future the men who make their way in the House of Commons will be men who from knowledge, training and study know the facts and are willing to bring them out in the discussion. An ounce of fact will be stronger than a mighty oration. The orator could walk into the House, deliver his speech, walk away and his task was finished, but the new man will have to be on the job day after day while the Committee deals with the changes which are taking place.

(Continued on page 60)



DAVID MANNERS in
"Journey's End."



DAVID MANNERS, popular young Canadian actor, became famous overnight for his performance in "Journey's End." Whenever possible Mr. Manners drinks Chase & Sanborn's Canadian blend, "for," he says, "its flavor is rich and potent but not too strong, and its fragrant aroma is certainly appetizing."

Other Canadians, too, write back from far off places, "There's nothing quite so satisfying as this special Canadian blend."

But you here in Canada have the advantage of *constant* freshness in your favorite coffee.

Twice every week your grocer gets fresh supplies of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee . . . full-flavored . . . full-strength . . . straight from the ovens . . . and *you* pour this rich creamy coffee from your pot just a few hours after roasting.

Try Chase & Sanborn's FRESH Coffee today.

● Every time you see Standard Brands Limited new green delivery trucks on the streets of your city, remember this! Besides delivering Fleischmann's Yeast they are also rushing Chase & Sanborn's fresh Coffee to your grocer twice each week. Buy it fresh from him.



... from far off places comes
this praise of COFFEE ...
CHASE & SANBORN'S

Shut in for Months but full of Pep!

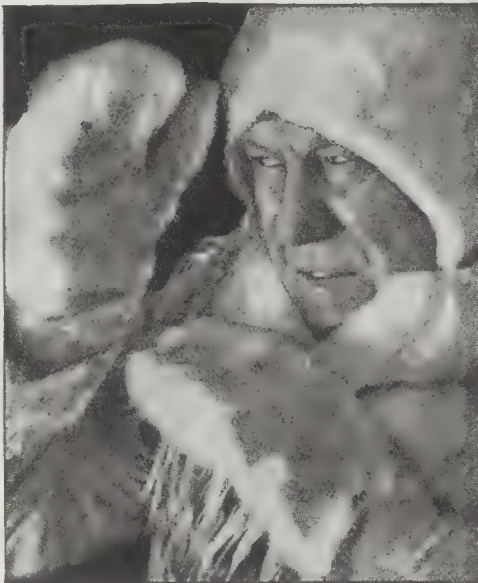
IF you think you are cooped up by home and business, how would you like to be shut in for weeks in a snow hut?

This is the thing that works havoc with the health of Arctic trappers, according to W. S. MacPhee of Winnipeg, Canada. "Especially in the spring," he writes, "before the ice breaks and open water comes, all us trappers are apt to be in pretty bad shape. In the summer of 1924 I first discovered Nujol. The idea of internal lubrication appealed to me. Soon I found that the irritable nervous no-pep feeling was gone. Nujol has certainly given me a different outlook on life."

Even in this part of the world we have the same kind of trouble. We do not get enough exercise, and often we are not able to have proper diet. How simple a thing it is then to keep ourselves buoyantly happy, full of energy seeing the bright side of life, by taking advantage of the discovery that Nujol gently, naturally, and surely clears away the poisons out of our bodies—we all have them—regularly as clock work.

Mr. MacPhee's letter is only one of several thousands which have come to us recently from people who have learned that Nujol is the normal way to health.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine; it contains no drugs; it is not absorbed



by the body; it is non-fattening. It is simply harmless internal lubrication, which our bodies need as much as any machine.

Buy a bottle of Nujol at any drug store and try it. Millions of people all over the world are healthy because they are using Nujol. Why shouldn't you be happy, too? Get Nujol today! Sold in sealed packages only—trade-marked "Nujol." Insist on Nujol by name.

If you want to know how to keep well, send for free 24-page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Fred J. Whitlow & Co. Limited, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto, 2.

Santa Must Come

By Jenny Pringle

IN SPITE of poor crops and poorer prices the children must have their Christmas. It is not a bit too early to begin preparing, for while the nice weather lasts the little ones are outside and it's much easier to keep things secret now than when they are kept in the house. I want to tell you of some of the things I have been preparing for my three little ones, it may help some other mother who has not a dollar to spend.

I have been gathering boxes etc., all summer but your grocer will give you a box each time you go to town. I have made a table and three chairs. The table is a shallow box turned upside down and legs nailed onto each corner. The chairs are apple boxes with the end set half way down for seat, the sides are shaped for arm-rests. The whole set I painted with some grey paint I had. I made a cushion to fit each seat. My girlie will not have a new dolly but she will have a lovely bed for the old one—made from a grape-basket painted, and a canopy of muslin over one end. In it are wee blankets, pillow and comforter, also a crocheted cap and jacket and a serge coat for dolly.

Daddy is going to make the boys each a good sleigh, and I will paint them.

I had two small tins of paint, one green enamel the other aluminum enamel and I am so proud of the many things I have been able to make with these, not only for the children but friends as well. First for the children I wanted some dishes for their table, so I hunted out some old fashioned things stowed away for years. A cute pitcher, a salt shaker and some fancy small plates. I painted jam tin lids for plates, small tins of various shapes for bowls and drinking glasses and a jam tin I painted and labelled "Cookies." This I will fill with fancy cookies. The set looks real nice now, you would

never know the junk it was made of. I may make a cupboard for the dishes yet.

I have been saving the coupons from food products, with these I will get jack-knives and pencil sets. I have made a few pretty hankies from fine goods (old voile dress) and trimmed them with borders from my scrap bag.

For friends I have painted some cans and labelled them Tea, Sugar and Salt. Some other cans I have made into plant pots, painting them and starting a plant slip in them, by Christmas they will be nice little plants.

Some flat tins I painted and put the word "Buttons" on the top. These can be filled with cookies or candy for friends. Having plenty of feathers I have several cushion forms made. These may get a cover, but if they do not town friends will welcome a soft feather cushion I think.

I found an old rubber ball much the worse for wear, I crocheted a cover for it of bright wool, now it is very pretty, and will please some baby. The children are getting the Christmas spirit, and have gathered little pails of rose seeds, to string into decorations. We also save all the pretty papers that come to the house, so we will have some decorations.

Every district has its "Dad" or "Grandma," some old folks who have no relations to bring them cheer. I like to remember these with a dozen nice brown fresh eggs in a pretty box with red paper lining. Also a bit of our Christmas goodies, if ever so plain they seem to appreciate it.

If I have a few cents for Christmas I can find many uses for them, but if I don't my children will not feel neglected I hope. I intend to paint some little pails and wooden spoons and perhaps many other things yet, but even now I have a corner of the cellar well stocked ready for Santa.



As a Christmas Gift

A year's subscription to Western Canada's only Magazine cannot be surpassed. Your thoughtfulness is not fleeting but steadfast—twelve months in the year.



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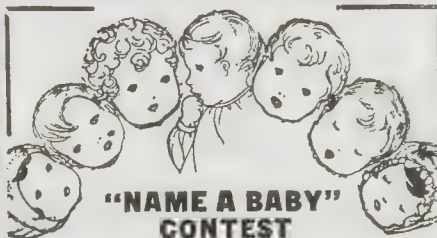
CHILDREN
THRIVE
ON IT

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In Canada's Parliament? Yes? Then turn to page 4 of this issue. . . .



"QUICK! JIMMY, THERE'S A FIRE ON THE FLOOR; GET ME A WET BLANKET!"
"OH PA! COME HERE QUICK!"

HERE IS THE ANSWER
PERPLEXING QUESTION

"What shall I cook?"



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It contains recipes for dozens of nourishing, wholesome, old-fashioned dishes, and besides . . . many delicious new ones. It is, in fact, a handy, compact directory of nearly all the good things you'll ever want to make for any occasion.

Here are three recipes selected at random from this handy kitchen help.

Try any one of them and you'll know instantly why Magic Baking Powder is the favorite wherever home baking is done.

For 3 out of every 4* Canadian women who bake at home say *they* use it because "Magic" gives consistently better baking results.

Use "Magic" for all your baking, then *you*, too, will always be assured of best results no matter what you bake . . . but try these *now*—with *Magic*!

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

CORN BREAD

Page 28 *New Magic Cook Book*

1 cup flour	4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup corn meal
1 egg	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
4 tablespoons melted shortening	

Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add corn meal, beaten egg and milk to make a stiff batter. Add shortening, and beat until light and thoroughly mixed. Pour into greased shallow pan. Bake in hot oven at 425° F. about 25 minutes.

MUFFINS

Page 2 *New Magic Cook Book*

2 cups flour	3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
2 eggs	4 tablespoons shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt; add milk, well-beaten eggs and melted shortening. Mix well. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes.

GRIDDLE CAKES

Page 4 *New Magic Cook Book*

2 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	2 eggs
	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening	

Sift dry ingredients into bowl, add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on slightly greased hot griddle. When bubbles appear, turn cakes and brown other side. Do not turn a second time. Serve immediately on hot plate with butter and maple syrup.



Look for this mark on every tin. It is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

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Today these exquisitely-wrought creations occupy an honored place in many thousands of Canadian homes. Masters of the cabinet-making art fashion them from genuine Walnut

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Join the increasing numbers of those who entrust their furs, frocks and other precious possessions to a Red Seal Cedar Chest. With its protection you will find that the loveliness of silks and the lustre of other garments remain undimmed for years. For a Red Seal Cedar Chest is much more than a beautiful piece of furniture; it is a worthy guardian of your most cherished fabrics . . . a lasting symbol of good taste and gracious living.

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To maintain an unique position as makers of the world's finest cedar chests, The Honderich Furniture Company devotes its large facilities and resources to the manufacture of Red Seal Cedar Chests exclusively.

These chests are scientifically made with $\frac{3}{4}$ inch red cedar in over 70 per cent. of the chest construction, and enough aromatic red cedar oil is therefore present to keep away moth-millers and the undeveloped moth worm. The chests are encased in genuine walnut, and are made tight with lock-corner construction, preserving the entire contents from dust and dampness.

To protect buyers from all possibility of dissatisfaction and to prevent substitution, a certificate of value is attached to every Red Seal Cedar Chest. Look for this certificate when you buy and make sure the famous Red Seal is branded on the inside of the lid.

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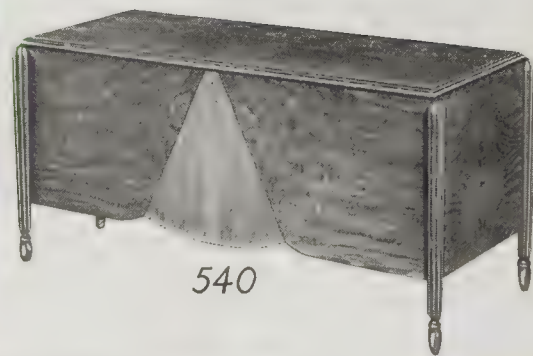
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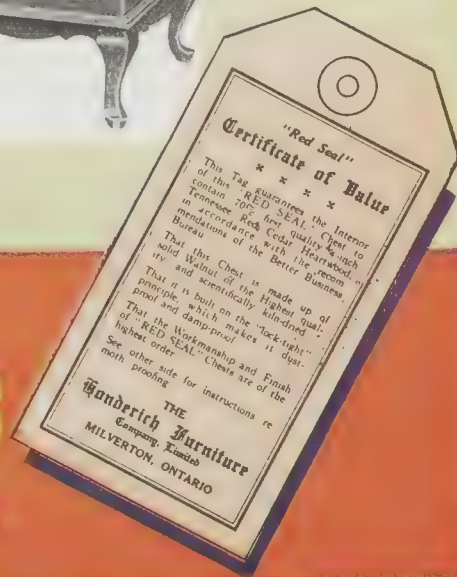
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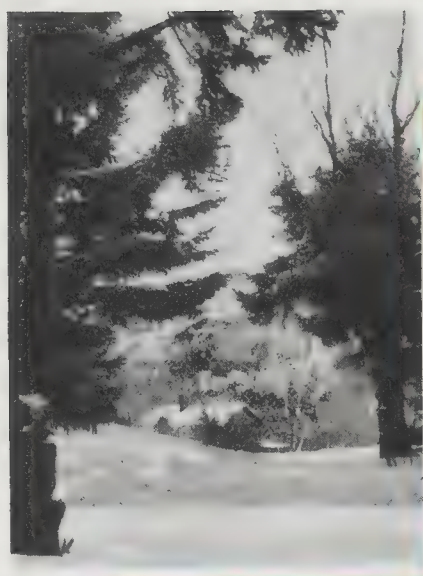
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The Canadian Breakfast

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Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

BETTER THAN BOARDING

IN THE present days, a very large number of women are living alone, or perhaps two business women live together, and find it advisable to prepare their own meals. A great many teachers, particularly in the rural schools of our Prairie Provinces, live in teachers' residences where they are obliged to do their own cooking. Then there are the many women who are alone in the world, with no family, or who prefer to live by themselves, and most wisely too, rather than with married sons and daughters. Women living in such a manner have many problems to solve. The woman who works cannot afford to spend much time in doing housework, so the meals she plans must be of such a nature as to require a minimum of time and worry. On the other hand, she must have the proper food if she is to maintain her good health and efficiency for her work. There is a too-great tendency for a woman to feel that "it is not worth while to cook just for myself." Far too many meals consist of tea and toast. Careful planning is needed to so arrange matters that there will not be waste by having too large quantities of foods to use up before one is tired of them, or they spoil because of lack of suitable storage space.

The first consideration is the facilities for cooking. One may have a good range with an oven, a gasoline or oil stove, possibly very temperamental, or only an electric grill or plate. A surprisingly good dinner can be cooked on a grill with a little planning, even though an oven is not available. A large number of utensils are not at all necessary. In buying them, it is advisable to select those of a rather small size. A good choice is a kettle of aluminum or granite with a tight-fitting cover, one or more sauce pans, a little frying-pan, a double boiler or a sauce-pan which will fit the top of the tea-kettle, to serve the same purpose, a small tea-kettle, a coffee-pot, a toaster, egg-beater, two or three bowls, measuring and mixing spoons, etc. There is to be had on the market, a steamer costing about \$3.75 or \$4.00, with 4 compartments, fitting on top of each other, which soon saves its cost in time and energy saved, not to mention the fuel, whether one is cooking for herself alone, or for a regular family. A perforated pan may be secured which will fit in the large kettle under the lid, and is very useful in cooking a vegetable over some meat, for example.

Breakfast is important, but need be but a simple task. Water may be boiled while one is dressing. Eggs, bacon, cheese, cereals, may all be prepared very quickly. Too many women attempt to do a heavy morning's work on a most inadequate breakfast. It would be wiser to have a more substantial breakfast, even though it should mean a few minutes' earlier rising, and eat a lighter lunch at noon.

The fact that one is eating alone does not mean that the meal must be unattractive and lacking in social graces. There is no excuse for eating off a corner of a bare kitchen table, without a cloth, a napkin, an adequate amount of silver and dishes, merely because there are no spectators. Daintiness does not take any more time, and how it keeps up one's morale. A tray, covered with a paper napkin, a doily, or even a piece of pretty oilcloth, might be carried to one's favorite chair, where the meal may be enjoyed, perhaps with an interesting magazine or book, if time permits. Reading while one eats, has the very big advantage of inducing slower eating, which is advisable for most of us.

In many cases, it is possible to put something requiring long slow cooking, such as a soup-bone, stew, baked

beans, steamed pudding, Boston brown bread, etc., either in the oven or on top of the stove, to cook while one is away. Some women are fortunate enough to own a fireless cooker which works for them while they are at work. But the chief difficulty is to think of something to cook within half an hour after one returns from work. Canned soups may well find a place on the supply shelf, to use as soup, or to combine in other dishes, tomato soup being possibly the most useful. A few bouillon cubes or a bottle of beef extract will add flavor to many a hastily prepared dish.

The quickly cooked meats such as steaks, chops, cutlets, bacon, ham, etc., may be cooked if one lives in a place where the odor and smoke which inevitably accompany them, is permitted. A roast should contain at least four pounds to be satisfactory, and for one person, it is apt to take too long to use up, unless she has a very cool place in which to keep it, and does not object to the many ways of re-heating it. For the first meal it may be hot roast beef, then sliced cold for one or two meals. To have it hot again, slice very thin, put on a heated plate, and pour over it the very hot gravy. Or heat the sliced meat in a steamer, or in a small strainer over the tea-kettle. Some of it may be cubed and used as stew, perhaps with dumplings, or put in a small dish, covered with mashed potato, and heated in the oven. Some of it may be chopped real fine, mixed with an egg and seasoning, and formed into one or two little flat cakes and browned in the frying-pan. The rest may be chopped fine, seasoned with salt and pepper and a bit of chopped onion, gravy or water added to make enough gravy, heat, thicken a little if needed and serve on a slice of toast, a biscuit split in two, or crackers. Some of the chopped meat, of any kind, may be added to potatoes and warmed in the frying-pan as hash. Some of it may be used sliced in sandwiches, or chopped and moistened with salad dressing.

A small picnic ham is a good investment. It should be soaked in cold water over night or for several hours, then scrubbed, the tough skin near the end of the bone trimmed off, and the ham put in a kettle with enough



Breakfast is important but need be such a simple task. Too many women who live alone attempt to do a heavy morning's work on a most inadequate meal.

cold water to cover. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and cook till tender. It will take at least 20 minutes to the pound. Remove the kettle from the fire and let the ham partially cool in the liquid. It may be hot for one meal, then used cold for several meals. A slice of the cooked ham may be browned in the frying-pan, removed to a hot plate, and covered with a sauce made of a little ham fat left in the pan, a tablespoon of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. sugar, a little pepper and salt if needed.

To fry a slice of ham, trim off the rind and some of the fat if there is too much, put in the frying pan, cover with warm water and let stand 20 or 30 minutes, drain, wipe, and brown on both sides in the hot frying-pan, cooking quickly to prevent it becoming hard.

Pork chops are wiped, sprinkled with salt and pep-

per, and placed in a hot pan, and cooked slowly till both sides are browned.

To cook lamb chops, wipe, trim off some of the fat, put in a very hot pan, brown both sides quickly, and keep turning with a knife and fork, till done, which will take from eight to twelve minutes, depending on how well-done one likes it. Sprinkle with salt and pepper when partly cooked.

Dumplings

Nothing is much easier to make, and can be depended upon in any emergency. For one person, use $\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. shortening, 1 tb. baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt, 1 egg and enough liquid to make a drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls into the boiling liquid in the kettle, cover closely and cook 12 minutes without lifting cover. Eat at once. The dumplings may be cooked with stew, cooked beans with considerable well-seasoned liquid, or canned tomatoes. To the tomatoes add gravy or a lump of butter, or a little bacon may be cut in pieces, cooked and added. To the dumplings cooked with tomatoes, a little cheese, chopped or grated and added before the liquid, is an improvement. Water will do just as well as milk for the liquid, and tends to make the dumplings lighter.

Any dumplings which are [Continued on page 48]

WHEN MOTHER MAKES SOUP

EVERY wise Mother keeps a tin of OXO Cubes at hand for soups, bouillon or consommé.

For they contain the essential nourishment of prime, lean beef in concentrated form—add to clear soups the richness and meaty flavour every one relishes.

The invigorating, body-building nourishment that your family needs to keep them strong and well will be found in OXO Cubes—they save waste and add nutriment to meals.



OXO CUBES



left over may be cut in pieces, and warmed over with gravy or dripping and bits of meat, just as one would potato, hash, etc.

Eggs may be used in a score of ways, if there is not a tendency to become tired of them. Combined with cheese, they make a quite hearty enough main dish. In a small frying-pan, put just enough butter or other fat to keep the eggs from sticking, put in two eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and with grated or chopped cheese, or thin slices of cheese, and cover till the whites are set and the cheese melted. Put on toast or eat with rice, potatoes, etc.

A can of tomatoes may be used in several ways. Some of it will serve as a vegetable, either cold or heated. Heat a cupful, add salt and pepper and a little salt or rings of celery or any bits of vegetable such as a few canned peas, and 1 t. of gelatine, mold and use as a jellied salad. Part of it may be used as the liquid in some gravy with ham, steak, etc. Some of it may be put in a little sauce-pan and an egg or two poached in it.

A can of peas will provide the vegetable for one or two meals, some of it may be added to cream sauce and used on a slice of toast for supper, part of it, drained, will be good in a salad, and the juice and any peas left, will form the basis of a bowl of good soup. Combine some of it with eggs.

A can of corn may be heated and eaten as a vegetable, some of it used in a cream soup, some combined with an egg well-beaten, half a cup of milk, a little butter, salt and pepper and a few crumbs, and baked for a corn pudding. Some of it may have an egg added, salt and pepper and flour to make a batter, then dropped by spoonfuls on a hot greased frying-pan for corn fritters.

A small quantity of cream soup may be made by heating a cup of milk adding a teaspoon of flour as a binder, butter for flavor and any cooked vegetable one has, with its juice, such as celery, cabbage, peas, corn, potato, etc. A can of pea-flour is a useful thing to keep on hand for soup. It may be flavored with a slice of bacon cut in cubes, and cooked with a little sliced onion, water or vegetable water added and the pea-flour, cooked 20 minutes, then combined with the hot milk. Or the 20 minutes of cooking may be done in the double-boiler after adding to the milk. Use enough pea-flour to make of the desired thickness.

Milk should be used to a considerable extent in some form. A great many women do not use enough of it. On a very hot day, a most acceptable meal consists of a bowl of very cold milk with bread broken in it. On a cold, unpleasant night, what tastes better than milk heated very hot, a little butter, salt and pepper, poured over cubes of toast, bread or a muffet, or shredded wheat biscuit. If fresh milk is not available or cannot readily be kept sweet, evaporated milk or powdered milk, either whole or skimmed, will answer most purposes equally well.

A little sour milk or cream will make three or four pancakes. Two or three cheese or dried beef added to the scrambled eggs or with something sweet, such as honey, jam or syrup, makes a very quickly prepared hot meal.

A hot sandwich is always satisfactory. It may be fried or scrambled eggs, with cheese or dried beef added to the spread between slices of hot toast; cheese bread eggs, if wished; melted cheese spread between slices of buttered bread, then toasted, or dipped in egg and milk and browned in the frying-pan, or browned in butter in the frying-pan; hot bacon put between slices of buttered toast; hot ham sandwiches; hot ham-

burg sandwiches made by seasoning finely chopped raw beef with salt and pepper and a little onion, then forming into little flat cakes, with as little handling as possible, or they will be solid, cooking till brown on both sides, and putting between slices of buttered bread.

If there is during the week an occasion when there is time to prepare it, a kettle of vegetable soup can be made and re-heated for several meals. It may be made with a soup-bone, preferably a few pounds of the upper part of a hind shank, which would also provide the meat for several meals if cooked till ready to shred, seasoned, and some of the stock poured over it to jelly. To what is left of the stock, add any available vegetables, such as carrots, cabbage, onion, parsnips, turnip, celery, potato, etc. A spoonful of sour cream added at the last is a big improvement. If one does not use the soup stock, brown a little of the vegetables in butter or sweet fresh dripping, then add water and the remaining vegetables, and cook for an hour or so. Rice or barley is an improvement.

Tomato Soup

Canned tomato 2 c. Celery seed ¼ t.
Stock or water 3 c. Peppercorns ¼ t.
Onion chopped 1 lb. Salt

Bit of bay leaf.

If water is used, a little beef extract or a bouillon cube or two should be added to it. If wished the soup may be strained. If not, pepper would be better than peppercorns, in it. Eat with crackers or toast or croutons.

A woman living alone is liable to have slices of bread which become dry. They may be cut in dice then browned in the oven, and put in jars to use as croutons with soup or in milk toast.

Oyster Soup

Heat some milk in a double boiler, add a little butter, salt, pepper and cracker crumbs and the desired number of oysters. Cook till the oysters begin to curl on the edges, then eat while hot.

Oysters, when in season, can be prepared in a number of ways, in small quantities in a number of delicious ways.

Cut each oyster in two, wrap in a piece of bacon, fasten with a toothpick and cook in the frying-pan. Serve on buttered toast, pouring the juice from the frying-pan over them.

Put pieces of toast on a pan, or pie plate, put the required number of oysters on each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and bake in the oven till the oysters are plump. Sprinkle with melted butter and a few drops of lemon juice.

Cook oysters till they are plump and the edges begin to curl. Add to white sauce and serve on buttered toast.

Pick over oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in cracker crumbs, and brown in butter in the frying-pan.

It is advisable to eat some sea-food occasionally in order that one may be sure of an adequate supply of iodine. Canned fish is always available. A small can of salmon will do for two or three meals. Sandwiches may be made for a time or two; some of it could be mixed with cabbage or celery for a serving of salad, some of it creamed and eaten on toast, or mixed with cooked rice and a beaten egg and formed into a couple of cakes to be browned in the frying-pan.

Vegetables in abundance are very important, and are so often felt to be not worth while cooking just for one. Sometimes enough can be cooked at once for two or three meals. Bake enough potatoes at once to have with butter, salt and pepper for the first meal, cut in two, seasoned, mixed with chopped cooked meat or cheese or beaten egg, then returned to the shell, to re-heat for one or two more meals. For another day, peel one or two of the baked potatoes



and heat in white sauce after cutting into cubes. If one has nothing but an electric plate on which to cook, potatoes may be baked by putting one or two asbestos pads on the plate, and inverting over the potatoes an old heavy granite dish which is past using for its original purpose. Another asbestos pad may be put on top of the granite dish. Time will be saved in baking potatoes if they are first cooked in boiling water for ten minutes.

A firm head of cabbage will keep for some time if the cut surface is protected with a piece of smooth paper. Part of it may be shredded and used as a cold slaw with salt, sugar and vinegar. Another portion may be used as salad, either alone with the dressing, or combined with nuts, an apple, a banana, etc. The rest of it may be boiled, part of it drained and eaten with butter, salt and pepper, for one meal, another portion re-heated in a white sauce with a little cheese added for the next day. The juice, with hot milk, flour and butter and seasonings, will make a bowl of good cream of cabbage soup.

Other vegetables requiring only 20 or 25 minutes to cook, when in season, are cauliflower, asparagus, peas, beans (if very young); corn on the cob takes even less time.

Creamed Ripe Tomatoes

Cut ripe tomatoes in slices vertically, cook in butter in the frying-pan until brown on both sides, then carefully remove to buttered toast. To the juice in the pan, add about a teaspoon or so of flour, and when smooth, add milk, stir till done, season and pour over the tomatoes and toast and eat at once.

Macaroni

Cook part of a package of macaroni in boiling salted water. Drain and run cold water through it. Use parts of it in different ways for various meals. To some of it add half a cup of milk, a little cheese and a beaten egg and salt and pepper. Pour into the buttered frying-pan, and stir till hot and thickened, like scrambled eggs, and eat at once.

Another portion may be reheated in a cheese sauce, adding plenty of cheese, salt and pepper, a tiny bit of cayenne and a very little bit of dry mustard to the white sauce. Another part of it may be heated with cooked chopped meat and gravy or tomato sauce.

Rice

Time is saved by cooking the double boiler full of rice at one time, planning to use it for several meals. First it may be eaten hot with brown sugar and cream for a dessert. To another portion add a beaten egg, a little milk, sweeten to taste, add raisins or dates if wished, and cook either in the double boiler or in the oven.

To some of it add a little cheese and milk, and seasonings, and heat for a main dish.

To half a cup of rice, cooked, add a little ripe or canned tomato, seasonings, a little chopped onion, a little chopped green pepper if you have it, and if wished, some chopped cooked meat, and heat for a dish of Spanish Rice.

To some of it add a beaten egg, a little canned salmon if wished, and enough flour, with seasonings, to form into one or two croquettes to be browned in butter or drippings on both sides in the frying-pan.

Or to a little cooked rice add a beaten egg, a little milk, salt, a spoonful of sugar, and enough flour with a little baking powder to make a pancake batter.

Some of it may be eaten either warm or cold with canned fruit such as peaches, strawberries, or apricots on top of it and for a fruit compote.

If there is not a supply of salad dressing on hand, a small amount may be made in a few minutes by mixing together a little mustard, sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar, preferably that from

(Continued on page 50)

"MY DEAR, THE DINNER WAS A HUGE SUCCESS
and
I cooked
all of it
myself"



YOU should have heard the delighted comments of my guests! I was almost—but not quite—too elated to enjoy the dinner myself.

"What did I serve?"

"Tricky little hors d'oeuvres—canapes of anchovy paste with a drop or two of Lea and Perrins'; I made them early in the day.

"Oven-fried veal cutlets for the main course—my secret of success with them is the few drops of Lea and Perrins' in the coating.

"A simple green salad with a dressing they all exclaimed over—I didn't tell them it was just my usual mayonnaise, with crumbled Roquefort cheese and the merest suspicion of Lea and Perrins' that makes the real difference—

"One of those delicious Ice Box Puddings that you make comfortably the day before—my best coffee—thin strips of grapefruit peel that I candied myself—



"It was all so easy to manage, no last-minute rush or complicated dishes; it left me fresh as a daisy to enjoy my own party and to entertain my guests. I am finding more and more that easily prepared dishes may be given such distinction by subtle flavouring, and for all my savoury foods now I depend on Lea and Perrins'—a few drops of this famous sauce gives just the balance of wonderful seasoning that one could never achieve oneself, with a troublesome array of herbs and spices. It's like having a marvellous

chef at one's elbow, to contribute the knowing secrets we ordinary mortals would never know."

"But what of the repetition of flavour in those several courses—do you mind my bringing that up?"

"No indeed—I'm glad you did. You see, the point about Lea and Perrins' is that it does not only lend its own distinctive touch—but it brings out the actual flavours of the foods it seasons too; you use so little that all the flavours blend, nothing dominates. Like French cooking, you know; but made so easy, when all the difficult part is done by Lea and Perrins'."

—the sauce for subtle seasoning.

Oven-Fried Veal Cutlets

Divide cutlets (cut $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick), into pieces of right size for serving; roll up irregular trimmings neatly, fastening with a small skewer. For coating, have ready very finely rolled cracker or dry bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper—and an egg, slightly beaten, diluted with a tablespoonful of water and seasoned with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Lea and Perrins'. Dip the cutlets first in the seasoned crumbs, to give a dry surface, then in the egg and again in crumbs. Arrange on a trivet in shallow roasting pan, with butter and baking dripping or other suitable fat; cover and put into hot oven to sear well, then reduce to moderate heat and cook until tender—30 to 40 minutes altogether. The secret of success lies in the seasoned coating and the oven method of cooking is an easy and convenient one. Serve red currant jelly with the cutlets.

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

You can leave a stone in the dishwater all day

It cannot dissolve . . . it will do nothing . . . but you can depend upon it to "last."

Most soaps are like that . . . they may last, but this lasting quality is deceptive. It means rubbing and rubbing to get suds.

Suds should come quickly and easily . . . as Sunlight suds do. Sunlight is all pure soap. It is purposely made to dissolve freely. No need to rub and rub with a bar of Sunlight to get suds . . . and as for leaving Sunlight Soap in the water, that's unnecessary—even wasteful.

Yet because Sunlight is all pure soap it is more economical. It makes more suds to wash more clothes.

Do you wonder that millions of women the world over becoming impatient with low quality soaps now use Sunlight . . . and never could be content with any other soap?

Then look for the \$5,000 Sunlight Guarantee of Purity. It means real economy—longer life to your clothes—protection to your hands.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
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S301



Make Some Hot Biscuits Today!

Make a dozen delicious biscuits this way. Sift together twice, 2 cups Purity Flour, 2 tspns baking powder, 1 tspn salt. Cream 1 tbspn each of lard and butter and mix with the dry ingredients, using the tips of your fingers. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of milk and of water, mixing with knife until you have a very soft dough. Pat out lightly on mixing board until $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick. Cut out and bake in hot oven for 15 minutes.

These biscuits—made with Purity Flour—will keep moist for several days and may be re-heated without getting dry.

DELICIOUS SAUSAGE ROLLS—can be made from the above dough, but use half the shortening. Roll to about $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. thick, cover sausages and bake 25 minutes, or until brown, in hot oven (450°).

MEAT PIE COVERINGS using same dough are extra tasty.

Send 30c for Purity Flour Cook Book.

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sweet pickles, and either cream or undiluted evaporated milk, using amounts of the ingredients that taste right.

A can of fruit may be used for several meals as it is, just as canned fruit, to a portion of it, boiled custard may be added for variety. Some of it may be cut up and added to gelatin either for a salad or a dessert.

Certain quick breads will keep for a considerable time, if they contain raisins or molasses, especially. They may be heated by steaming or by putting in a paper bag, sprinkling with cold water and putting the bag in the oven.

Boston Brown Bread

Salt 1 t.	Graham flour 1 c.
Molasses $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Sour milk 2 c.
Raisins	Corn meal 1 c.
Soda $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.	

White or whole wheat flour 1 c

If sweet milk is used instead of sour, add 2 t. cream of tartar. Mix and sift the dry ingredients add the milk, molasses and raisins, beat well and pour into greased covered molds, baking powder cans are excellent, taking care to have molds not more than two-thirds full, and steam for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. A kettle with some sort of false bottom, or a covered roasting-pan with a small amount of water in them, provided that the cover is tight enough to retain the steam, will answer the purpose well. If wanted hot, it can be steamed again, or may be sliced cold.

Nut or Fruit Bread

Egg 1	Flour 2 c.
Sugar scant 1 c.	Baking powder 4 t.
Milk 1 c.	Salt 1 t.

Nuts, or dates, raisins, currants 1 c.

Beat the egg, add the sugar, then the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together, alternately with the milk. Add the nuts or fruit or a combination of them, cut in pieces and mix with a little of the flour. Bake an hour in a loaf pan.

Bran Muffins

Butter 2 tb.	Flour 1 c.
Sugar 3 tb.	Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses 1 tb.	Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Egg 1	Baking powder 1 t.
Bran 1 c.	Sour milk 1 c.

Raisins

Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg, molasses and bran, then the milk alternately with the sifted flour, salt, soda and baking powder. Then the raisins floured. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

A steamed pudding will keep for a long time, especially in the winter, if it is frozen. If made in individual molds, they may be steamed one at a time as needed, in a strainer over the tea-kettle.

Spicy Steamed Pudding

Molasses 1 c.	Baking powder 1 t.
Milk 1 c.	Cinnamon 1 t.
Minced suet 1 c.	Nutmeg $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Whole wheat or white flour 3 c.	Ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Cloves $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
	Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Raisins 1 c.

Mix the molasses and milk and add to the suet. Sift the flour and spices, etc., add the raisins, and all to the suet molasses mixture. Put in greased molds, cover and steam for three hours.

Nut Pudding

Molasses 1 c.	Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Raisins 1 c.	Walnut meats 1 c.
Sweet milk 1 c.	Chopped figs $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Flour $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Soda 1 t.
Chopped suet 1 c.	Nutmeg $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Mix the fruit, nuts and suet, add the molasses, then the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Steam in covered molds for three and a half hours.

Drop Spice Cookies

Fat 1 c.	Eggs 2
Brown sugar 2 c.	Sour milk 1 c.
Cloves 1 t.	Flour (white or whole wheat $3\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Nutmeg $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Rolled oats 2 c.
Soda 1 t.	Cinnamon 1 t.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.	Raisins c.

[Continued on page 51]

TANGEE

LIKE NATURE'S OWN GLOW



VOGUE TELLS

"WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN"

"Men no longer beam with approval" says this world famous fashion magazine, "at the sight of a schoolgirl complexion guiltless of any make-up. On the contrary they may even find it wan and dull. But there remains always the distinction between art and artifice, and a patently artificial beauty leaves them quite as cold. Avoid therefore lipsticks that do not match one's natural coloring."

Tangee, the world's most famous lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Tangee is entirely different from any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips . . . and blends with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial!

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Cream the shortening and sugar, add the beaten eggs to the milk. Sift the dry ingredients, add the rolled oats and raisins. Add to the sugar and shortening alternately with the liquid. Drop by spoonfuls on pans and bake about 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Date Patty Cakes

Butter $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Brown sugar $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Eggs 4 Nutmeg ($\frac{1}{2}$ t.)
Milk 1 c. Baking powder $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Flour $3\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cinnamon $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Dates, cut in pieces 1 lb

Partly cream butter and sugar, add unbeaten eggs, then beat the mixture till light, add the milk alternately with the flour sifted with the spices, etc., and the floured dates. Part dates, and part raisins, may be used if wished. Beat hard till well mixed and light. Fill greased muffin pans half full, and bake in a moderate oven.

Both of the above recipes make large amounts, but the cookies and patty cakes keep well.

There are many kinds of cakes which will keep moist for a considerable length of time, such as apple sauce cake, etc. Any with fruit in them, and most of those made with molasses are satisfactory in this respect. When making a cake, part of it might be put in muffin tins, the rest made in a small loaf. Portions of the batter may be varied by adding to them, nut meats, cocoanut, fruit, peel, spices, chocolate, etc., so that one will not become too tired of a cake before it is all eaten. If cake becomes too dry, it may be moistened by putting a piece of apple in the box with it, and closing tightly.

Stale cake or cookies, even of different kinds, may be crumbled, added to a

beaten egg, milk, a little sugar and a pinch of salt, and baked as a small cabinet pudding.

Hard Sauce

Powdered sugar 1 c. Flavoring 1 t.
Butter $1\frac{1}{3}$ c. Hot water 2-3 drops
Cream the butter and sugar and hot water, adding the flavoring gradually, which may be vanilla, or vanilla with half as much lemon or almond extract. Some people like a little nutmeg also. If made in a small bowl and kept covered, this sauce will keep for some time. If it hardens too much, add a drop or two of hot water.

Lemon Sauce

Will also keep for some time and may be re-heated over hot water. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar with 1 tb. cornstarch or $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. flour, add 1 c. boiling water and cook over hot water. Add 2 tb. butter, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. lemon juice.

Use Plenty of Apples

Eat "an apple a day" is wise advice. Oranges and grapefruit and lemon and grapes may be too expensive for some of us, but most of us can afford to use a number of apples, both raw and cooked, as desserts, in salads, sandwiches, with meats, or merely "as is," and at all times of the day—for every meal for the children to take to school, and before going to bed.

Fruit Cups and Cocktails

Apples, pared and cut in cubes, may be satisfactorily combined with oranges, grape-fruit, canned cherries, pineapple, pears, cooked prunes or figs, and sweetened, and moistened with a little juice from one of the other fruits, to form delicious cocktails and fruit cups.

Home Made Candies for the Holidays

THERE'S something so delectable in the thought of home-made candies that the mere mention of making them produces a delightful stir about the house. Everyone wants to help. And even those skeptics who stay as far away from the kitchen as possible find it out of the question to stay away entirely, and wander in to "see how things are going on," or to suggest doing such and such a thing.

Of course everyone who makes candy at home wants to make it as attractive looking as possible, that is, attractive looking in a professional sense. If chocolate dipping is done, it should be accomplished very carefully so that the chocolates shall have as perfect looking curls on them as one can make. It is essential to make the candy, too, so that it will not "run together," as so many home-made candies are wont to do, to the discomfort not only of the person eating it, but of the hostess serving it.

Plain Fondant: Mix three cups of sugar with one cup of water and one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar in a sauce pan; wipe down the sides of the pan with a damp cloth to remove the crystals. Cook to 240° F., the soft ball stage, without stirring. Pour onto a wet marble slab or enameled table top, or into a large greased platter, and let cool to lukewarm. Then manipulate with a short, square spatula, always working back and forth, never in circles, until the mass creams. Then kneed in the hands a few minutes, place in a bowl, cover with a damp cloth and allow to ripen for twenty-four hours. If you wish to keep it indefinitely, pack it in a covered, airtight jar, and keep it in the refrigerator.

You may extend your fondant further, making a fruit fondant, which is

delicious for a "centre" to coat with chocolate.

Raspberry fondant, for instance, offers the favorite flavor of raspberry and is good coated with chocolate.

Raspberry Fondant: Press contents of one 8-ounce can of raspberries through a sieve, and three tablespoons of sugar, and boil to a thick jam, 225° F. Let cool several hours. Add cold jam to two cups fondant, mixing in well with a fork, then let stand over night. Shape into balls or patties, let dry off slightly, and dip in melted chocolate.

Jelly cubes are also delicious as fruit confections by themselves, or coated with chocolate if you prefer.

Strawberry Jelly Cubes: Press contents of one-eight-ounce can strawberries through a sieve, making a purée. Add one-half cup pectin syrup, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup corn syrup, one-half tablespoon lemon juice, and boil till thermometer registers 220° F. Pour into greased pans until mixture is about one-half inch thick, and let cool. Let stand over-night in a cold place. Cut in cubes, and roll in powdered sugar. May also dip in chocolate or in melted fondant.

If you like home-made fudge, here is an excellent one made with fruit:

Peach Fudge: Melt two squares chocolate carefully, without burning, add two cups sugar, and mix well. Then add two-thirds cup condensed milk, one-half cup water, four tablespoons white corn syrup, and let cook without stirring to 234° F. Add two tablespoons butter, letting it melt over the top without stirring, cool to 120° F., add two-thirds cup chopped dried apricots or peaches, and beat till creamy. Pour into buttered pans.

A Park Ranger finds

his foe... and conquers!



"The life we lead here in the Park is a strenuous one—the long, exhausting ski trips often requiring ten to fifteen hours of the hardest kind of labor. One must be in the very best physical condition to last in this winter work, and husky as I am, I found myself losing out, due principally to my inability to sleep well at night, even though dog-tired. That coupled with an all-morning headache had me worried.

"Finally, after consulting a physician, I decided to cut out caffeine and try the thirty day test of Postum. Thanks be, that I did. The initial tryout came one cold, blustery night when I arrived at the station wet, cold and dead-tired. A steaming hot cup of Postum surely hit the right spot, and that night for the first time in weeks, I slept as a tired man should. Long before the thirty days were up, I was fit as a fiddle, sleeping like a log every night and feeling like singing in the mornings—and doing it."

MILTON D. BRADSHAW, Park Ranger.

PERHAPS you know what it is to go to bed, dog-tired, and not be able to sleep. Perhaps you know those all-morning headaches. Many a man is all too familiar with these troubles, and the damage they do a good day's work. The pity of it is that most men don't realize that beverages containing tannin and caffeine may be the cause of these troubles—and they go on drinking them as usual.

It may not have occurred to you that tannin and caffeine could cause your own wakeful hours—but try Mr. Bradshaw's experiment! Instead of beverages containing tannin and caffeine, make Postum your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then take stock of your health and work!

You'll call it the wisest test you ever made. Returns will show in sounder sleep, increased energy and better work!

The answer?—Postum contains no tannin or caffeine. It is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. Noth-

ing here to cause sleeplessness! Nothing to bring on headaches, "nerves," or indigestion. Nothing here but wholesome deliciousness. And we mean deliciousness. Postum has a wonderful flavor—fine and distinctive. Two million families sing its praises!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

83	P4-30M
GENERAL FOODS, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.	
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of	
INSTANT POSTUM	☐ Check which you prefer
(prepared instantly in the cup)	
POSTUM CEREAL	☐
(prepared by boiling)	
Name	
Street	
City Province	
Fill in completely—print name and address	

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup, by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.



"Mother, listen! It talks out loud!"

NO wonder Kellogg's Rice Krispies captivate children. The minute you tilt the cream pitcher, these nourishing rice bubbles begin to crackle and pop. And how good they taste!

Serve this delightful cereal for breakfast tomorrow. All the family will welcome its crunchy crispness, its flavor of toasted rice. Extra good with fresh or canned fruits or sweetened with honey.

Rice Krispies are fine for lunch or dinner. Ideal for the kiddies' supper. Easy to digest. Wholesome. You'll like to munch them right out of the package.

And try the recipes on the carton. Macaroons, candies. Buttered Rice Krispies! Sprinkle on ice cream. Put them in soups. Order from your grocer. Always in the red-and-green package.

Served by hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, on dining-cars. Last year, a new sensation—today, one of the most popular cereals!

Made by Kellogg in London, Canada

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES



The Old-Time Spirit

By Frank Miell

LOYD PENROSE, hunched well down to escape the direct blast of that bitter nor'-west wind, trudged behind his sleigh load of hewed ties, inwardly cursing the weather, the country, his neighbors.

But this was his very last winter, he had decided. He'd had his bellyful of it. Ever since his return from overseas, and his excursion into the hitherto unexplored regions of borrowed capital—incidentally he hated debt—he had been working for the Soldier Settlement Board. He had paid them in round figures, he estimated, as much as the actual present day value of the stuff—more perhaps. In spite of reductions and revaluation, he still owed more than he had paid. The loan consolidation had eased the burden, without actually lifting it.

The fewer dollars were now harder to get, or had been, until this year. His hay—the main standby—sold for barely "wage" value in good years: he had never been lucky enough to strike a good crop in the lean years when hay was worth real money.

Until he had started the tie-hacking business, he had got behind a bit—not very much—in his annual payments to the Board. In the last two years of timber, he had managed to pull up on his arrears, and with luck, this year should see him ahead for the first time.

But this timber business was a hard, muscle-aching, monotonous graft. It was a sixteen-mile haul to the railroad siding. You had to forget the thermometer. It was off before daybreak most of the winter, back long after dark. You had to take full advantage of every day of good sleighing.

This year, too, he had been fairly lucky with his hay, and hay was worth \$22 a ton, and going up. He hadn't sold yet—the ties were more important. Hay was always as good as gold this kind of year. Many had been after him for hay—scarcely a trip but someone new approached him.

Lloyd swore under his breath as an extra vicious gust of wind eddied round the end of his sleigh, and stung his face spitefully.

A tough graft! Yea! Yet—it wasn't so much the tough graft, or his eternal struggle to meet his loan payments. He lived pretty well, was his own boss. A fellow could only eat just so much, wear so many clothes. His clothes—overalls covering the warmest of underclothing—suited him as well as any. Money to him was just money—nothing to shout about.

Lloyd wasn't a lazy man. He felt "satisfied" when he was working, as a rule. Really bad spells, with only chores to do, got his goat. He manufactured jobs around the buildings and barns.

No, he reflected, come down to a fine point, it was none of these things—hard work, debt, weather—which really counted in his decision to sell out. The main trouble was the neighbors. The old days had gone: the fine old spirit, that happy, carefree and neighborly spirit of pre-war pioneering had departed. It would never come back.

Folks now grubbed about dollars. They went about looking for trouble. Even his old pals had seemed to desert him, lately. They had no time for him. Mere trifles riled them, they had an everlasting chip on their shoulders. Sizing them up, there was no one that had the least use for him now, and—candidly—he hadn't the least use of any of 'em either. They were a back-biting, spiteful lot. They butted into your business, criticized your methods of living, and farming. They faked up imaginary bits of scandal.

Ugh! Lloyd shivered. He was fed up with the lot of them! The steady, gnawing ache in his leg—the old wound always gave him trouble this kind of day—did not help his reflections.

The last straw, really, the thing which had caused his decision to pull out, had been his break with Harry Kenton, his next door neighbor and war-time buddy. They had almost

fought—would have, but for the intervention of Mary Kenton, Harry's sensible little wife. It was a little thing that started it. Lloyd's horses had got into Harry's green feed stack, and, this year, Harry was a bit worried about feed.

But that one thing had led to the next, charges and counter-charges. Pin-pricks, almost forgotten, became magnified in that insane argument, to bayonet thrusts. Just about every little thing that had happened since the War had been harped on—a formidable count on both sides, told in the angry heat of controversy.

They hadn't spoken since that day. Before, almost every morning they had joshed back and forth from barn to barn—their barns were only a hundred yards apart. Harry had padlocked the gate between them. This meant that Lloyd had a mile farther to haul his ties, and he swore that if Harry went down on his hands and knees and begged him, he wouldn't enter the place again.

Old Jake Dobson, his neighbor on the other side, was another washout. Jake had a scurrilous tongue, his worst fault, perhaps, but he had turned recently into a penny-pinching old rogue. Wanted five dollars a day to help with the haying! He knew Lloyd was up against it for help, and the local way had always been to trade labor. Jake hadn't been busy—he never was, except with his tongue—and wasn't worth more than half wages at the best of times. It was sheer, nauseating boredom to listen to him backbite the neighbors. Someone was always "doin' him dirt," according to Jake. The worst of it, too, you knew darn well he was saying the same thing about you to other neighbors, and that anything you chanced to say would be distorted by Jake and carried around the settlement.

The others were just about as bad. Lloyd couldn't remember when he had been done a neighborly turn—it was so long ago.

Oh, well! He wouldn't have to put up with it for long, now. The old-time spirit—true comradeship—had departed. They were driving him—the last of the true old-timers—out of the district. He was going to the Coast—his brother had often written him to come and work in his hardware store, and become a partner.

THERE was a down grade just ahead of the team. Lloyd ran around in the deep snow, intending to jump on and hold the team back. He made the leap, but his rubbers slipped off the slick, icy sides of the ties, his half-number fingers lost their grip.

"Whoa!" he shouted as he fell, one leg—his wounded leg—under the hind runners of the sleigh.

One horse stopped, the other carried on. The full weight of the heavy load crushed his leg into the hard-packed trail. A sickening, agonizing pain tortured him as he struggled to drag himself clear.

Again he yelled to the horses. They stopped, but the sleigh now on the downgrade, carried slightly forward, dragging him with it. A merciful unconsciousness descended on him—

Luckily for Lloyd, a team had been gaining steadily on him, and was now close behind.

His leg was broken in two places.

When he came out of the anesthetic. Lloyd was still back—mentally—on that wind-swept trail. In his mutterings, he cursed the weather, the country, the neighbors—mostly the neighbors, with Harry Kenton heading the list.

Curiously enough, these same feelings persisted the next day. The events which had led up to his hospital entry, were one hazy, soul-searing nightmare. Dimly he remembered seeing Harry's face, white and drawn, over him; felt the warmth of a big trail-side camp fire. Pain! A sleigh jolting cruelly—the village doctor—pain, always pain!

A train journey—the same jolting torture.

This accident, of course, capped the climax. Doubly so, when he had only been sticking it out in the bitter weather, to pay one hundred cents on every dollar he owed to the Board. They would never say he had pulled out, ran away from his debts, like they'd said about other S.S.B. settlers who had found the going too hard.

He had stood so good a show, too until this accursed accident. Hell! All the money he'd made this winter—and more, he guessed—would go for that one moment's ill luck. Lost time, valuable sleighing time, doctor's bills and hospital charges—a weak leg for months.

This was the finish. Irrevocable! Let 'em take every blamed thing he had. They wouldn't lose much in fact they'd make out well when they sold the farm. Harry Kenton would jump at the chance of the farm, he knew.

He felt sick, weary. His leg was paining terribly. As soon as he got out of hospital, he'd pull straight for the Coast—a soft job with his brother.

THE nurse brought him in his mail four letters, the first he had received in hospital, all bearing the settlement postmark.

The neighbors! He knew, without reading, what they'd be about. There would be a few words of mock sympathy—then a request to borrow his team till he got out, or harness, or even his grub.

He tore the end off the first envelope. It was addressed in a scrawling, almost illegible hand. The envelope was greasy. "Hospital" was spelled "hospitile."

Three creased, torn one dollar bills fell out, and a slightly cleaner two. He read:

"Mr. Lloyd Penrose, dear friend, tough luck, Lloyd oldtimer, thought you mite be a bit shy so I am sending five bucks, hoping it finds you getting on as good as possible as it leaves me yores truly,

jake.

Lloyd's eyes were shiny. Old Jake, the mean, scrounging old reprobate! Old Jake, the loose-tongued! It was unbelievable.

Wonderingly he turned to the second. It was from a man he had no use for—one he hadn't had a civil word from for years. The letter was brief, but it breathed sincere sympathy. It offered help, financial or otherwise, and offered it tactfully. Lloyd appreciated.

Lloyd was ready for anything now. The third was from another neighbor—one with a large family. He had a struggle to make both ends meet, Lloyd knew. The sympathy here was genuine,

the help offered was practical. The girls, said the letter, were now busy arranging for a couple of dances in the schoolhouse. One was to be a Box Social, the other a Hard Times Dance. All the proceeds were going—whether Lloyd liked it or not—towards his hospital expenses.

Lloyd did like it—the spirit of the letter. Not so much the idea of the "hospital expenses," but—how could he refuse, when to refuse meant a real hurt?

He turned to the last. He had sort of hoped that Harry had written it, and was disappointed to find it was in a feminine handwriting. He turned to the signature first—Mary Kenton. Then he read.

The first few sentences not only dispelled his disappointment, they went far to make him forget his physical hurt. Harry hadn't forgotten. Mary said he was too cut up about the accident to write yet. He was busy, too—doing Lloyd's work as well as his own. The neighbors had organized, at Harry's suggestion, and six sleigh loads of Lloyd's ties were leaving that very morning, bound for the railroad siding. When all the ties had been hauled, they would haul the hay, the same way six loads at a time—if he wanted them to.

Mary herself, thoughtful soul, had been across to the shack, and had brought away all freezable stuff, and had fixed the rest of the food so the mice shouldn't get at it.

Lloyd read the letter with eyes that were misting. Before he had finished, tears rolled unheeded on to his pillow. In one illuminating flash, he saw what a truly fifty-fifty proposition it all was. Half the blame for lack of neighborly spirit could be laid at his door—more than half, in fact. Money-grubbers he had called them. And, they all had more troubles and cares than himself, most of them a harder grit than he knew—the rearing of a family. Even old Jake—facing old age without relations, without anything much.

Backbiters! And, hadn't he backbitten as much as any? Of course, he had called it advice, and criticism.

"What a blind, selfish fool I've been," he murmured. "The old-time spirit is still there."

He re-read Mary Kenton's closing sentence.

"So, Lloyd dear, you're not to worry about anything. We'll see that everything is just the way you would have it until you get back."

"Of course I'll go back," he mused. "I couldn't, now, do anything else."

When the nurse re-entered, Lloyd was sound asleep, a happy smile on his drawn face, his hands still clasping Mary Kenton's letter.

A Thought

By Roger R. MacPherson

What right have we to look with scorn,
Upon our fellow man forlorn,
An outcast pitched upon life's tide,
Bereft of friends and lost to pride?

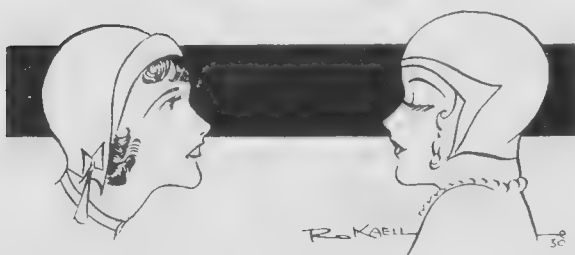
What right have we to pass him by,
With haughty mien, averted eye,
Who knows the unkind twist of fate,
That brought him to his sordid state?

He may have once been debonair,
And of life's riches had his share,

Welcom'd amongst the world's elect,
Endowed with super intellect.

So let us while we wend our way,
Upon our labours of each day,
Remember we a duty owe,
To such as fate has stricken low.

A friendly hand—a smile sincere,
May raise him to a higher sphere,
So let it be our daily creed,
To help uplift the broken reed.



HONOR AT THE
BORDER

THERE IS NO HONESTY
ANYWHERE MY MAID HAS
JUST RUN AWAY AND
TAKEN THREE OF MY
BEST DRESSES
"WHICH ONES?"
"THE ONES THAT I
SMUGGLED THROUGH
THE CUSTOMS LAST
TIME I CAME OVER
FROM THE STATES"

Your Health deserves this safer sanitary protection



Unless precautions are taken
in youth, women suffer need-
lessly, doctors say.

YOU can't be too careful about the kind of sanitary care you give yourself, from earliest youth on, according to medical opinion. And—once you've tried Kotex—you are never satisfied with ordinary sanitary protection.

Because Kotex, besides being a great comfort, is designed to fit inconspicuously—so that there are no awkward lines, no matter how close-fitting your dress may be.

And it is so easily disposed of. That's the first thing in its favor, most women feel. You have no unpleasant laundering, no inconvenience.

Many of our great hospitals prefer Kotex for their patients. The material of which it is made—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—is used in Canada's leading hospitals. It is actually five times as absorbent as cotton.

The comfort and health protection of Kotex are luxuries every woman can afford nowadays. Send for a trial package. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited.

KOTEX IS SOFT...

1. Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2. Rounded and tapered corners—for inconspicuous protection.
3. Safe, secure... keeps your mind at ease.
4. Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. Disposable completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—60c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—75c for 12

At all drug, dry goods and department stores. Just say "a package of Kotex."

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KOTEX

The New Sanitary pad which deodorizes

TRY KOTEX—FREE... 3 Kotex pads will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper, as soon as this coupon is received. Also, a very interesting and valuable booklet on Personal Hygiene. It answers many questions that are in every woman's mind. The sample and the booklet are yours, at no cost.

WHM 11

For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send this coupon to:—

Ellen J. Buckland, R.N.,
330 Bay St., Toronto 2, Ontario
You may send 3 samples of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene", in plain envelope.

Name

Address

City..... Prov..... 1323

What
is he
worth
to
you?



"More than his weight in gold," you say. Yet right now you may be unconsciously placing an obstacle to his future happiness.

Fully eighty percent. of the worthwhile positions today go to well-educated men and women. An education is indispensable to your boy's career. But suppose you died—or were unable to afford the cost—would his future crumble like the fairy castle

he builds with blocks?

Make sure *NOW* that this will not happen to your child. Make sure by taking out a North American Life

Child's Educational Policy

which will assure him the priceless advantages of a complete College training. Let us send you full details about the cost of education in various universities, showing how you can arrange it for your child.

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This Bank invites your Savings Account. Interest added every six months.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

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General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager

902



A CORRECTION

IN THE October issue we answered a question as to the standing of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada. After stating that this company was considered the strongest life company in Canada, we made reference to certain articles, in one of which it was stated that the company had "set up a reserve of \$1,000,000 in valuing its securities to cover any possible fluctuations in market prices of the stocks." A reference to the article and to the facts will at once disclose that the figure quoted is quite erroneous, the correct statement being a reserve of \$100,000,000. This error is very much regretted. To those who are familiar with the stupendous development of this company and the judicious care which it exercises in its investment policy the error was at once apparent. For those not so familiar this explanation is inserted so as to give added weight to our opinion stated above as to the financial standing of the company.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Vancouver, B.C.

(Q) Being a subscriber to your paper and a constant reader of your Dollar and Cents Page, I would like to ask your opinion re an investment I made

While in Montreal I was induced to buy several thousand shares in the Duparquet Mining Co. Ltd. whose offices are in the Rufer Bldg., Montreal. It has an authorized capital of 500,000 shares of \$1.00 par value.

When I bought these shares three years ago I was told that within a few months the shares of the company would be on the Montreal and Toronto exchanges. Since coming to B.C. I have looked in vain on the stock exchanges of both places. I have written and asked for information from the person I bought my shares through but get no answer.

Could you in any way find out what this company is doing with the property and also with the moneys received from the sale of stock and its future prospects?—R.T.B.

(A) The Duparquet Mining Co. Ltd. is apparently still in the preliminary development stage.

We understand that some time ago the company sunk a shaft on its gold claims but at present it is concentrating its activities on its copper prospects in the Rouyn District, not very far from Noranda. We are informed that the company has diamond drilled these prospects and the results are quite encouraging, and the company recently stated that they expected to raise sufficient moneys in London to finance the sinking of the shaft and more thorough examination of the property underground.

At the present time the company can only be considered a raw prospect and it will depend upon future developments whether your shares have any value.

We understand that the shares of the company were listed on the Montreal Curb Exchange, but are not sure whether they still are. You might get more detailed information if you were to write to the company's head office which we believe is 204 Hospital Street, Montreal. The transfer agents are the Crown Trust Company of Montreal.

Sanford, Man.

(Q) Will you please tell me if you think the Interlocking Construction Co. is a reliable investment and if not, can I withdraw the amount I have invested?—F.R.

(A) We have no information as to the Interlocking Construction Company and are of the opinion at the present time it would not constitute a satisfactory investment, especially for a lady.

We presume that the company is a new company and you will realize that the purchase of the securities of such a company cannot be classed as an investment and must be considered as an unattractive speculation until the company has a proven record of ability to earn dividends over a period of years.

Vancouver, B.C.

(Q) I would like to have your opinion on an investment I have made. I hold twenty-five shares of Irish Canadian Oils Limited, Calgary, Alta., also shares in Boundary Bay oils, which company was bought over by Irish Canadian I believe.

Please tell me if these shares are of any value or likely to be.—M.S.C.

(A) Our information is that neither the Irish Canadian Oils Limited nor Boundary Bay Oils make any answer to mail directed to them, and the companies are at present believed to be dormant.

The shares of the Irish Canadian Oils Limited were offered for sale by General Brokers Limited, 509 Northwest Bldg., Vancouver, and it might be this company can give you further information.

We believe the shares are of no value at present, but they could have some value in the future if the companies were successfully financed, and succeeded in bringing in some profitable wells.

Ninette, Man.

(Q) Could you tell me if the National House Purchase Ltd. and its sister company, the Quarterly Dividends Ltd., are any good? They have registered offices at Fishponds, Bristol, England, Canadian registered office, Calgary, Alberta.

I would like to know if these companies are a sound investment also if this plan works like they say it does.—A Reader.

(A) We have no record of these companies. The service which we offer to subscribers does not extend to foreign corporations that are not operating in Canada.

We have no information as to either of these companies carrying on business in Canada, so that apparently if a Canadian branch has been established it has only been done very recently.

Regina, Sask.

(Q) I am holding quite a number of "Noble Five Mines," having bought them outright at 65 cents each. Kindly give me your opinion of this stock.—H.J.B.

(A) At the present time the market for silver and lead is in a very depressed state, the price for both metals being the lowest for a great many years. We understand that the Noble Five Mines compare favorably with other small mines producing silver and lead, but at the present time the company cannot operate at a profit. We think it very likely that conditions will change in due course, and when the price of these metals improve then we consider that the stock of Noble Five Mines may well be a satisfactory speculation in its class. At the present time their shares are not attractive.

Semans, Sask.

(Q) Kindly advise me if you consider the Western Loan & Savings Association, Paris Building, Winnipeg, to be a sound financial institution in which to invest money.—F.L.Mc.

(A) The Western Loan & Savings Association is a small company recently organized, so that an investment in its securities has the usual disadvantage of such investments, namely that they have very small collateral value and are not easily disposed of. The success of such a company depends upon the soundness of its management and their ability to invest the assets of the company safely. Such companies in

[Continued on page 59]

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

Answers to Queries

Milden, Sask.

(Q) An aunt died and left her estate to brothers and sisters and their families. Part of the property was to be held till her husband's death. He died two years ago and there has been nothing done about the Will. Who would I go to or what could I do to hasten things on? The executors don't seem to do anything. A Reader.

(A) We would suggest that you first write to the executors requesting distribution of the Estate. If they fail to comply with this request then apply to the Court which has jurisdiction over the estate to force administration by the executors, or in the alternative, to appoint a new administrator to distribute the Estate. The Court which would have jurisdiction would be the Court within which the greater portion of the Estate is situate. Very probably this would be the Ontario Court which has jurisdiction in Renfrew County.

Vulcan, Alta.

(Q) In February I obtained a passport or visa to accompany my husband, who is an American, to Spokane where he intended to take a course, and we did not know how long we would be absent. I understood that I should pay head tax of \$8.00, which I did, but if we returned before the six months same would be returned. We returned before six months time and when I applied for refund at the port of entry it was refused, the officer being even rather insulting. My girl friend, who also is a Canadian but went to the States, understood the same thing so we would like to have this matter cleared. I have also written the American Consul at Calgary but should like to know what your opinion is.—L.J.

(A) We understand as you do that if the head tax is paid by a person entering the United States and the person returns to this country within six months, that the head tax should be refunded. As a matter of fact we know of cases where it has been refunded.

You should take the matter up with the United States Department of Immigration rather than with the Consulate. As the wife of an American citizen you may not be liable for the tax at all, which is a further reason why you should get a refund.

Broadview, Sask.

(Q) My wife and I are both over 72 years and entirely dependent on a son who has his own home to provide for. Can I get the Old Age Pension? I own a small house and a lot, which brings in no revenue. I willed my property to my wife twenty years ago. Can the Government have any claim on said property at my death?—A Subscriber.

(A) It would appear to us that you and your wife are entitled to the Old Age Pension provided you can qualify on the other points, namely, that you are a British subject, have resided in Canada for twenty years and have lived in Saskatchewan for five years.

As you own your home, you may have to transfer this to the Government before they will pay you the pension, but you are entitled to reside in the house until after your death.

Calgary, Alta.

(Q) In your June issue there is an enquiry about the books sold by the International Research Bureau. These books have been sold to me and were misrepresented and I am far from being satisfied. [Continued on page 56]



Life Assurance is the Backlog of the Home!

¶ You know—the timber at the back of the fireplace, against which the lighter fuel is piled and the fire is built—reflecting and increasing the comfort of the blaze—holding and radiating welcome heat when other fuel has been consumed. The backlog is what must first be secured. It remains when everything else disappears.

¶ That is what the soundest financiers call life assurance—a Backlog! Bonds, mortgages, stocks, savings, building and loan shares—all desirable—but secondary. By life assurance an estate can be created outright. It is unaffected by market fluctuations. It is impregnable. In the Sun Life of Canada, life assurance is not only a sure bulwark against death or disability—it is a profitable form of investment.



Head Office: Montreal

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA



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on your dinner table . . .



What about the cards on your Bridge Table?

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Legal Information

Continued from page 55

Would you please tell me if I can demand my money back by sending them these books. My case is the same as J.F. only my note has been sold to the Dominion Discount Company.—E.W.P.

(A) From the information which we have so far acquired, in connection with the activities of the International Research Bureau, we believe that any person who purchased their books would have a very good chance of cancelling the contract for purchase, and demanding refund of moneys paid to the Bureau.

If you desire to rescind the contract you must return to the Company any possible advantage you may have had from it, and it would mean you would have to return the books to them.

Saskatoon, Sask.

(Q) Would like to call your attention to a letter written by J. F. Edmon-ton, Alta. in the June issue of your magazine, regarding the International Research Institute. We had the same experience as J.F. excepting that my husband wrote both the International Research Institute and the Dominion Discount Company, who hold the note, on May 24, asking the Research people to cancel the books and advising the Dominion Discount that he had written asking them to cancel the books, but neither company answered his letter. When the books came in July I refused them. We have heard nothing from the Research Institute but the Dominion Discount Company sent in a statement. We now owe them \$15.00 but we have no books. Why should we have to pay for something we have not got? They refuse to answer our mail.

Can they make us pay the note the Dominion Discount Company hold?—T.C.H.

(A) You have apparently seen our previous advice in connection with this matter. We can only repeat our advice not to make any further payments on the account. We are of the opinion that you can successfully resist any action for payment.

You cannot prevent either the Research Institute or the Discount Company starting Court proceedings against you and garnishing your earnings, but we believe that you can prevent them obtaining payment out of any money which has to be paid into Court under the garnishing proceedings.

British Columbia.

(A) We received a long letter from F.T.A. in reply to a question and answer which we published recently. For the information of F.T.A., our service is to answer legal questions, but space cannot permit us to enter into lengthy arguments between parties to a dispute, and for that reason we cannot publish his reply to the previous question.

Despair

By Jessica E. Money

*There's a land of monstrous shadows
Lying far from any Sun;
Within its gloom, when walk one must,
It is alone—alone.*

*And the flowers there smell bitter,
Watered oft with secret tears,
And the heart is numbed with what it bears
Alone—yes, all alone.*

*All ye who've passed its jagged shores,
Whose hearts the scars still bear,
Pause now—and pray for those who still
Go on—alone—alone.*

Envy

By Gwen M. Pharis

*A golden girl, with laughter-loving eyes,
Red lips aglow, soft hair, bewitching sighs,
Just passed this way;—And oh, I envied her,
Though she was clothed in homespun, I, in fur.*

*I envied not her beauty or her grace,
For I, they say am fair of form and face.
But I would trade my rings, and silk, and fur,
For just the joy illuminating her.*

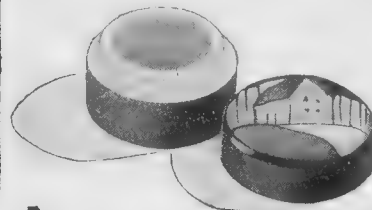
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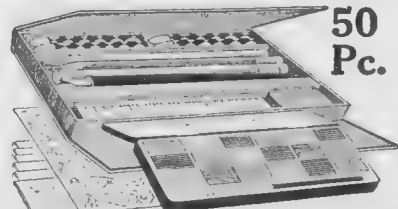


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Unemployment and Education

By Margaret Somerville McDonald

WHILE the weather was still warm, civic and provincial governments foresaw that the large influx of labor into Alberta would mean a serious situation in the winter months. Now, with the thermometer heading for zero, housing conditions congested, nearly all constructive work at a standstill, the cities find themselves faced with a heretofore unprecedented unemployment situation.

It is always so in Canada when the winter sets in. Many ardent reformers and philanthropists meet together and discuss the best resolutions to pass, and the best authorities to send them to. But for all the charities and organizations, and resolutions—the situation grows worse each year. And the newspapers print longer and more pathetic stories of hunger, and cold, and lack of shelter.

Our law insists that each child in Canada shall attend school from the age of six till sixteen. We teach him to read, to write, to cipher. And we try to instill a love of art into his soul. It is our boast that we are all literate—everyone in Canada can both read and write.

Yet of what avail is such an ability when one is confronted by the stern spectres of hunger, cold, and lack of shelter?

It is not so long ago that advanced learning was only for the favored few, or the self-sacrificing ones. The great mass of people were taught a trade or some useful form of employment. The scholar entered the professions or the literary world. Well-meaning intellectualists who derived great pleasure out of the pursuits of their minds determined to make education a boon for the masses. And so began the first form of Socialism. They entirely overlooked the fact that for some, mental pursuits were quite distasteful. And they ignored the further fact that without the three basic arts of life—agriculture, weaving and architecture, man would perish.

Observant teachers say that as early as the second grade in school they can pick out those who are suitable to go on with higher education. Yet our law forces all children to attend school till the age of sixteen. Intelligent agriculture, intelligent clothing, intelligent building are entirely left out of our calculations as necessary education. Yet these three are fundamentals of human life. And the fundamental things are meant for the great majority of humanity. What shall one read if one

is hungry? How shall one cipher if he is cold? Or where shall he write if he has no shelter? It is true that we have our agricultural colleges where we teach the older student scientific farming. But where do we teach the art of building, or making material with which to clothe ourselves, or keep us warm?

The professional person is the only one today who serves an apprenticeship. Education is to him a means of earning his livelihood and existence. But for the great mass of humanity, and the majority of the people our educational system is a stumbling block and a failure.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," is the primal law of life. We cannot escape that till we return to dust. Then why do we build our whole system of learning contrary to this first edict of existence? The farther we depart from this principle of life, the more terrible is the problem of unemployment.

In a country so vast as Canada there is no need at all for hunger or cold or lack of shelter. We have everything to supply those needs. But instead of teaching the people to use intelligently the means for existence, we head the large herd off to fields that they can never conquer. And if they could, the problem would be worse than it is now.

Everyone has a dual brain. One is in the head, the other in the hand. Because a man works with his head does not make him superior to the one who uses his hands with equal intelligence. And the one who can feed himself clothe himself and shelter himself has his intellectual brother beaten at the start. But going to school from the age of six to sixteen, of itself, does not fit anyone for anything.

Though there was all sorts of labor in our cities in the summer, a very small proportion was skilled. Most laborers could read and write. But they could do neither well enough to earn an existence. And they had not been trained in any other way.

In this period of peace which follows war we will have to go back to apprenticeships and practical knowledge. When a child has reached sixteen he is too old to start in to learn a trade. If education is not practical it fails of its purpose. Our whole system needs overhauling so that it can put some practical means of earning a livelihood into the hands of the non-professional classes.

with some member giving the history of the composer of the days' programme. I can't sing or play, so my part next meeting is to tell of the life of Mozart. My husband says I'll go to the library for that. Of course I will. Where else would I go? But I'd never go for this particular subject if it were not for the club, and what I bring back I share with the children.

"I do wish I could write. I'd like to tell these husbands who are just plain prejudiced against women's clubs what mine mean to me. Sometimes I think I'll go back to the very plain and unappetizing fare I served my husband before meeting other women, and hearing the exchange of experiences and ideas that taught me new ways. I must run home. I have a dish of jello hardening. Just before it gets solid I will chip some marshmallows over it. Mrs. Allen told me about it on our way home from the music club. It is so much less expensive than whipped cream, and the children adore marshmallows. If my husband were here, he'd make fun of me for saying 'adore.' I learned that from the children, and do you know I rather like their exaggerations. There's so much enthusiasm in them."

What Every Man Doesn't Know

Continued from page 39

"SOMETIMES," said Mother to a neighbor the next day, "I wish I could write as I have never wished for any talent before. I'd like to write a defence of the women who belong to clubs. Now I can't say how it is in other towns, but here in our town I never go to a club meeting that I don't come home with some new idea. Sometimes it is a pretty and inexpensive way for making a dress; I learned at a club meeting how to take spots out of a carpet; one of our music club members didn't have the pep, she said, to make a quilt, but she couldn't resist trying some of the patterns. So she bought unbleached muslin, and made dresser and side-board scarfs for her friends by appliqueing a pattern on each end. She made the patterns of bright gingham, and I wish you could see the basket of flowers pattern she made for her sister. And it cost her only the price of the unbleached muslin. Oh, this doesn't mean that we don't really study and work at our clubs. We have devoted the winter to Shakespeare in our book club, which means we are doing the subject thoroughly; we have a wonderful programme of music at every meeting of our music club,



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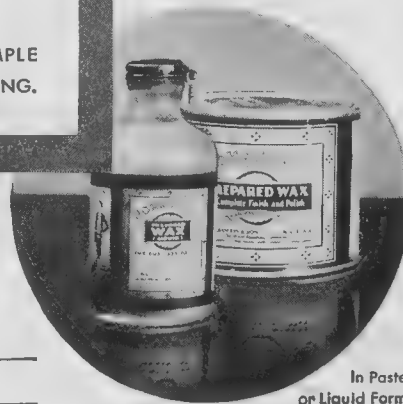
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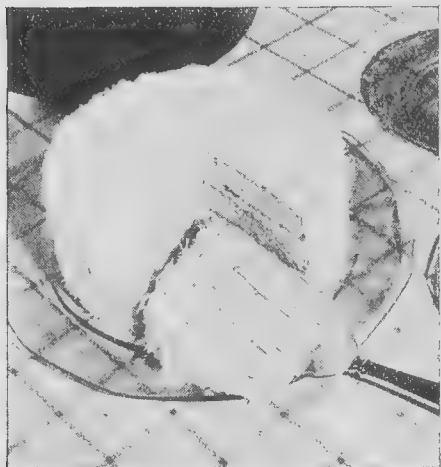
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7-minute Coconut Frosting made with BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE

2 egg whites, unbeaten	¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1½ cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
5 tablespoons cold water	1½ cups Baker's Coconut Southern Style

Put egg whites, sugar, water and cream of tartar in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and ¾ cup coconut. Beat until thick enough to spread. Sprinkle remaining coconut over the frosting cake. Make enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers.

(All measurements are level.)

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A7-30M



The yellow flowered Narcissus or Daffodil

A BULB is the most glorious thing in nature. When we hold in our hand a well-matured bulb we have there a shell containing a completely-perfected plant in miniature, where every minute detail is already worked out. All we have to do is to provide the best possible conditions resembling those of nature to enlarge what has been prepared for us. For this reason alone a failure with bulbs should be an impossibility. One must of course choose the varieties that are suited to house culture. And quality is an important item. Not size alone, but rather weight, solidity, plumpness and age are the factors which make "perfection." A perfection that will fill your whole house with beauty.

No greater joy may be had than growing bulbs to bloom during the winter. The real enjoyment comes from watching the plants from the thrilling moment when the first green shoot appears to that rapturous time when they are flaunting their red and white and yellow array so generously to the winter room and filling it with a perfumed spring. A miracle is unfolded before our very eyes! A dry brown bulb in a common pot has changed into a dainty satiny flower of marvellous loveliness.

In October visit a really reputable seed house. Purchase for your winter garden only the best bulbs to be had. Order a bag of fibre, the wonder worker! This is the winter earth for those bulbs which are best grown in vases and pottery bowls. No drainage is needed as the fibre absorbs the moisture for the growing roots. You may bring out all your prettiest bowls as fibre will not injure them in the slightest. Start with Paper White Narcissus placed closely in the vase of fibre well soaked with water. Place in a shaded position for a few days, then remove to a sunny window. They will make a lovely table decoration for the Christmas feast. Narcissus will also grow

Gay Flowering Bulbs Gladden Winter Rooms

By Laura Allan

in a vase of water held down with fancy pebbles. This is the best way to grow the Chinese Sacred Lily, the Water Fairy Flower, Joss Flower, or Flower of the Gods, as it is called by the celestials. It is not a Lily at all, but a variety of Narcissus, bearing chaste flowers of silvery white with golden yellow cups. They are of exquisite beauty and delightful perfume. A shallow bowl is best and a good many pebbles are needed to keep the tall flower stalks from toppling over.

The yellow flowered Narcissus or Daffodil grow best in porous soil or in fibre. Good varieties for house culture are:

Trumpet Daffodils: Empress, Golden Spur, King Alfred, Madame de Graaff, Victoria.

Large Cupped Narcissi: Lucifer, Sir Watkin.

Short Cupped Narcissi: Conspicuous. Poeticus: Ornatus.

Polyanthus: Grand Soliel d'Or.

Cover these bulbs in all cases. Place in a cool darkened cellar for a few weeks, then in sunny window. The right kind of soil may be purchased from the seedsman, but good live garden soil with leaf-mould and a little sand

will answer the purpose. These golden flowers are like sunbeams after a stormy day.

Hyacinth is perhaps the most satisfactory and charming of winter flowering plants. The Dutch Hyacinth thrives best in soil; plant one large bulb in four or five-inch pot, three in seven-inch; cover two-thirds inch deep. From September to November planting will give a succession of bloom throughout the winter. Water and keep in a cool dark cellar or closet until the shoot is about one inch high, move into dim light and warmth, finally to sunny window. Just before the first flowers open remove to a less sunny part of the room in order to prolong the time of flowering. The following varieties make an excellent choice:

Light Blue: Perle Brilliant, Queen of the Blues, Grand Maitre.

Dark Blue: Marie, Duke of Westminster, King of the Blues.

Violet and Mauve: Lord Balfour, Mauve Queen.

Red: La Victoire, Garibaldi, King of the Belgians.

Carmine and Rose: Gertrude, Lady Derby, Queen of the Pinks, Pink Perfection.

Yellow and Orange: King of the Yellows, City of Haarlem, Orange Boven.

White: L'Innocence, La Grandesse, Grande Blanche.

The Roman Hyacinths have a looser spike and smaller bells than the Dutch varieties above mentioned. These graceful pure white flowers may be enjoyed at Christmas if planted in September. A six-inch bulb bowl will hold five or six, a seven-inch will accommodate eight. No more charming decoration can be found than a half dozen delicate blooms in a gay flower-pot.

The pearly glistening white of the Freesia in a blue bowl is another lovely sight. These are beautiful perfumed bulbous plants which should be potted in August and September in soil or fibre, five or six corms to a five-inch pot or bowl, one inch deep. Water, cover with moss and place in bright light. Good varieties are but-tercup, pale yellow; amethyst, soft mauve; Mikado, heliotrope; mine d'or, yellow; contrast, pure white. They are the daintiest of cut flowers for the dinner table.

FROM October to November Crocuses may be planted by the dozen in flat bowls, one inch deep, and placed in cool position for a while. Cloth of Gold and Mammoth Yellow, the purple Albion, King of the Blues, and the pure white Mont Blanc are all worthy of a place in the winter garden.

Another beautiful small flower is Glory of the Snow (*Chionodoxa*) (Continued on page 60)



Photos by the courtesy of Steele, Briggs' Seed Co. Ltd.

The Hyacinth is one of the most satisfactory winter flowering plants

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Continued from page 26

Eyes of the World

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT has long concocted his novels from a recipe which has included many popular ingredients: a tear, a sigh, "the great outdoors," and a happy ending that leaves us saying, "Well, well, the world is not such a bad old place after all." I have no quarrel with Mr. Wright's recipe except that in case of the picture version of one of his most popular novels, "Eyes of the World," his story seems hopelessly old-fashioned and artificial. The dialogue arranged for the talkie has not added to Mr. Wright's story. Like the story, it is clumsy and old-fashioned.

Una Merkel, whom I have seen on the living stage, makes her screen debut in this picture. Miss Merkel is attractive and clever, but her role in this picture does not give her any opportunity to show what she can do. Most of the other actors and actresses struggle with impossible parts. In fact, the only redeeming features of this film are the beautiful outdoor backgrounds for many of the scenes.

The Sea God

"THE SEA GOD" is all about two charming young people (Miss Fay Wray and Mr. Richard Arlen) who go to the cannibal islands. The cannibals see them and decide, the dear old cannibal way, that they look "good enough to eat." As you can very well imagine, this places Miss Wray and Mr. Arlen in rather an unpleasant situation from which Mr. Arlen extricates them by pretending to be a god. As you can see, the picture is not highly original, but it has several bright spots.

Let's Go Native

"LET'S GO NATIVE" features three popular players, Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald and Skeets Gallagher. Kay Francis, James Hall and Gene Pallette are also prominent in the cast, in fact. Hall, with Miss MacDonald, succeeds in "stealing" the picture from Oakie, the real star. All the players do clever work, despite the very weak vehicle which the plot provides for them. There are plenty of laughs in this picture.

Three Faces East

ADAPTED from the stage play of the same name, "Three Faces East" is another of those spy stories. Everybody in it is a spy. Everybody in it spies upon everybody else. Constance Bennett plays a girl spy. Eric von Stroheim is a butler with one ear cocked and ready to catch the choicest secrets of the British Admiralty. The picture provides harmless and average entertainment.

Pictures Reviewed in Recent Issues:

Romance—Greta Garbo excellent as a siren in erminelines.

The Dawn Patrol—Aviators in the Great War. Effective story and good acting by Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

A Man From Wyoming—Another war story with a heroine always popping up unexpectedly in shell holes. Improbable and silly.

Anybody's War—"The Two Black Crows" provide rather thin comedy.

Raffles—Ronald Colman in an excellent version of the famous crook melodrama.

For the Defence—A tense, swift-moving story with William Powell at his best in the leading role.

The Big House—The story of a prison revolt done with grim realism. A stark, strong picture for adults.

Grumpy—Cyril Maude, the famous English actor, in his equally famous stage role. Pleasant entertainment for the whole family.

The Silent Enemy—A silent picture about Indian life in Northern Ontario. Fine photography, plenty of action. A distinguished picture recommended to young and old.

The Big Pond—Maurice Chevalier in a light comedy.

With Byrd at the South Pole—The official picture of the Byrd Expedition. Very fine.

The Unholy Three—Lon Chaney's last picture.

Holiday—Philip Barry's stage comedy makes good in the movies.

Jerome Carver

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 54

the past have usually proved moderately successful so that an investment in the company's securities may prove satisfactory. However, we would not advise anyone to purchase the company's certificates unless he is quite prepared to follow out the monthly payment plan until the purchase price is paid in full.

Victoria, B.C.

(Q) I have been considering the purchase of Canadian Western Natural Gas Preferred. Kindly give me a report on this company and the safety of investment.—Mrs. G.

(A) The Canadian Western Gas, Light, Heat and Power Co. Ltd. owns or controls practically all of the known natural gas reserves within transportable distance of its market in the Calgary and Lethbridge districts.

The company has made great progress in the last few years in developing the demand for its gas.

The preferred stock is 6 per cent cumulative participating and has preference as to capital and dividends. It is entitled to an additional 1 per cent per share if and when a dividend of 7 per cent is paid on the common stock. It is callable at 105 and a sinking fund is provided for this purpose. At the present time the preferred receives regular quarterly dividends and a bonus of 1 per cent has been declared, payable quarterly commencing September 1, 1930.

The present rate on the common is 4 per cent per annum, plus a \$2.00 bonus.

We believe you are likely to find the preferred stock of this company a satisfactory investment in its class.

The company is controlled by the International Utilities Corporation, an

American corporation which has extensive assets, so that the Canadian company has this background to give it more stability than it would otherwise have.

Vancouver, B.C.

(Q) Could you kindly give me some information regarding the Cotton Belt Mines Ltd., of Vancouver, and the company, etc. Is it reliable and would it be a profitable investment? Is there a chance of them paying any dividends in the near future?—V.B.

(A) The Cotton Belt Mines Ltd. are capitalized at \$1,250,000 in shares of par value of \$1.00 each. About 7,000 shares have been issued and are listed on the Vancouver Stock Exchange. We believe the current quotation is approximately fifteen cents per share.

The company had quite a number of mining claims, but due to the depressed condition of the market for base metals, the company has discontinued work on the claims which show lead, zinc, copper and silver. The company is, however, continuing work on its Cariboo placer gold claims.

At the present time, we believe, that the company's properties are still very much in the preliminary development stage, so its shares can only be considered a gamble, not an investment.

In June of this year the company acquired oil leases in the Highwood Jumping Pond area, west of the Turner Valley in Alberta, and the directors reported that they proposed commencing drilling operations on the oil leases before the end of July.

When the directors made their last report the company had about \$33,000 in the treasury, and this will not provide a very extensive plan of development without very substantial further financing.

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Name.....Age.....
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Town.....Prov.....

Gay Flowering Bulbs Gladden Winter Rooms

Continued from page 58

Lucilae) in glowing blue with white centre. Plant a number in a large flat bowl of fibre, one inch deep, one inch apart. After a month in the dark room bring to the south window. From October to November is the best time for planting.

The drooping bell-like flowers of Scilla come in blue, white and rose. Plant two inches apart, one inch deep in a shallow bowl, from September to December. The Grape Hyacinth or Muscari is another pretty blue flower; twenty can be accommodated in a six-inch bowl.

The Ranunculus is an interesting tuberous rooted plant on colors of purple, mauve, yellow, bronze. It may be potted at any time in autumn in soil with a little finely broken charcoal added, one tuber in a five-inch pot; cover one to two inches deep.

No window garden is complete without the Amaryllis, a very beautiful flower for house culture and easily grown. Barbadoes Spice Lily, or Lily-of-the-Palace, as it is variously called, requires a fairly porous mixture of loam, leaf mould and sand with a little bone meal. Place one bulb in a container leaving the crown uncovered. The flowers appear before the leaves, usually in February or March. Johnsonii is the best variety, having flowers of a rich spicy fragrance, in a bright red color with a white stripe down each petal. After danger of frost is over in spring plunge the pots in the garden, gradually withholding water as the foliage ripens. When ripe, store in a dry place until the flower buds begin to appear the following winter. It will flourish for years without even repotting.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY can be grown in the house all winter long. Plant five or six pips in a five-inch flower pot or better an ornamental bowl in fibre. They will bloom in three or four weeks from time of planting. Plant every three weeks to ensure a continuous bloom throughout the winter. In a dull black bowl they make a lovely centerpiece for the dining-room table; quite

fairly-like are the leaves of tender green and perfumed pearly blossoms.

It is quite possible to grow your own Easter Lilies. The kinds usually forced are L. longiflorum Harrisii, the Bermuda Easter Lily; L. longiflorum formosum, Formosa Easter Lily; L. longiflorum gigantum Giant Easter Lily. Plant one bulb in a five-inch pot; cover half depth, later when roots are formed top dress by covering the bulbs. Place in a cool position until shoot appears, gradually bring into light and warmth.

Tulips require a longer period in the dark room as they need more time than other bulbs to establish a good root system. They may be potted at any time from September to December, three bulbs in five-inch, seven in seven-inch container, just covered, soil being necessary for their best development. Wait until the shoots are well up before bringing to the light. Excellent varieties for forcing are: Single Early: Belle Alliance (crimson); Cramoisi Brilliant (scarlet); Keizerkroon (scarlet edged with yellow); Prosperine (rosy carmine, scented); Rising Sun (yellow); White Hawk (crinkled white petals). Double Early: Peach Blossom (bright pink); Rubra Maxima (vermillion scarlet); Couronne d'or (yellow flushed orange); Murillo (white). Darwin: William Copeland (lilac-rose); Bartigon (fiery crimson); William Pitt (dark crimson); Centenaire (violet-rose); Madame Krelage (rosy lilac).

It is not wise to combine several colors or varieties of a certain specimen in a pot; you will find that the colors clash or that all do not bloom at the same time. One kind in a pot is the best rule. Also, it is not wise to force a bulb for the second season. When the bulbs are returned to the cellar to ripen, withhold water, and when the foliage is entirely withered, store each variety in a labelled paper bag suspended from the ceiling, and plant them all in the garden the following autumn. Buy fresh bulbs for your next winter garden, and surround yourself once more with the fragrance and loveliness of summer while snow lies deep upon the ground!

First Session of the Seventeenth Parliament

Continued from page 40

New Hopes!

A CONTROVERSY of this kind is one which lends abundant room for the development of the younger members. Sustained and continued speech is not necessary. Knowledge of facts is the prime essential. In the Conservative army consisting of new men, it is more difficult to sum up who would be leaders in a combat of this kind. Mr. Rhodes from Nova Scotia might take a part. He has marked fluency of expression and a keen and active mind. Turnbull of Regina will probably be heard from and Earl Rowe of Dufferin-Simcoe who had his training in the great New Zealand butter controversy ought to be able to diversify sufficiently to take a hand in the general controversy. The ubiquitous Peter McGibbon will also attempt the role.

On the Liberal side, Ontario supplies one of the brightest young orators of the House in Mitchell Hepburn. His faults are the faults of youth. He goes a little bit too fast but there is a future ahead of the boy if the tugs hold. Age and experience will no doubt supply the brakes. From the West E. J. Young of Weyburn looks down over his glasses, smiles perpetually and asks no end of direct and sometimes very embarrassing questions. Possibly there are members

from the Government side who would like to wring his political neck but how can one threaten such violent action upon a man who never makes a personal attack and whose main fault is a diabolical consistency in sticking to the point. The versatile "Jock" Vallance fits into the task like a pocket in a shirt and Robert McKenzie and Dr. Donnelly fight quickly and well especially when agricultural interests are involved. Then there is Dr. W. H. Moore from South Ontario. No man in the House of Commons knows more about the tariff. He has lived on it, slept on it and watched others do the same for four solid years. He was singularly silent and noncommittal this session but if Mr. Moore wants to talk, with sincerity, from the depths of his knowledge he ought to have much to say.

The House is interesting. All new Parliaments are—especially those which bring change of Government. There is, after all, a virtue in change! It might even be wise to have it more frequently. It stirs up interest in the country—the galleries were better filled this year. People will stop to watch the new while the old would not get a passing glance and watchfulness, eternal watchfulness is the only safeguard to good Government.



Distinctive Ideas for Intimate Wear



6952—Ladies' Night Gown. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. To finish as illustrated requires 3 yards for neck and arm-scyne edges, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the lower edge (of lace or banding). The sash of ribbon requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Price 15c.



6949—Ladies' Morning Frock. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{2}{3}$ yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide is required cut lengthwise. Price 15c.

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6976—Ladies' Undergarment. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{1}{3}$ yards of 39-inch material. For yoke facings of lace $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard is required 5 inches wide. To trim with lace edging requires $3\frac{2}{3}$ yards. Shoulder straps of ribbon require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Price 15c.



6951—Ladies' Dance Set. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the set for a medium size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 39 inches wide. To trim with lace or banding requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards. $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of elastic is required for the back of the shorts. 1 yard of ribbon for shoulder straps. Price 15c.

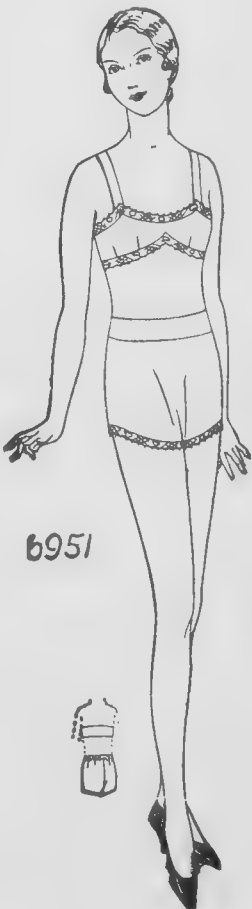


6950—Ladies' Work Pyjamas. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the garment of one material in a 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35 inches wide. To make side, front and back of waist portions of contrasting material requires 1 yard. Price 15c.

6950



The Western
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Winnipeg, Man.



6951

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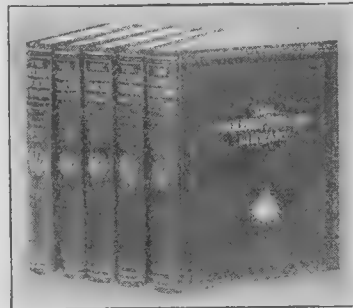
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By George Marsh

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The After-School Lunch

By Jenny Pringle

MUCH has been written about the school lunch, but we seldom see anything about the lunch that all healthy youngsters get when they come home from school, and during the cold weather it is just as important as the noon lunch.

Children that walk or drive several miles in the cold don't want a plate of cookies or cake and a drink of water. They are usually expected to do chores before supper, so need something hot and satisfying, but not enough of it to spoil their supper.

I can remember walking home from school tired and hungry and knowing I would have to go to the pasture for the cows. If mother had me a hot lunch I was ready to go and didn't feel abused at all. Now I try to follow the hot lunch plan for my children.

A cup of soup with a cracker makes the best lunch of all but there are many other things. Rice with cream on, a cup custard right from the oven, macaroni and cheese with bit of bread or some stew and vegetables left from dinner. In warming over things don't set them in the oven, it dries out and spoils the best of food. Use your double boiler for that—lackine one, use a small lard pail in a kettle of hot water. Cover the pail and any food will warm to perfection.

Try this hot lunch plan during the winter—when the fire is on all the time it is no trouble—and see if the children are not more willing to do their chores. If we had cold dinners I'm sure by five o'clock we would appreciate something hot, and it's less work than making them an early supper or letting them eat all the cake they want.

MY FALL GARDEN

BY spring the vegetables in the cellar are always stale or finished, so one year I spaded up a corner of my garden and put in a few seeds in the fall. They were such a success that this year I am having a few rows plowed along by the rhubarb and sowing quite a few seeds.

Onions, radish and lettuce do extra well, while beets, carrots and turnips are well worth trying. Just after the ground has frozen break up the top crust and sow your seeds at the usual depth. Next spring these will start long before you can be out gardening, and how good the fresh vegetables taste real early.

This year mine froze in early May, yet were ready to use weeks before the spring sown seeds.

Don't forget to dig up some rhubarb roots this fall. Let them freeze hard then put in the cellar and water occasionally and you will be rewarded with lovely pink stalks two feet in length this winter when fruit is scarce.

Rooms That Bespeak Their Ownership

Continued from page 24

plain top to be extended in a drop behind the footboard.

Instead of the frequent mirrored door or pier glass, the green-framed long mirror on the wall reflects and increases the colorful charm of the room—and assures the occupant of that head-to-foot view of herself that is so helpful to good grooming.

The soft-tiled, unpatterned rugs were, surprisingly and delightfully, neither green nor terra cotta, as might have been expected, but a deep mauve tone with shaded borders—and this was echoed in the trim slip-cover of the little arm-chair, in shot orchid shades.

The patterned fabric that covers the chair-seat and that on the dressing-table stool (which is not able to edge into our picture), is in the green tones of the furniture, pricked out with the peach colors, and these appear again in the accessories of the dainty little writing-table in the window, the lamp shades, toilet articles and other personalia.

Interesting, isn't it—this making of a room to be a part of oneself? No matter what one's budget or one's tastes, it is possible to do exactly that, in this day of interesting house furnishings. No room need ever be dull or stereotyped.



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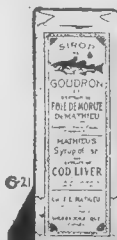
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The Terror of the Boiling Water

Continued from page 9

grime, and shaking like the ague-smitten. Rader telephoned for Grimmer, the master-mechanic, and found he had gone out with the wrecking train. Then he summoned Haskell, the round-house foreman, a big-boned, bearded giant of a man whose very bulk bespoke hard-headed sanity.

"Haskell, what are the men saying? Do they charge this head-ender at Arreta to—the hoodoo?"

The big foreman lounged across the counter-rail and nodded. "There's a caucus of 'em over yonder in the house right now. You'd think they were a lot of scared kids," he added, contemptuously.

Rader was tramping the floor with his head down and his hands behind him. "Haskell, Grimmer's away, and I've got to depend on you. Size up the men as they come down to take their runs, and 'phone me the names of the rattled ones."

"That'll be about three out of every two," said the giant.

"I can't help it. I'll not let a crazy crew take a train out of this yard—not if I have to abandon every other number of the time-card. But I hope you won't find it as bad as you talk."

Haskell shook his shaggy head. "These here things run in streaks, Mr. Rader. I've seen 'em before—on a better manned road than the D. & U. P., if you'll let me say so. It's a plum loco, and it's like the flu, it ain't no respecter of persons."

Rader sat down and swung his chair to face the open desk.

"There is a way to cure it, if I only knew how to find it," he said, half to himself; and the big foreman took him up promptly.

"Not at this stage of the game, there ain't. You couldn't make a single one of the locoed bunch believe that it'll stop short of three bad smashes; not if you'd get an angel to come down here and holler at 'em through his golden bugle. Goodhue's buckle-up in the canyon counts one; this here head-ender this morning counts two; and every last man of 'em will tell you there's another one due."

"Oh, hell," said Rader, and it came from his heart. Then he dismissed Haskell and sat for a silent half-hour wrestling with an idea suggested by the foreman's summing up of the matter.

"It's as crazy as anything that's been done since the world began, but it may do to think about," he mused, when little Cranston came in with the train mail from Number Two. "But we'll fight it out in the open first."

AN HOUR beyond this, when Rader went to his belated breakfast, three crews had been laid off, and one freight had to be abandoned for the lack of sane men to man it. In spite of his shrewdest efforts to resist, Rader was finding it fiercely hard to keep clear of the infection in his own proper person. All through the day, whenever the office door opened he expected to see Dickson, the office operator, coming in with the report of a fresh disaster.

He had already wired Upham and the general manager, assuming that they would read the Associated Press report of the collision in the afternoon papers. When he went to supper there was still no reply from either of the absent officials; but this mattered little. Their last address had been Mount Desert, and it would require three days of the swiftest steaming to bring either the superintendent or the general manager to Colorado. Rader scowled and forgot to order when the waiter brought the menu card. For three days, at the shortest, he must carry the crushing load of responsibility, and in much less than three double circles of the clock-hands he, too, would be panic-mad, like the others.

That night he had Dawson's cot carried into the dispatcher's office, and with Dickson to help out with a set of duplicate train-sheets, he stood watch and watch with the wearied chief.

There was need for cool heads and unceasing vigilance. The terror was no longer confined to the train-men. It had by now crept into the telegraphic nerves of the system. The plainest language in a train order seemed open to misconstruction; and before morning one of the three men at the wires was constantly "tracing"—following each moving train from station to station, and checking and rechecking the running orders by every device known to the craft of despatching.

It imposed a crucial strain on the office force throughout the long night; and the day succeeding was scarcely less anxious. All day reports of minor accidents, every one of them due to the general demoralization of the service, trickled in over the wires; and Rader was on the ragged edge of despair. Still there was no word from Upham or Brice; no sign of relief on the eastern horizon.

"How much longer can we keep this up, Dawson?" he asked desperately, when the second night watch of the wires began.

The dispatchers's smile was sardonic. "Till one or the other of us falls asleep over the key and pulls down the very thing we're trying to stand off, I reckon."

"But there must be a let-up, sometime," insisted Rader. "It can't last forever."

"It'll last until we have that third smash, all right," Dawson grimly made answer.

"You don't believe any such rotten superstition as that, Tom; you know you don't. Why have there got to be three?"

"Because three out of every four of the men think so—that's all. And they'll keep on thinking so till it is."

"Will they come down to earth again after the third rip-up?"

"I never knew it to fail," said the dispatcher, snapping his key to reopen the battle with the fates. "About all you can do is to pray it won't be a man-killer."

Rader flung himself upon the cot to snatch a little rest, and harassed as he was, sleep came quickly. Dawson called him at ten o'clock, made the transfers, and gave his verbal report.

"Worse and more of it, David; you'll have to hold them down hard. Every man jack of them is looking for that third wreck, and wondering if he is going to be in it."

Rader took his place at the train table, and for an hour his hands were full. Then came a lull, and he sat back, soberly thoughtful. At midnight the rush was on again, and he called Dawson.

When the shift was made, he found his overcoat and struggled into it. "I'm not sleepy this time," he explained. "I think I'll go out and get a breath of fresh air. It's miserably close in here."

IN THE yards there was the profound stillness of midnight—in the mountain skyland where there are no night choruses by nature's orchestra. The abandonment of two more freight trains had shortened the hours of the second switching crew, and the silence was breached only by the muffled gas-roar in the firebox of the switching engine blocked on the shop track.

Rader walked the length of the yard between the broken lines of freight-cars strung in apparent disorder upon the various tracks. Down toward the round-house, where the many tracks converged, the switches were picked out in high relief by the broad beam of a headlight; the light of an engine standing, as Rader made out, at one of the coal chutes.

When he came nearer, he saw that the head-lighted engine was Dolan's big freight-puller, bulletined to go east with the California fruit line at one o'clock. It was standing on the coal track, ready for its crew, and at irregular intervals the safety-valve stuttered, roared, and

[Continued on page 64]



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The Terror of the Boiling Water

Continued from page 63

repeated itself with a spiteful "phut!" The tender had its lading of coal, and there was not one in the cab.

These details Rader noted from his halt in the shadow of the round-house. There was an open window a few steps farther on, the window in Haskell's tool-room; and between the stutterings of the safety-valve Rader could hear voices which he recognized as Haskell's and Dolan's. He had no thought of eavesdropping, but a sentence in Dolan's rich brogue drifted through the open window and caught him.

"It's all right for you, Johnny Haskell, that don't have to pound your ear on these old scrap heaps with the iron flying under you a good thirty mile an hour, and the wife and babies at home. But I'm telling you plain—till that third smash comes, 'tis meself will be looking for it the yon side of every curve!"

Rader strolled over to the deserted engine. From where he paused, in the shadow cast by the high boiler, the headlight traced the glistening steel trail through the yards over which Dolan would presently trundle the big engine. The switches were set to lead to the main line in the upper yard, all save one, the last in the swerving trail, which showed green instead of red. Rader knew the yard by heart. The misplaced switch led to the repair track, full now with cars waiting for the mechanics, and with the "cripples" from the late collision. At the moment Rader disregarded it, knowing that Dolan would stop on the way out to let his fireman drop off and turn the switch. Then—

Dolan, Haskell, and the fireman had come to the door of the tool-room, the latter with his oil-can and lantern.

"Well, I suppose it's my life and Johnny Shovel's for it, one more time," the Irishman was saying. "Dommed if I—"

He stopped open-mouthed; and the fireman dropped the oilcan and lantern and started to run across the tracks. Then Dolan came alive with a shrill yell. "Catch her!" he shouted; but it was too late. With a sudden grinding of fire from under her wheels and a roaring thunder of quickening exhausts from the stack, the big freight-puller had shot away up its tortuous steel trail, masterless.

WHEN Rader entered the despatcher's office a few minutes later, he was sweating profusely, though the midsummer night was autumn cool.

"How are they chasing?" he asked; and Dawson noticed that his voice had a curious unlikeness to itself.

"Rocky as ever," was the gloomy reply.

Rader had thrown off his coat and dropped heavily into a chair. "It's come," he said in the same strained voice; "the third one, you know. Dolan's engine, the 1017, got away from him on the coal track and ran amuck just now. There are a good many more 'cripples' on the repair track now than there were a few minutes ago."

"What!" said Dawson. Then his cold eyes lighted up. "Was Dolan on her?"

"No; she was standing alone at the coal chute—the bin men had just finished

coaling her. Throttle jumped open of its own accord, I guess. Those balanced throttles have a way of doing that when the latch gets a little worn. Reckon it will pass for wreck number three—the charm?"

Dawson's eyes had narrowed to thin reptilian slits. "We'll put it on the wires for that, anyhow," he said slowly.

"Luckily, Grimmer was just talking from Rachab Junction. I'll report it to him, and every plug operator on the line will have his ears open to catch it."

"Do it," said Rader; and while the sounder was clicking, he fell asleep in his chair.

THE gray dawn was dimming the incandescent lights in the despatcher's room when Dawson aroused the sleeping substitute. A relief despatcher from the mountain division was at the train-sheet, and Rader sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Why the devil didn't you call me to take my trick?" he demanded crustily.

Dawson's laugh showed his strong white teeth. "There wasn't any need of it. Lewison came down on Three, and so did Mr. Brice and Mr. Upham. They both said to let you sleep, and I did. Come on down to the lunch-counter and we'll have a cup of coffee. You look as if you were dead on your feet."

On the way around the end of the building Rader gave only a passing glance at the havoc wrought by the runaway engine; havoc but just now getting itself viewed by a curious throng of railway employees and townspeople.

"Did it do the business?" he asked quietly.

"It did, for a fact. I could feel the pressure easing from the very minute it got on the wires." Then, with a sharp side-glance at his companion: "The men are calling it a miracle; is it, David?"

"I guess maybe we'd better let it go at that," said the substitute gravely. "To balance old man Hinchcliffe's pipe dream," he added. All this soberly and without a tremor. But a moment later he was shaking like a man in an ague fit and saying brokenly: "My God, Tom, when I saw that engine go tearing up the yard—"

Dawson nodded. "I know. There might have been somebody hanging around that string of 'cripples,' after all. It took nerve."

They were turning in at the door of the men's waiting-room, and Rader had recovered his self-control as suddenly as he had lost it.

"Nerve to watch it?" he said. "Oh, not so much as you might think."

Dawson had drawn out two of the high stools at the lunch counter. He shoved Rader in rough good comradeship toward the nearest and climbed to his own place on the other, sniffing the stimulating fragrance of the bubbling coffee-urn.

"I wasn't born yesterday, David," he said in mild sarcasm. "I meant nerve to do it. Two coffees, Jimmie, and let 'em come good and black. We've been carrying the banner all night—Mr. Rader and I."

The Old Stove

By Frances Shillington

*I'd like to listen to the things
Our kitchen stove could say,
It looks so bright and happy
In a secret sort of way.*

*Those golden crusty apple pies,
My grandma used to make,
Were baked in that old oven
That burned my own first cake.*

*Here Auntie Lil made doughnuts,
To feed the mission band,
The very night the parson
Asked Granddad for her hand.*

*And jolly Uncle Alfred,
Who ran away to sea,*

*Fried his first fish upon it,
A minnow small and wee.*

*And Bridget used to boil the clothes
Upon its shiny top.
Bridget's up in Heaven now
Without her broom and mop.*

*My Daddy burned his hand on it,
All because my Mother
Went shopping to the hospital
To buy my baby brother.*

*I sometimes wish our stove could talk
For just a tiny while
And tell me what's the secret
Of its black and nickle smile.*

When the West Was Young

Continued from page 18

supper. We go picking strawberries and fire burns hole in tent. I get back in time to extinguish fire and save saddle and other traps."

"July 11. Start for S.W. Barracks. We are wakened by wind and thunder-storm. We dress make run for wagon as our tent blown from its moorings. Rain in torrents. We held on. Storm passed. Come to Fishing Lake, general camping grounds for Indians. Pieces of red blanket hanging on tepee poles. We cache articles coming to Big Stone Lake."

"July 16. From Mowat I get bag apples, 2 packages twine, Yeast, 2 packages baking powder; all amounting to \$32.97. Dan Wilson and wife dine with use beside the Assiniboine below Fort Pelly."

"July 23. The hottest day we have had."

"July 25. The mosquitoes are a perfect fright! Make a noise on the tent like heavy rain. We breakfast on our feet, here, there, everywhere, tormented by mosquitoes. Maggie threw the porridge out it being too well sprinkled with mosquitoes to be palatable. Joe puts axel in cart."

"July 30. Wright and I take 2 carts with part of goods 8 or 9 miles on prairie, with other goods partly covered."

"July 31. We pick up goods we left on prairie and find the sugar running off the cart like syrup owing to last night's rain."

"Aug. 2. Scatter bl. apples out on prairie to dry. Half Breed going East reports Indians camped 20 miles west, running buffalo, killing many. Joe reports finding line in grass for over a mile; cutting off 200 trees and resetting 22 poles. The lightning had shattered poles. Put in temporary poles, insulated line well, turned back at Assiniboine. Trader, name Darrah, bound for Winnipeg passes."

"Aug. 8. A party camps at Forks. Five men, a woman and four children fresh from Huron Co., bound for Prince Albert. Some of their party got discouraged and turned back. They have three oxen. A lame man sings 'My Grandmothers' Maggie.' They seem happy as larks. They report the prairie on fire southwest of here."

"Aug. 10. Matheson of Winnipeg camps. Says he was first white man carried mail through here."

"August 18. Goulett arrives with H. M. Mail. We commence building our house. I go west 8 miles to find water for horses. Millers' Threshing machine passes west to P.A."

"August 25 (Sunday). A Breed brings message from 'Stobart, Duck Lake, to Stobart, Winnipeg.' First Telegraph Message sent from Humboldt!"

"August 27. R. Harper and other freighters pass east. Mons. Clutte, P.P., and party arrive and depart for Winnipeg, coming from McKenzie River. Rev. Clutte asks me to take pemmican for sending message to Winnipeg, as he has no money. Had not seen money, paper or silver or any kind for the last seven years. Mail gets there twice a year. I tell him 'all right, I'll take pemmican;' while getting him paper to write his message, one of the party finds \$2.00 in his pocket, which he hands the Rev. gentleman, who has the honor of paying for the message with good Canadian bills."

"August 28. Rusho, Surveyor, and party pass to P. A. Wilson, freighter, bound for Battleford, loaded with flour from Brown's Flour Mills, Palestine."

"Joe Ducharme reports 7 large trees on line one mile east of Prince Albert. Line down on ground in 5 places; also in lake, 25 miles east. He took 15 trees off line. 'Bones' leg swollen above knee; he mired coming back and got leg over cart shaft. I bathed it with water and soda."

"August 31. First mess of new potatoes. Top gables on house up."

"September 4. Poles shattered by lightning. Badly slivered, three of them, one on top of another. . . middle pole hanging 3 feet from ground, a bracket

half off. Wire grounded for 100 yards.

"September 11. We commence to draw water 5 miles for mudding the house—we have only kegs enough to hold 5 gallons."

"September 17. Stevenson freighter passed leaving oats along the way for surveyors. Cold and frosty. Line works poorly west."

"September 20. Piercing cold. I am lulled to sleep by the mournful hum of the wire; neither bush, brush nor shrub for shelter. I sleep soundly. I travel without shelter, make a fire on clay tossed up by the bargers. Very windy nights."

"September 24. Fall of snow last night. Two inches snow on ground. McKernon and family arrive and depart. I get 30 lbs. flour from Huchings (?) to be returned next Spring."

"September 26. Photographer passes East to Winnipeg."

"September 27. A great shower of little bugs fall after dark. Mulkins and Smith lose two horses. We move into our house and know how to appreciate a house and a home, be it ever so humble. Mulkins and Smith can't find horses. Post up a notice offer reward of \$10.00."

"October 7. Prairie is on fire to the northwest. A light breeze gets up, we make preparations. Wind shifts and fire keeps off to west, a heavy frost extinguishes fire."

"September 10. Carseadden, Commercial Traveller for Gerrie & Co., stops for tea. Sergeant White and two constables with a lunatic for Winnipeg, camp for night. Also W. F. King, D.L.S. and party camp."

"October 11. Put up a bedstead. Have not slept on one since March."

"October 13. Two years married today. Callers: Jas. Conway, North-graves (watchmaker) Sinclairs' Survey party, with between 20 and 30 horses."

"October 19. Joe and I leave for S.B. (this refers to South Branch of Saskatchewan River) take scow across—As we pitch tent snow falls. Through the night tent is blown down; at one a.m. we rise; axe can't be found. A blustery night to turn out and peg down tent again. I do it sooner than feel the wet canvas flapping in my face. We make a start next morning in a blinding snowstorm."

"October 22. Three Sioux Indians come to trade badger skins for flour and tea. One wants to trade a horse for my shot gun. They trade fox skins and venison with us."

"October 24. We turn out before five o'clock to find horses. We take 7 trees off line; find it 'grounded' in one place. Take and reset four poles."

"October 25. Take 38 trees off line. Line open for fourteen miles. It had given way where a 'cut on' had been."

"October 27. A large purple circle appears round the sun. We are in for a storm. I take 27 trees off the line; line grounded in grass in places; this for a hundred yards. I climb nearly every pole, making only five miles. We turn out at four a.m., take 8 trees off line and reset 5 poles. Our provisions down to one meal. 16 trees off line. I camp at five p.m. without an axe to cut wood: one scanty meal of bread cooked in ashes. My horse frightfully played out. 12 or 13 miles from Port Arthur Joe joins me through the night."

"November 5. Corporal Latimer and 7 men of N.W.M.P. camp. Robinson and I ride to the mail trail and get letters left there. We celebrate the Fifth of November! Bandmaster Walker gives appropriate music on flute."

"November 10. Mr. and Mrs. Percy and attendants camp. They left England last June and went on a hunting trip to the Rocky Mountains. Journeyed into British Columbia and now on their way home, which they wish to reach by Xmas. They state they are returning next year to hunt in the McKenzie River locality. Mr. Percy reports finding the body of the late Rev. Mr. Skinner (a young Missionary of 21 years) sent out by the Methodist Church. The

[Continued on page 66]

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Enclosed find \$1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Apron.

Name.....

Address.....

When the West Was Young

Continued from page 65

unfortunate man's body was found by Mr. Percy 18 miles East of Jackfish Creek. The young man's gun had accidentally gone off, as a gunshot wound in the breast showed. The gun, still in its cover, lay across the seat of the buckboard, luggage piled upon it. Death was instantaneous. Mr. Percy added, "The body lying on the ground had not been molested by wolves, which are numerous, pemmican was strewn all around."

(The diary continues, largely telling of the difficulties met in keeping the telegraph line clear; and nothing in the narrative can in words express what the pioneer Telegrapher endured in carrying out his duties in the face of terrific handicaps.)

"December 25 Christmas morning!"

"To Mrs Weldon and family, I send you the old time greeting with a friendly thrill of my heart. I wish you a merry Christmas and many happy returns, with the hope that your future may be sunny and glad. I ask to remain your friend, J. Little."

"Battleford, December 25.

To Mrs. Weldon,

One of 'The Saskatchewan Herald' staff gets up at this early hour to wish the entire population of Humboldt a Merry Christmas.

(signed)

William Laurie"

"December 26. A French Breed and a white man camping at Joe's place reports a meeting held at Prince Albert, at which it was resolved, 'that a Roman Catholic Priest and five men go to Battleford and demand release of some prisoners there, for shooting an ox not belonging to them.'"

(As no further mention is made of this incident, it very probably had no foundation.)

"January 2, 1878: Joe gets message that his pay stops from date."

"January 4. Joe receives message that he must pay rent for house from date."

"January 5. Cold and clear. About eight o'clock p.m. we were surprised to find frost melting off windows, and water running. It became warmer at once."

"January 14. Guardipee (?) with goods for Mair and Sam Ballentine, camp one mile east this bitter cold night."

"January 15. Ballentine says it is the only time he ever felt the cold go right through him. Too cold to travel. Extremely cold. Towards night I put the horses in the bluff."

"January 19. Pleasant weather. Sandy McCloy, W. Thorpe and W. J. Anderson arrive from Prince Albert. I find the horses five miles off, travelling before the wind. The men lay over, stopping at Joe's. That night we had a grand old time, songs galore, a step of the Red River Jig and a war-whoop from the boys that set the dogs howling. The baby wakes up!" (follows a line in what appears to be Irish).

"January 22. G. Foster, who left South Branch on the 7th has not yet turned up. Wind from north. I bring horses up and put in bluff."

"January 23. Horses gone this morning. I hunt round, travelling 7 or 8 miles and find tracks invisible, but got them. LaRonde arrives with Her Majesty's Mail. I ran out through 18 or 20 inches of snow in bare feet but retreat hastily."

"January 25. Hudsons' Bay Packet arrives, two trains of dogs and two men bound for far away outposts."

"January 30. Foster arrives; six days coming from Duck Lake. He reports buffalo 25 miles north west of this."

"January 31. Commence to boil pemmican for dogs and thicken it with flour."

"February 2. A man named Ice passing on to Prince Alberta, LaRonde on his way East with mail, and two men with H. B. Packet, all bunk in Fosters' shack. Mrs. Ducharme and her four boys."

"February 10. Received this message:"

"To Geo. Weldon,

You and all men at your station are required to keep an accurate account of all trees falling and removed from line: date, time of removal, also time employed cutting branches interfering with line. You will be required to make affidavit, every year.

(signed) J. Little."

"February 11. The line is working from Fort William. I am sick with a cold."

"February 13. Cut up pemmican sacks to make lines for horses."

February 21. The fiercest storm I have ever looked at. Can't see an object more than a rod away in any direction."

(From this date on until March 29, the diary recites a tale of calm endurance. Weather conditions—weak circuit on the wires—log cutting, fuel getting, losing and hunting horses, and the coming of wild geese.)

"March 29. My eyes get dim. Snow blind. Painful."

"April 1. Cold—freezing so makes hard work with wet feet and little fire."

"April 3. Ice breaks up. I find scow floating down with ice and it is necessary to take her apart to get her ashore. Tough work but we get her up on the bank."

"April 7. Returned to find line grounded, pole broken off several insulators off (replaced) and discovered scow with one end stove in. During the night she drifted down river."

"April 9. Foster and I work on shanty. Sinclair Senior surveyor, and two young men from Mission, McDougall and a Breed arrive with (?) for Captain Moore. Shanty roofed, doors and window chinked."

"April 13. Three men, horses and cart go East. Disgusted with Prince Albert. Trouble on the line."

"April 17. Foster returns reports the country on fire 35 miles west of here. Shot 3 ducks. Dewar and party bound for Winnipeg."

(The diary ends abruptly at this point. The entry following shows what loneliness and harsh conditions can do to men's minds, for a dispute seems to have arisen between Mr. Weldon and those working under him. One entry shows the nerve-rack all worked under):

"June 8. I could get through (work with Humboldt) by using both batteries—not without the 'escape' which was great. M— called at office on 9th and I told him the line was completely broken down between us and Humboldt. He paid no attention but went off. Next morning I went to M's tent where I found the two men; told them the line was down and they must go immediately and repair it. They objected, saying they had instructions to pay attention to nobody but M—. M— returned this day but did not send out a man, knowing at the same time that King, D.L.S. and party were waiting at the office to do business with another engineer at Edmonton. King left without doing any business west on wire."

I went out myself and found the line under water at Loon Lake. Proceeding west I found a rotten pole had dropped off at Etomame River, but calling up my office Mrs. Wheldon answered that "the Eastern battery was cut off and we couldn't work without it."

(As a result of this insubordination, the diary shows that the telegraph line was out of commission from July 23, until August 3.)

"From August 13, till end of September we overhauled the line to within 5 miles of Poplar Plains. We set and reset new poles; braced those in soft ground, made brush "bridges" and cut many trails round bad swamps."

(Extracts from Reports made by Mr. Weldon to the Company):

"During 1879 I have taken 1,573 trees from the line; reset 373 poles; placed [Continued on page 70]

Scrape the Dish

Continued from page 11

eyes, nor knew how implacable was the revenge he planned.

Life to him all in a moment became centred now upon but one thought and purpose. And so glowering there, eyes fixed upon the floor, he sat awaiting his fate.

The judge was feeling good as he sat on the bench. Only yesterday his daughter's engagement to one of Red River City's most noted politicians—or notorious, according to one's view of civic administration—had been announced. To this the society editors of the three morning papers had devoted from a column to a quarter-page, some embellishing with photos; and in the write-ups the judge had received much favorable comment. This morning Rialto Common stock had reached 72, and only the week previously the judge had bought ten thousand shares at 65. So the judge was in a most equitable mood toward all the world when the jury, after but ten minutes deliberation, returned to the room with a verdict of guilty against Big Face Macartney.

Absently, his mind still full of stocks and society, the judge heard the foreman's report. Even as he briefly addressed the prisoner, his mind was still on Rialto Common. And because his heart was glad, his pocket full, and he had digested an excellent dinner, his sentence was light.

Four years he gave Big Face; and the next moment had forgotten him. Thus too often prison terms are lengthened or made short by the momentary humor of the one sitting in judgment. Of man-made laws, by men adjudicated, it could not be otherwise.

Big Face had expected at least ten years; so such light term even warmed his heart toward the man who gave it. Such mercy brought him so much nearer to the consummation of his revenge that Big Face felt a strong desire to openly thank the judge. But his old caution, the knowledge it were better to inhibit such emotions else they be wrongly taken, stayed the action.

So Big Face went to Stony Mountain penitentiary; took up a drab life of monotonously gray days enfolding the one into the other; became a part of this great institution where man in his boasted civilization sent others of his kind to dwell like beasts and to become wan, weary-faced creatures, crawling, cooped within four dead walls, without desire, without hope, without ambition, no longer enamoured of life, yet by prison enervation rendered too craven to be done with it all.

But though the prison pallor made its mark upon Big Face's ruddy countenance, he became not as the majority of those around him; he had something to live for.

As terms go in such places, his was a short one; and he set about to make it less with an earnestness, a steadfastness of purpose that was almost fanatical. Never was there a more model prisoner. In his every waking hour the thought of that precious accumulating "copper" was upon him, guarding his every look, move, and action. As a miser hugging each fresh added golden piece to his horde, so did Big Face welcome each earned day of "good time" ("copper").

And it was all most bitterly earned; for prisons breed strange quirks of psychology. Not a great while went by till all the guards sensed this massive prisoner's striving for "good time." Then, such is the unbelievable infamy that lies in the hearts of many men, each guard, save one more humane than the rest, set about with eager intent and strong desire to provoke Big Face to commit, by word or deed, some time-losing action.

But dumb, resolute, uncomplaining, refusing all baits, unretaliating all brutalities, he moved undeviatingly in the prescribed groove. Abuse by word and petty deed; open cruelty; unrelenting badgering—all he accepted with unshaken calm, an unbroken front, an unchanging demeanor. They were but

small sacrifices to make to gain an end so deeply desired.

In the face of such blind, unwavering, unbreakable adherence to a plan, even the guards at last ceased their persecution; and though they knew not his object, they came almost to admire the relentless perseverance of the man.

THREE years and four months after entering Stony Mountain penitentiary, Big Face Macartney stepped once more into the light of a free man's day. In his pocket rested a kindly Government's crisp five dollars bill. It was all he had; for the seventy odd dollars upon his person at the time of his arrest had been confiscated after Dorgan's evidence showing it to be gained from the sale of one of the stolen jewels.

Yet, though this solitary five represented his entire capital, Big Face, an hour after being released, invested more than half of it in a lengthy wire to one Jimmy "The Lug," keeper of a Pacific Street saloon in distant San Francisco. Following this he sat down in a nearby hotel rotunda to wait. Jimmy "The Lug" had never failed him before in time of stress, and never had Big Face neglected to make more than good. And the petitioned one again was there with a quick response. Late the same afternoon Big Face after scrawling his name to telegraph receipt form—"The Lug" had been wise enough to send the money with "identification waived"—pocketed two hundred dollars and went out upon the street to take up a trail already stale with years. But Big Face, himself a hunted thing so often in the past, was wise to the way of his kind; and now, he was for once become a hunter, his own thought processes regarding the general line of action of any fleeing man, were his to aid and guide.

Still, a three and a half year old scent is dishearteningly cold to even the keenest hound. Even Big Face aflame with a passion made strong by the pabulum of long brooding, at times almost despaired. Two weeks of toilsome search and endeavor and the expenditure of thirty of his now carefully saved dollars brought to light that Dorgan had long shaken the dust of Red River City from his feet. But contrary to his expectations Big Face learned at last that Dorgan had headed west, instead of making for one of the greater Eastern cities. The information cost him four months of travel. St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago were visited, and then, but for his chance meeting with the "Winnipeg Louse," a yeggman of the lowest type, Big Face might never have found the trail. Once, years before, Big Face had turned a trick; a safe "pegged" by the "Louse," but requiring finer workmanship than the clumsy worker possessed.

Seated in a dingy Clarke Street resort the hunter told his tale, and related of his search, adding careful description of the person sought. And when he mentioned the details of Dorgan's great scarred left hand, with its little finger missing—the result of some ancient brawl—"The Louse" sat up with a jerk.

"I see'd the very guy, not three months ago. He was a 'house man' at 'One-Step' William's joint in Spokane. How I come to mind so good, I was over in B.C. an' kicked in a couple of P.O. boxes in two of them little mountain towns, an' then blows in to Spokane. I sit in three or four times at the draw an' stud games at 'One-Step's,' an' naturally couldn't help noticin' this guy's mitt, him bein' sittin' so steady."

The same evening following this information, Big Face again wired "The Lug," for despite his utmost saving his funds were almost gone. He waited this time with some perturbation; for in five months such a workman as he could have turned at least one trick. But Big Face had a duty to fulfil which brooked no taking of further chances until it was done. Still he was fully aware

[Continued on page 68]



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Scrape the Dish

Continued from page 67

that "The Lug" might not understand things in a similar light. His fears were, however, not anticipated. The money, two hundred dollars as before, arrived promptly, and with joyous heart Big Face bade Chicago goodbye.

With a 38 automatic on a 32-frame—thus combining largeness of calibre with lightness of weight, a true gunman's weapon—resting snugly beneath his shirt, Big Face haunted the entrance of the "One-Step" William's place on Main Street, Spokane. Yet never a sight of Dorgan entering or leaving did he catch in five whole days, though for sixteen and even eighteen hours at a stretch he watched. It was none of his desire to pay for his revenge by further incarceration or the rope, so Dorgan must be taken in some quiet place. This was Big Face's plan, to carry out which he had waited to follow Dorgan to his residing place when he came off work. But on the sixth day, no sign of the quarry showing, the hunter entered the saloon and so gradually worked himself through to the card rooms beyond. Then emboldened he sat into one of the games. By and by, very off-handedly, he ventured a query what had become of the sear-handed fellow that used to play around here.

"I was in here about three months ago," Big Face explained to the dealer, "and promised to look him up when I come back on a little business, but I've forgotten his name, an' he didn't give me any address, only to look him up here."

"Oh, Mullins," the dealer replied freely, while he dealt a hand, "why he's been sick. Not very bad you know, just a touch of cold; this fall weather's bad for it. His address is Oak Street. It's quite a way out, beyond the car barns. I think the house number is 28. It's a little cottage, the only one on the street, so you can't miss it."

The heart of Big Face thrilled with a vast exultation. Here were conditions made to order just as he had desired them; a lonely man in a suburban house. It was too good to be true. Hastily he cashed in his few remaining checks and hurried out. Twenty minutes on the street car brought him within walking distance of the side street desired. It was growing dark when he alighted. A chill little wind kissed his fevered cheek as he swung along.

At the far end of the street, remote even from the last straggling house that here on the outskirts were widely separated often by a dozen lots, Big Face came in sight of what must be Dorgan's residence. It was the only cottage to be seen. A tall cedar hedge ran back from the street on either side of a little walk for perhaps fifty feet leading to the house, which stood closely surrounded by a clump of young spruce trees.

The quick falling dusk of late Autumn had given way to the deeper gloom of night when Big Face, by crossing to the next street approached the cottage from the rear. He gained the shelter of the trees, noting with pleasure that some wide and low hanging branches ended but a foot or two from where a light showed through a window at the side of the house. Crouching down under the sheltering branch he crawled to beneath the window. All around it was very still. The long drone of a distant electric car, and the nearer shrill-voiced summons of a housewife calling home her dallying offspring to supper, were the only sounds.

Crouched close beneath the window, Big Face noted that the cedar hedge and the circling trees met in front in such a way as to hide his presence from any passerby. His right hand sought beneath his shirt front and came away with his gun. Above his head a strip of white light kissed the sombre evergreens advising him by the width of the banded brightness that the blind had been left up some six inches. Cautiously he raised himself up and looked into a roomy combined dining room and kitchen.

And Big Face's eyes blazed. There at the farther side of a small round dining room table, seated in a rocking chair, his back to the light, which glowed from shaded electric globes directly over the table, was Dorgan reading the paper. Seated as he was, Big Face caught a half profile view and saw too, upholding the paper that scarred left hand with its missing finger.

A joy beyond anything experienced in all his years swept over the peering man. Here was his quarry alone in a remote place. And Big Face gloated how another moment of time would bring him to the cottage's back door, from where to make quick and unexpected entrance upon his victim. Simultaneously with the thought there rose in review those bitter unnecessary prison days, an empty vista only relieved by dreaming of this revenge now so soon to be consummated.

Then Big Face, just about to turn away, paused, remained staring at an unexpected, unprepared for sight.

From the stove, situated near to the side of the cottage against which Big Face stood, but back from the window in such a position it was shut off from his view, there now moved into sight a young woman, plump, fair haired, appetizingly matronly. In her hand she carried by the handle an aluminum saucepan.

Following with dazed eyes, Big Face watched her reach the table whereon temptingly set he now noted was a two layer cake. With deft movement, spelling long practice, she withdrew the stirring spoon and emptied the saucepan's contents of thick white icing, pouring it carefully over the top of the cake, as she did so smoothing and levelling with the flat side of the table knife.

"Damn the woman, anyway! why couldn't she have been out!" he cursed softly under his breath, while he raised the automatic above the window sash.

Dorgan still sat reading, his face turned half ways. The woman stood at the opposite side of the table, out of the line of fire. She had laid the saucepan down; with swift movement of the knife blade along the edge of the cake was keeping back the icing from running over and down the side of it until the coating cooled sufficiently to solidify. Her face was too turned from the window.

Big Face steadied the butt of the automatic on the sill. The stock and the lower sash were so near an equal length that the nose of the thick barrel looked through the glass just above it. With weapon resting so perfectly, an unfailing aim was assured, and Big Face decided that right behind the ear would be the most fatal spot.

He raised his head a little higher to take sight. He closed his left eye. Then, as he squinted the other, his attention was arrested.

Into view, hurrying with wavering, titubating infant toddle, there moved a tow-headed child perhaps two years old, its hand held out and upwards, its little eyes full of expectant appeal. With last desperate effort it reached the mother's side, caught her dress to break a fall brought on by overbalancing hastiness. Still clinging, it slid to a sitting position upon the floor. Then again its hands rose in supplication and, in understanding answer, the mother passed down the spoon and saucepan.

Fascinated, Big Face watched the happy light suffuse the little face; with a queer stricture at his heart followed its every succeeding motion. And back through the sordid, hardening years his mind went fleeting and called up memory of long forgotten things. He took a step backward.

"To scrape the dish!—How I usta love it!" he said in a husky whisper, a queer catch in his voice; and in his tone there was something unusually soft.

Abruptly he turned away, slipped out along the hedge to the street and went walking rapidly toward the near car line.

Brightening Up Samuel

Continued from page 17

Human nature! 'Follow my leader.' Keep in the rut. A railroad spends a million dollars to straighten a few miles of track—some wise man is not willing to stay in a rut. Bell, Edison, Fulton, Whitney, Columbus—all got out of ruts.

"Now, about the one-syllable words: They are primitive. When man first began to be civilized, he tamed a cow—word of one syllable. He built a hut—word of one syllable. He made a hat—word of one syllable. He got in a rut—word of one syllable. Of the millions of men in the world ninety-nine out of a hundred are still one-syllable men. They are primitive follow-my-leader sheep, with just about as much real inventiveness as a sheep has."

"Well, what?" asked Sam.

"This about it," said Corsey: "The men who get ahead are the men who stick up like sore thumbs. Do you remember out at Meotock what you called your hat? You called it your 'chapeau,' and we thought you were great. You were different. Do you remember when you sent out the graduation invitations and put all the postage stamps on the backs of the envelopes? We thought that was great—the postmaster wrote you a letter and complained. He noticed you, anyway. You were always doing things like that—different things, odd things. You did not know I admired it; I caught it from you; I went you one better, and they called me Crazy Corsey. Everybody in Meotock knew who Crazy Corsey was. Now I'm handing it back to you."

"You're making me mighty sleepy, for one thing," said Sam.

"Sleep"—a one-syllable word; even the cows can do it," said Corsey. "Wakeful cerebration"—words for a real man. Try it for half an hour longer, and then I'll let you go to your one-syllable bed. Sam, don't you ever see anything in your office that can be improved?"

"Plenty of things."

"And do you ever get out of your rut and tell Benderbury or Briggs? You let Simmons do it. I'll bet he is always running to the bosses with some suggestion or other, isn't he? Nine poor ones and one good one, probably, but he sets them thinking: 'Here is a man worth while. He is a live wire!' He may not be a live wire; he may only throw off sparks like one, but he will have the first chance to prove whether he is a live wire or not, because he looks like one and not like a wet string."

"I don't know what I can do—"

Sam began.

"Get into another office and begin your service there by making any suggestion you can think of," said Corsey. "Suggest loose-leaf books wherever bound books are used, or yellow paper as being less trying for the eyes—anything. Offices get full of ruts. Find every rut and suggest a way to get out of it. Suggest that the firm's address be printed in larger type on the letter-heads, so it will stick out more, no matter how large it is already. Anything like that! Keep it up. Your suggestions will get better and better, you'll find. You won't be forgotten."

"I'm going to bed."

"The first book I took an agency for," said Crazy Corsey, paying no attention to Sam's threat, "was a 'Life of Benjamin Franklin.' It sort of exposed old Ben. I don't know whether it was true or not, but it was hard on Benjamin. It said mean things about him. I wanted possible purchasers to write in to me: 'Please call. I am interested in the life of Ben Franklin, but I do not promise to buy.' I had that printed on a card, and then had a circular printed telling just how mean that book treated Ben. Then I said to myself: 'What will happen to this circular? It will go into the waste-basket.' And then, Sam, I thought of your postage-stamp trick and went it one better. I put all the one-cent stamps on the envelopes upside down, and then I had printed on the envelopes: 'If you want

to know why Ben Franklin is all upset, look inside!' And I had a hand pointing to the stamp. Every man that got my circular did look inside. The 'I-am-interested' cards I got proved it."

"Yes, it would be like you to do that," said Sam.

"And if you were Simmons and I told you about it, you would go to Benderbury to-morrow and suggest that when he sends out a circular next, he might work some trick of the same kind. Benderbury & Briggs get out a lot of catalogues, don't they?"

"One or two a month," admitted Sam.

"I knew a man in Kansas City who sold phonographs and phonograph records I went in to sell him a book, and he was complaining about business; he could sell phonographs, but the other fellows, in more convenient locations, hogged the sale of records. He was just sending out the new list of records for that month I said to him: 'You've been sending these lists out for years. Suppose you don't send this one. Suppose, instead, you get up a typewritten letter and say you are eager to carry the kind of records intelligent music lovers like and ask for suggestions. People will know you are alive.' He wrote me later that business had taken a big spurt. A lot of people came to his place to explain just what records they liked, and bought records he had on hand."

"If I was Simmons, I would go to Benderbury and say: 'Mr. Benderbury, did you ever think of this scheme? Firms are always sending out catalogues—people get sick of receiving them. Suppose, for a change, you were to ask people to send catalogues to you.' 'What do you mean?' asks Benderbury. 'Why, says Simmons, 'suppose you write a letter and say you are going to get up a new catalogue and that you want to make it the kind of catalogue that will appeal strongly, and for that reason you will be much obliged if the receiver of the letter will send you a copy of any catalogue that has made the biggest hit with him lately. Some will send and some will not send, but every man of them will look at your next catalogue with tenfold interest.'"

Sam rubbed his hand over his smooth hair thoughtfully.

"Crazy," he said, "if I could just have you here to make a few suggestions now and then, I believe I would try to get with another firm and try it."

"You see?" crowed Corsey "I make a couple of fool suggestions, and you're willing to have me stay, whether I wreck the home or not! What would Benderbury think of you by now if you had begun your work with him by making a couple of wise suggestions every week?"

"A man gets so afraid of—"

"Of his wife's grandmother!" said Corsey, which sounded like a slang phrase of derision, but was not meant that way.

"If you do get those theater tickets to-morrow," said Sam, "you had better get four. Grandma likes the theaters, and I don't want her to get sore on you until I try this out. You might have to go if she took a dislike to you."

EXACTLY one year later Sam Brann, coming home to the same apartment, was met by Dora at the door.

"Sam," she said eagerly, "I have found the dearest little apartment! I want you to go around with me tonight and look at it. It is only twenty-five dollars a month more than this and such big rooms—two big bedrooms and a maid's room."

"Two and a maid's room? But I thought you were going to sport a maid when we moved?"

"But I am."

"But how about Corsey?"

"Why, we won't want him with us, will we, Sam? It was all right when we needed the five dollars. Of course, he has been as pleasant as could be, but—"

[Continued on page 71]



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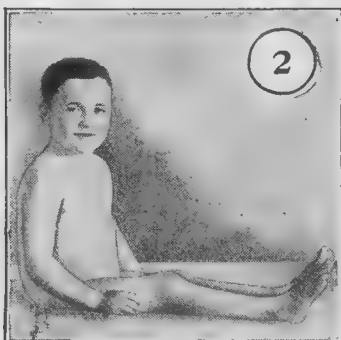
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Surprise for Mr. Linton

Continued from page 19

Penny—my husband, you know. Come to mother, precious."

A moth-eaten looking parrot with a mean eye fluttered down from the top of a green and gold lacquer cabinet to perch on Mrs. Gwilt's shoulder and accept ill-temperedly the bonbon she chose for it from a ribboned and gilded basket.

"Amelia is the most wonderful mimic," explained Mrs. Gwilt. "And its astonishing how quickly she learns. She has only to hear a thing once to say it. Your name is Horace, isn't it, Mr. Linton? Say 'Horace,' Amelia."

Amelia looked at Horace and said nothing.

"Say 'Horace,' darling," Mrs. Gwilt coaxed.

"Dammit, Arline, what's this? What's this?" The voice was a roar now. Horace marvelled that such a volume of sound could come from so small a throat as Amelia's.

"Extraordinary!" he said. Mrs. Gwilt screamed. Amelia laughed heartily.

A heavy hand fell on Horace's shoulder and spun him around.

"Who the devil is this, Arline?" demanded Mr. Pennington Gwilt—in person, this time.

"Horace darling. Horace darling. Horace darling!" caroled Amelia merrily.

Horace shook off the hand that gripped him. His primary reaction was one of blind and murderous anger at the indignity of that touch. His second was a realization of how black the situation, unexplained, must look to anyone who did not know how and why he had gotten where he was. Of course, as soon as Mrs. Gwilt was able to make her bellowing husband understand . . . Horace really felt a little sorry for him. Fancy the chap's embarrassment when he realized he had been rude to someone who was doing him a favor. How abject the fellow was going to feel!

When she made her husband understand . . . But, Good Heavens! Horace realized suddenly she wasn't even trying to. On the contrary—Mrs. Gwilt was shrieking louder than her husband.

Horace shivered. On a night like this every window in the apartment-house would be open.

"You will, will you, Penny Gwilt? You will visit that red-headed Maude Taylor and then come home and criticize my actions? You expect me to sit all alone at home waiting for you, do you?"

Pennington Gwilt answered her only with repeated demands, in a voice that rumbled like an approaching storm, for information concerning Horace's identity. Horace wondered dazedly if that was really the only facet of the situation which interested him. Mrs. Gwilt in

a high soprano that pierced the night—lightning to Mr. Gwilt's thunder—reiterated her assurances that she had no intention of sitting alone while Mr. Gwilt was the guest of the red-haired Mrs. Taylor.

Throughout their duet, Amelia furnished a joyous, if monotonous, obligato. "Horace darling. Horace darling. Horace darling."

Horace could hear doors opening in various parts of the building. He realized with sick distaste that he was not the only one listening to Pennington and Arline and Amelia.

In their absorption in each other, they were paying no attention to him. Horace turned and made for the balcony.

As he clambered backward over the dividing iron work, Horace was nauseatingly aware that there was scarcely a balcony on his side of the building which did not hold one or more night-clad figures.

Gentlemen who liked blondes could have them so far as Horace was concerned. He thought of his grey-eyed, black-haired Kay, staying with her sister this night of all nights.

Whatever slight chance he had had with Kay was done for now. There was only one ray of light in a sodden world—his guests had not drunk all his Scotch. It was possible for a little while to forget.

It was late when he awoke. He dreaded the thought of going to the office. One of the balconies last night had contained three young men who were his associates in business as well as dwellers in the apartment-house. But he had an appointment which must be kept.

He dreaded going down in the elevator, but feared still more the comments that would be made if he were caught walking down five flights of stairs.

But the attendant didn't seem to have heard anything. He was as respectful as ever—no, strangely enough, much more so. It was the same way at the office. Yet he knew his three fellow-tenants as nimble-tongued gossips. Awfully queer, thought Horace.

But the most inexplicable—as well as the most beautiful—thing happened when he got home that evening.

"Miss Lester wants you to telephone her, Mr. Linton," said the servant. "She has telephoned twice."

His hand shook as he picked up the instrument. That line of soft black hair against Kay's milky neck . . . "Did you want to speak to me, Kay?"

"Yes, Horry. I wanted to tell you something. If ever a man needed someone to look after him—I've decided to marry you, Horry."

When the West Was Young

Continued from page 66

137 new poles and travelled 2,748 miles. I found five 'breaks,' also 'grounds' and 'escapes' too numerous to mention. I seldom got anything I asked for on the line. When L— put A— in charge of this office, the operator could not take a message from L— on account of not having ink, paper or light."

"When working the Swan River office I was forced to use the blank forms of the Meteorological office."

"A prairie fire running past Humboldt burning down many poles for about 2 miles along the line."

The entire pages—of which there are thirty-six foolscap size—show to what straits the pioneer Telegraph Operator was, at times put to. In a lengthy "report" occurs this naive paragraph:

"The fire which swept through here some twenty odd miles, but for a few friends (neighbors) who knowing I was not at home, galloped here to save the premises. They fought the fire well, turning the flames away from the

house, or all would have been burnt. As it is, there is but a small patch of pasture left."

Mr. Weldon remained in the service of the Company until his closing years. His son Mr. Charles Weldon was appointed to the post vacated by his father, who may be said to have "died in harness." The Weldon home at Humboldt was the Open Door to all travellers passing east and west. Many distinguished visitors enjoyed the hospitality of the Irish man and his pretty Irish wife. Mrs. Weldon was an expert telegrapher; she "held down the job" while her husband went off whenever "trouble on the line" occurred. Hardships of pioneering left the lady a cripple for some twenty-five years of her life. Her name was a household word when the west was young. She gave much to the country. She and her Irish lover-husband sleep side by side on the open prairie, where the winds of the west sing their requiem.

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE
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Ordeal in Ontariopsis

Continued from page 15

here he squeezed Mr. Carbutt's shoulder affectionately—"in his errand of Life."

The audience were visibly moved. Shouts of "Good ol' Bert" arose, and handkerchiefs were produced, preparatory to more affecting words.

"Our message, then, dear brothers and sisters, is one of welcome to our Brother, Reverend Carbutt, of the well-known and nation-wide Confidential Mission."

Reverend Carbutt, scarlet in the face, and profoundly upset, choked and goggled as full realization came to him. Brother Ehud Smoke was now returning with the collection, and, as he did so, sorted it with his index finger. The results appeared to please him.

Mrs. Grickle, from her seat near the platform, radiated ecstatic sobs, and several other women were crying softly in anticipation. In other words, except for the state of mind of the unhappy missionary, the Confidential Mission was off to a good start.

But to Mr. Carbutt it seemed that the time for action was come. Rather than expose himself at once, he preferred to seek refuge in flight.

Summoning once again all his normally colossal nerve, he proceeded to address the crowd.

"My good friends," he began, "I am deeply grateful to you for the surprising reception you have given me today. I am, I admit, not saying what first I intended. Not by any means. I felt that my remarks, as planned, would be almost inappropriate."

He was slightly taken aback at this juncture, to hear what sounded like a dry chuckle, from an indefinite point in the hall. It almost appeared to proceed from Brother Ehud Smoke.

"Are we sufficiently thankful for all our mercies?" went on Mr. Carbutt, "Are we thankful for the—er—sunshine, and the—ah—fresh air?"—here he strode to the window, and flung it open with a gesture.

"Are we, I say again, brimming with gratitude for the strength of an—er—as the Psalmist says—lion?" So say-

ing, he seized his sample case, held it over his head, and lowered it to the window-sill, allowing the muscles in his arm to ripple through his coat-sleeve. Every eye was upon him.

"We should be prepared," he went on, "to sing and shout with praise. To utter glad cries to the blue skies! We should cast away restraint, and dance." Here he executed a few intricate steps towards the window.

"We should leap like rams—"here with one standing jump, he made the window-sill.

"And, like young lambs, my friends," placing his bowler at an angle on his head, "Like young lambs, we should skip!"—and with that he was gone—the sun shone once more serenely through the window.

Too dumbfounded to stir, the crowd sat looking at one another—as Mr. Carbutt might have said—like sheep. The first to speak was Mr. Hudgkins.

"What the—?" said he, thereby completely destroying the Sunday School superintendent's already wobbly faith in his conversion.

Mr. Ehud Smoke solemnly arose.

"I have long felt, friends," said Mr. Smoke, "that Ontariopsis needs another revival. As my unwilling ears shrink before the language of our outcast Brother Hudgkins I realize that I was right."

"I have thought, too, that I myself was specially endowed with the gifts suited to this calling. So we are going to have a mission."

"Our dear Brother Carbutt has been called away. I had the foresight to correspond with the church offices in Toronto, from where Mr. Carbutt has registered. No such mission as his exists in that city."

"But Mr. Carbutt's absence need not alter Brother Hudgkins' well-intentioned plans. In my hand, I have the collection. In my possession, I have the hall. The Confidential Mission is now open, and I will conduct the same myself."

"—!" said Brother Hudgkins to his inner soul, and, so saying, departed to find himself a drink.

Brightening Up Samuel

Continued from page 69

"I don't know, Dora," said Sam hesitatingly. "I hate to think we are turning Crazy out. It looks as if—"

"What, Sam?"

"Dot, I never told you it was Crazy put me up to leaving Benderbury & Briggs. I never told you it was Crazy put me up to thinking my head off to find suggestions to make to Marvin. I only told you Marvin began jumping my salary because I was making suggestions that he thought were valuable. I didn't tell you that Crazy and I sitting in the parlor there after you and Grandma went to bed—thought up the reorganization of the sales-plan that made Marvin put me in as sales-manager. You know, Dot, all that is true, and it does seem rank ingratitude now that I have got my five thousand a year, to kick old Crazy out."

"And you never told me a word about it!" exclaimed Dora, but she said it in such a quizzical manner that Sam looked at her with an odd, puzzled expression.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"You won't tell Corsey I told you?" she demanded.

"Honest Injun, no!" exclaimed Sam.

"He has been wanting to get away from New York for months. He can't stay in one place. He wants to go north and south and west and everywhere, and that is why he is a book-agent. He has been dying to get away."

"Then why doesn't he go?" asked Sam.

"Sam, you won't be angry? Well, just after he rented the room, he and I had a long talk, and he told me what I knew but had almost forgotten—what a Mr. Bright-boy you used to be out home, as he calls it. So I told him it was different now; you had Grandma and me to take care of. He said that was true—a man in your position had to be conservative. Then I said you needn't be conservative on my account and that I was willing to have you try anything that would help you to get ahead, even if we had to starve meanwhile. I said I thought you knew that, but that it was Grandma's comfort you thought of. And, Sam, I asked him if he didn't think he could stir you up and make you forget Grandma awhile. And so he did, Sam—because I asked him. And he really wants to get away as soon as he can."

"Well, you rank little conspirator, you!" exclaimed Sam. "So it was you and Crazy all the time, when I thought it was Crazy and I! And all of us putting it over poor Grandma!"

They had reached the parlor and Grandma heard the last word.

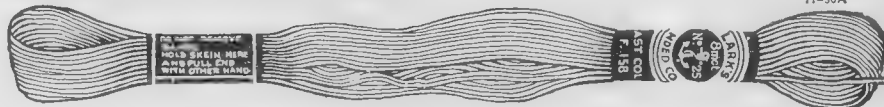
"What did you say, Samuel?" she asked, for she was getting a little deaf these last months.

"I was saying you would be glad," Sam cried in a voice suited to her hearing; "Corsey is going."

"Yes, yes!" she said placidly, smoothing her skirt across her knees. "I suppose he will go now. I've kept him here as long as I can. He did brighten you up so, Samuel!"



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How Scotland Yard Scores

Continued from page 22

tips; the professional boxer, mail man or lumber shaver generally has his left shoulder a trifle higher than the right—unless he is left-handed, in which case the right shoulder would be the higher. The hands of a gambler are soft and well-kept, and so on through the many trades and vocations. The trade or profession stamps the man.

One of the most obvious characteristics of the habitual criminal is the motion of the lips, or rather their lack of apparent movement. This applies chiefly to criminals who have served a sentence. Being debarred from conversation when at work, they have so mastered the art of silent talking when communicating with one another, without emitting any sound through the lips, that only the very slightest movement of these is sufficient to convey messages. This device is used for carrying on lengthy conversations when a guard's back is conveniently turned.

Most significant of all disclosures, however, to the trained eye is the gait of a felon. If recently out of jail, after serving a sentence of any length, the convict will unconsciously have acquired a walk peculiar to the inmates of penitentiaries, dependent, of course, on the nature of his occupation when serving time. Even should he never have seen the inside of a prison, the pressure of the foot of an abnormal man or woman varies markedly from that of the normal walker. It is true, of course, that many abnormal persons, such as morons and the feeble-minded, are not necessarily criminals, but the asylums for the criminally insane testify to the close connection between abnormality and its twin brother—crime.

THEN again, the impression left by the foot marks of a man who is running differ radically from those of one who is pursuing an even, steady pace. In the former case a certain spring is necessary to afford the required impetus for running or very rapid walking. The space intervening between the foot prints supply the police with accurate knowledge as to the approximate height of the pedestrian. If a wide space intervenes, long legs are indicated, and vice versa.

Close observations have enabled the police to discover whether in walking the toes are slightly turned inward or outward, and the straight line of the sole of the foot where it rests on the ground is compared with the irregularity or evenness of the line of forward march. Flat-footed individuals can be recognized by the measurement taken of the horizontal—(or sole line)—line with that of the line or angle of forward march, and the pedestrian with high arches is also readily distinguishable.

In comparing a suspect's footmarks with those found near the scene of a murder, a number of horizontal parallel lines are drawn close to one another, approximately one inch apart. From fourteen to sixteen lines is the usual number of spaces into which the sole of the foot is thus divided. These are compared with the corresponding lines and varying impressions of the unidentified criminal foot marks, and it is thus easy to detect the similarities or dissimilarities between any two given foot prints.

For general purposes of identification the infallible Galton finger print measurements are employed. Scotland Yard owes a great tribute of gratitude to the late Sir Edward Henry, who, while in office, in 1904, compelled a reluctant Yard to accept the accurate system and measurements of Francis Galton in place of the Bertillon anthropometric system which had been in use from 1901. As all the world knows, it was mainly owing to the unreliability of the Bertillon measurements that the heroic Captain Dreyfus was found guilty by the French Government, only years later to be finally released and triumphantly re-instated on the indisputable proof of his innocence, despite the inaccurate evidence tendered by the Bertillon system.

Of recent years Scotland Yard has largely discounted the value of identification from photographs of wanted men, or from the descriptions furnished the Yard by onlookers. In the first place, experience and many tests have conclusively proved that the untrained eye of the most honest witness fails to faithfully record the impression of any object which comes before its vision, especially when the perceptive faculties are distracted by unusual accompanying incidents, such as the sight of a fleeing man.

In any event, the habitual criminal is so well posted in his description by the Press as to his approximate build, height and general appearance that he has little difficulty—given sufficient time—in effecting a disguise which renders him almost, if not quite, unrecognizable. At first it might seem that the publicity given by the Press would defeat the ends of justice, which indeed is very often the case in the States, where not only is the description of the wanted man set out in full but also his probable whereabouts and the measures the police are taking to capture their quarry. But with Scotland Yard more discretion is shown, and since the Press is not out to exploit crime, but to render assistance, the newspapers collaborate with the Yard to furnish only such details as would serve to identify the criminal—not such as would prompt him to take specific cautions—this publicity having proved a valuable aid to the English Police authorities.

SCOTLAND YARD, however, does not claim infallibility. How readily a person may be wrongly identified when appearances only are taken into account was proved by the celebrated Beck case. Beck though innocent being convicted of many swindles, perpetrated by another man who so closely resembled Beck in appearance that many witnesses honestly swore to his being the culprit, and the unfortunate Beck was convicted of the crime. To the credit of British justice it should be added that, on facts coming to light which indisputably established Beck's innocence, on his release from prison Beck was awarded five thousand pounds by the British Government. No such compensation has ever been tendered by the American Government, where framed convictions are of frequent occurrence, owing to political influences.

Since the days of Beck, a Mr. Matthews called attention to a simple method of positively determining whether two faces closely resembling one another, so much so as to deceive the naked eye—were indeed that of the same person or merely almost identical in appearance. The principle of identification was given in the "British Journal Almanac," 1890, and was based on geometrical identification. Sixteen horizontal lines were drawn across the face and three perpendicular, as reproduced from accompanying illustration, taken from Dr. Hans Gross' book entitled, "Criminal Investigation."

As can be readily seen this sub-division of the facial features enables very precise measurements to be taken of distances from the angle of the corners of the eye to the mouth, and from the lips to the ears, etc. Of course, this is a method only employed when a likeness between any two given persons might lead to wrong identification. The drawings are compared with an enlarged original photograph of the individual under examination.

It is interesting to note how widely divergent are the methods of Scotland Yard in its man-hunt to those of police officials in other famous European Criminal Bureaus—particularly that of the Paris Surete. While the Yard prefers to follow the main-clue trail for hunting down its quarry, the French man hunters pursue very different tactics, which in turn again differ radically from that of the German or Austrian police. In place of pursuing one main clue and running this down

[Continued on page 73]

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How Scotland Yard Scores

Continued from page 72

to a finish, the French have substituted the diplomatic method of trapping their criminals. They lay snares and pitfalls of such a subtle nature that in the majority of cases the transgressor is the one who convicts himself. So far from coming out into the open, the French police retreat in order to advance.

While the French police are past masters in the art of beguiling their victims in preference to resorting to force, or the following up of intricate clues, the Teuton shows a marked partiality for the strictly scientific elaboration of material evidence. The German detective is something of a specialist, indeed so highly specialized is the police system of that country that even the burnt ashes of a piece of paper are compelled to give up their secrets. By the application of a mineral solution, the remnants of charred paper can be made to disclose obliterated writing.

In fact each nation has adopted its own specific measures for combating the activities of Crookdom. All European Police reject the American metaphysical presumption, of which one of the most surprising and unreliable is the so-called Lie-Detector. This instrument was invented to discover by the fluctuations of the pulse beat whether a suspect was telling the truth, or seeking to mislead his questioners. A strap is fastened to the wrist of the person under examination, and the strap is then attached to the instrument which records the very faintest variations of the heart beats. If these vary when certain incriminating questions are put to the suspect, it is assumed that he is not veracious. This method of discriminating the true from the false takes no account of the nervous tension which this unique

method of cross-questioning might evoke in many innocent persons, whereas the hardened, callous clever criminal would be far more likely to exercise control over his emotions.

Scotland Yard relies on more practical common sense methods, together with promptness of action in following up a clue to its ultimate disclosure, for the Yard represents practicality as contrasted with the subtlety of the French modus operandi or the scientific investigations of the German and Austrian detective forces.

Still the Yard does not ignore more subtle clues, particularly where material ones are wanting. Motive counts for much, and where a strong motive is inferred the police are not slow to make conclusive deductions, to be subsequently verified however, by irrefutable evidence.

The Crippen case presents an excellent example of the Yard's promptness, in recognizing the sudden disappearance of Crippen with Miss La Neve from his house where the crime had been committed as sufficient reason to hunt him down, even though Inspector Drew had previously visited the place and had been completely re-assured by Crippen's behaviour that there was no cause to suspect him of crime. Here was a typical case of a murder without any tangible clue to start with, other than the psychological deduction that a criminal is always eager to leave the place where the crime was perpetrated.

With the slenderest thread in its possession Scotland Yard seldom fails to follow this up until it has succeeded in weaving a net of unbreakable meshes from which the evil doer finds no means of escape.

Ye Olde Time Art of Letter Writing

WHAT a task they made of letter writing long ago! London Writing Masters were in constant demand for youths training for clerkships in English Commercial Houses. How many business men today realize how important it is to convey a good impression on paper? Yet the crisis of a career may rest with the type of letter one is able to compose. Gone are the lavish terms of yesterday, but the principles of correspondence remain unchanged.

"Ring up this chap, Mr. Brown" says a certain financier to his secretary" judging by his letter he is the man we are looking for."

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Correct forms of address, the quality of your stationery and legible handwriting are absolutely essential. The rate at which we live today, is disastrous to good handwriting . . . and the

modern scrawl is anything but pleasant to the eye . . . 19th Century England labored to learn writing from the copy books of Vere Foster, in a flawless current hand. The "Civil Service" hand is also an upright version of the same design. Early American colonists followed the style of their home country. Benjamin Franklin practised a fine Anglaise from which a printing type was subsequently engraved. The variety of calligraphic forms is infinite.

The old Gothic style was especially popular throughout Europe, at one time, and remains in occasional use. This style garnished a gorgeous presentation of welcome for Colonel Lindbergh's reception by the City of New York, in 1927. Four or five cacophonous Gothics, semi-Gothics and Romans were used.

The days of quill pen and parchment are lost forever . . . the elaborate art of letters is extinct . . . yet we can at least take pride in the perfection of modern writing materials, and the impression they convey to the world.

The Question

By Maude Laidman

*This life we feel
Is most involved,
Its mysteries
Are seldom solved;
A little joy,
A passing grief—
A touch of pain
Then sweet relief—
A loyal friend,
Someone estranged—
A little light
For gloom exchanged—
Some humble toil
Then time to roam—
A lonely hour,
A welcome home—
A joke at which
We're all amused
Then weary eyes
With tears suffused—
A tender love,
A touch of hate*

*That really makes
Us rue our fate—
A deep despair
With which to cope,
A period
Of ardent hope—
A thrill of pride,
A sting of shame
That makes us blush
To own our name—
A term of strife
Which will increase
Our reverence for
Succeeding peace—
A holy faith,
A fearsome doubt
That puts all
Reasoning to rout—
A state of bliss,
A heart so sore
One wonders what
This life is for.*



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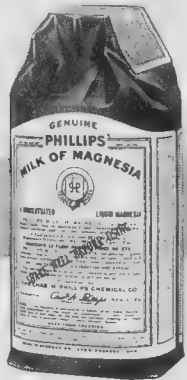
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PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Beyond the Law

Continued from page 21

"When one is alone—it's pleasant to make ready for a friend, m'sieur!" she said unexpectedly, then.

He was silent. In the little room there was no sound but the soft rustle of her garments and the crackle of the fire, the merry crackle of the fire! Through the window behind her he saw Duval feeding the dogs. They were alone. She spread the table while he watched her deft hands and her white wrists.

At last she brought the steaming tea and poured it into his cup. "It's ready," she said softly. "Sit down, m'sieur; you must be hungry. The bread is new, m'sieur. I baked today," she went on talking softly, her eyes still shining. "I used to make good things, but here one can't tell."

Still he did not move. He laid a heavy hand on the edge of the table and stared before him with unseeing eyes. This woman a murderess? It seemed—it had to be—beyond belief!

She returned to the stove, busy with food for Duval. "I must have something hot for him," she said pleasantly. "He's a faithful man and he's long out there with the dogs. I'm glad there's such a good shelter for them; it's growing horribly cold tonight."

O'Hara said nothing. The snow gloom outside deepened. Laure took the lamp from a shelf and lit it, bringing it to the table. It lifted her face out of the gathering shadows of the room and showed it clearly as she looked across at her guest. "You haven't eaten a mouthful!" she exclaimed in blank surprise. And then, flushing, "Is it then so bad, m'sieur?"

He did not lift his eyes. Mechanically he picked up a fork and tried to render justice to the food on his plate, but he could not. He dropped the fork, rose with a poignant gesture and turned away. "I can't eat your food!" he cried with sudden passion. "I'm not such a Judas!"

As he spoke he strode across the little room and stood staring out of the window. There was no sound in the room for a long time. The silence became unendurable. He turned and saw her standing where he had left her, the warm radiance of the lamp making a circle about her. She neither moved nor spoke, but her eyes questioned him gravely, reproachfully.

It was hard to speak, something seemed to choke his utterance, but at last, hoarsely, "Do you know why I've come?"

"No, m'sieur," she replied steadily, "but I thought you were—my friend!"

There was a terrible pause, then his harsh, rasping voice broke it. "Then know me for what I am—a manhunter."

She did not speak, but he saw her hands go suddenly to her breast.

He took a step nearer and drew that small dark object from his pocket that he had dug from the creek ice. "Do you know this?" He held it out to her with a hand that shook.

She did not touch it but she stared at it with wide eyes. "It's my other glove, m'sieur, the mate to the one you found before. You knew it by the beading on the gauntlet top?"

"Yes, I knew it. Heaven knows I wish I hadn't recognized it!"

She was far more calm than he was. "Where did you find it, m'sieur?"

"Where you trampled it into the ice of the creek, the day you fled after—after you had shot your husband and Ninon Creuse!"

She drew a quick breath. "So, you came here for this?"

"I came to charge you with that double murder, Laure Gharian, and to take you back with me."

His voice grated harsh and unfeeling, but his face was ashen. For the first time in his life O'Hara knew the depths of an earthly hell.

She did not blench, but lifted her eyes to his unflinching. "You'll tell me why you make this charge against a friendless woman, m'sieur?"

"Yes, I'll tell you, though the chief would charge me to hold my tongue. But you're a woman and you shall know. That pistol Creuse found here was yours. You bought it at Le Pas on your way here. This man, Duval, drove you over. I've checked up all this, you can't deny it!" he added sharply, as if she had tried, when in fact she had said nothing. "You found Ninon taking care of your wounded husband. I don't know what passed, but I can conjecture that you, his wife, were furious; that you tried to drive the nurse out alone in the bitter cold of a coming storm, that Gharian, who loved her, would not let her go alone, that he dressed and followed her, you overtaking them. Your tracks showed that; you all three quarreled violently, you fired two shots, both were fatal. Ninon caught at your coat, she clung to it, dying, and tore these away!"

He held out his hand. In it lay the two fur tails.

The woman stared at them, white-lipped, but she did not speak. He pointed to her coat upon the chair. "They fit, I've tried them, the hole's torn jagged!" he said.

There was a terrible silence; in it the man's breathing was audible. Still she did not speak, nor did she touch the two fur fragments which had betrayed her. At last he went on chokingly. "You couldn't go. You hung about the edge of the creek until Johnston caught a glimpse of you, then you fled, stumbling, and all but lost Duval on his way back to the cabin; but he came after you and helped you, taking you back to Le Pas. At the edge of the creek you dropped your glove and trampled on it, it's stained with blood. I found it before I came here that day and found you and Creuse."

As he finished his accusation he turned away from her and rested his elbow on the shelf from which she had removed the lamp. In that attitude he could not see her face, but he did not want to see it now. Something like fire was running through his brain; there seemed to be a clamor in his ears.

It was her voice that broke the awful pause. "And you had this in your heart when you arrested Creuse and took him away. Why did you do that, m'sieur?"

"Partly to see if you would let an innocent man suffer! Besides, I hadn't then found Duval. I didn't—"

Suddenly the woman screamed. O'Hara turned in the nick of time. The breed was at his throat, a long knife in his hand. "You no find Duval den? By gar, you find heem now, m'sieur!" he shouted. "My knife, he found you, too!"

O'Hara reached for his pistol too late. He felt the breed's iron grip on his wrist. They clasped and grappled, the knife was at his throat, he felt it rip the flesh; and then a woman's sharp cry, a blinding rush past the lamp, and the grip on his throat loosed suddenly. Duval had him down, his knee on his breast, and Laure was holding the furious man back, crying to him, begging him for a life!

"But, madame, eet's righ' he die!" Duval cried fiercely. "I leesten at de door—mon Dieu, madame, he got to die—me, Duval, me he charges wid sayin' you kill Gharian! He die, by gar!"

"Jacques," she pleaded, "give me that knife!"

"An' let heem live, madame? He kills us both! He's got pistol; he took mine, he made me come; like a dog he drive me. Me, Jacques Duval! An' he drag me an' you to prison, madame!"

"Jacques, give me the knife!" Erect she stood and beautiful. Slowly, reluctantly, the halfbreed gave up his weapon, but his long sinewy fingers lingered at O'Hara's throat.

"I take his pistol den, madame?" "No!" she said sharply, "not even that, Jacques!" [Cont'd on page 75]

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Beyond the Law

Continued from page 74

The halfbreed muttered but her eyes held his. Like a faithful dog the man hung upon her words. He hated to yield, but he did not move. He waited.

Laure, sure of him, stood looking down at the fallen man's flushed face. "M'sieur Police," she said gently and gravely, "this man's my friend; as my friend he fought for me. You'd trusted him. He would have kept faith with you but for me. I ask you as a favor to a woman to spare him. If he lets you go you'll spare him, m'sieur?"

"If he leaves my gun alone and surrenders," O'Hara answered grimly, "and you keep his knife from me."

"Jacques," she put her hand on the man's shoulder, "for my sake!"

Suddenly, the halfbreed released O'Hara. Then, as both men stumbled to their feet. "But for yourse'f, madame, you didn't make heem promise!" Duval stood ready to spring again. "You, madame!" he gasped, his fierce eyes ablaze.

O'Hara's hand dropped on the holster of his pistol, but she stood between them, holding them apart, her hands against their breasts. She did not look into the sergeant's flushed face; her clear eyes held Duval's steadily.

"I'm going with him, Jacques," she said gently, "of my—free will."

IT WAS morning when they started back over the trail, the woman on the sled, the halfbreed beside his dogs. Behind them stalked the tall figure of O'Hara.

The dazzling whiteness of the ice fields caught them. It played on the buckles of the sled traces, darkened the wild face of Duval, and lit up the profile of the woman. They were scarcely a rifle shot from the little cabin when she turned now and looked back at it as if in last farewell. O'Hara caught the look, saw the mystery of those haunting eyes, the tender mouth, and his hands clenched at his sides.

Suddenly he remembered the letter in the inspector's desk. The full story was there, all the clues checked up, and at the end his own words. "If I fail to bring in the prisoner in six days send someone else to do it."

He had not trusted himself. Yet he was doing it. She was guilty, and he was taking her back. He had put the case out of his hands, had given it over to the chief. No lie could save her now. Then he remembered the breed's hands at his throat, the flash of his knife, and her intercession for his life. Duval would have killed him and freed her, she had all to lose and nothing to gain by saving him, yet she had done it. Why? Not from womanish pity, since she had killed her husband and the girl. Then why?

The question had throbbed like a pulse in his brain all night. She had saved him when his death would have set her free. She even had left him armed. For some reason Duval seemed to be her devoted slave; O'Hara knew now that the fierce halfbreed had come with him, not through fear, but to kill him and save her.

Duval's attitude was one of humble gratitude, of blind devotion. O'Hara passed it over as no further concern of his. The woman was his prisoner. Perhaps in weakness he had promised her to let the halfbreed go free. He would keep his word. But why had she saved him? Why? The question possessed him, ran through his veins like fire, but he set himself against it, he fought it—as a man must fight an unseen but deadly enemy.

He set his teeth and mushed on through the snow. Already they had travelled miles. It would soon be time to stop for noonday rations, as the dogs already were showing hunger, they barked at little or nothing, snapped at each other; and the breed's whip cracked sharply in the frosty air.

The team had come to a narrow bit of trail between two clumps of willows. On one side were steep rocks crusted with ice. Between the boulders the

open rents were filled with bluish snow; it took a keen eye to detect the dangerous slides along the brink of the precipice. Duval had spoken of it dubiously the day before, but he negotiated it now with wonderful skill and speed. Once the sled swayed, but he guided the gee-pole so deftly that O'Hara marvelled at the man's skill. No wonder he had carried Laure safely away on that fatal day!

Following in their footsteps, with more thought of them than of himself, O'Hara took no heed of the snow and ice that the sledge runners had cut lose. A mass of it suddenly gave under his feet. He slipped over a sheer rock, striking his head sharply on its keen edge, fell into a snow filled crevice, and caught on the jagged rocks ten feet below. A rending pain shot through him—then oblivion.

How long he lay unconscious he never knew. He sank deep down into velvet blackness, and came out of it in stinging pain. At first he could not see. Then he tried to lift his right arm and could not; it hung helpless. A throbbing pain swept every limb. He tried to think and seemed to be wrapped in a gray mist. Then he remembered how he had fallen. He struggled to his knees and tried to clutch at the slippery ice with his left hand. He gripped a bit of the ledge and clung to it, his eyes still blinded by the pain in his head. The wide stretch of snow about him seemed to reel crazily, to be dyed all colors of the rainbow. Then, knowing himself caught and helpless, he called for help, shouting to them—Duval and the woman. Where were they? He tried to raise himself so he could see over the rocks.

The trail dropped from the ledge, where he had fallen, into the snow barrens. For miles there showed no other break, only the rise and fall of drifted snow on a flat land where only the tops of young spruce trees showed above the white waste. The ice fields stretched endlessly; and the wind swept across them with light flurries of dry snow, frosted spume of the great frozen drifts beyond. Duval had halted the sled and was looking back.

O'Hara shouted to him. "Duval! Come back. I'm helpless. Come back!"

For an instant the breed seemed to hesitate. Then his long whip whirled. The huskies answered with sharp yelps, the sled lurched forward and broke into wild flight.

O'Hara shouted again, furiously, desperately. Then he tried to climb, and fell forward into snow, the burning ache in his broken arm and the dizzy blindness besetting him, while the cold seized him and held him like a vise. Icicles were forming on his hair and in the corners of his eyes. He breathed with difficulty. Soon he would be unable to move. He struggled madly, but every movement increased the agony. Duval was escaping with his prisoner; they had abandoned him to his fate. His fate? How well he knew what it would be! After long agony he would freeze to death. And afterward, perhaps before the end—wolves!

He was able to make little effort after that, but fell into a kind of twitching stupor. The pain in his head was horrible. The sooner the biting cold got in its work, the better. He no longer tried to think but buried his head on his left arm and set his teeth to keep back the groans which sprang to his lips. Once his hand went to his pistol, but he did not remove the weapon from the holster. No, please God, he would die like a man, not like a coward afraid to face mortal agony. He felt the chill of it creeping into his senses. Again that deadly faintness seized him. The cold enfolded him like a mantle, he raised his head feebly but he could see nothing but wastes of snow and above them the inexorable Arctic sky. Then he grew dizzy again, dizzy and unearthly cold, only the burning pain in his broken arm keeping him

[Continued on page 76]



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SLOAN'S Liniment

Beyond the Law

Continued from page 75

conscious of life. Objects swam before his eyes. He lost all reckoning of time. A face haunted, her face. His stiff lips formed a word and whispered it—"Laure!"

A LONG time after that he heard voices, but took no heed of them. The cold and the pain were still at odds over his body. When the cold won he would cease to feel the pain. He almost had attained the point of detachment from which he could view the suffering of this thing which had been himself, with impersonal calm. That calm was death, he suspected. Strange, how people feared it!

Suddenly he felt human hands busy with him. His head was lifted, a flask pressed to his lips. He opened his eyes, saw her face close to his, heard her voice. "Put your arm about me, lift yourself on my shoulder, m'sieur!"

"Laure!" he gasped faintly.

"You're hurt—but how?" She busied herself trying to lift his head upon her arm and force brandy down his throat. "Can you get up m'sieur?"

"My arm's broken—but it's my head—" His voice trailed.

She uttered a little cry of commiseration, touching his cold cheek with her hand. "Mon Dieu, how you must suffer! And at first Duval wouldn't come back; he was bent on saving me. Jacques!" she called sharply. "His arm's broken and his head is bruised and bleeding. We must get him on the sled."

Half conscious after that, the injured man felt himself lifted bodily, felt the sled under him and knew, in a dim, confused way, that they were travelling—not south, but north. Then pain deadened everything, and something akin to delirium gripped him. He mumbled her name and cried out for help. It was a long while before he felt them carry him on a blanket into Gharian's cabin, knew that he was lying on a bed and the woman was ministering to his hurts. His blurred eyes followed her, saw her figure outlined against the light from the outer room, heard her kindling a fire.

"Laure!" he cried, "Laure!"

She came at once, carrying a lamp in her hand and lifted her pale face out of the gloom and made it beautiful. She set the lamp down and knelt down beside him as a mother might soothe a child. "Duval's gone for a doctor. He is staying close by; there's been—illness near. He'll be here by morning anyway. Meanwhile, m'sieur, take but a little of this hot broth. It'll give you strength to fight the fever."

But he would do no more than taste it to please her. "I can't eat. Laure, why should you feed me? I was taking you to prison!"

"I don't think of that now, m'sieur; you are suffering, I must do what I can. Your head is hot with fever—I'll bathe your forehead."

And in a moment he felt her hands busy with cooling water on his wounded head. Her gentle touch soothed. She raised him a little on the pillow, eased his strained attitude. The fever had seized him, and the swollen arm throbbed painfully. But, all the while, her face hovered before his burning eyes, her voice tried to comfort him. He called her an angel and again, through ensuing delirium, he cursed himself for betraying her; she was innocent and he loved her.

In the long hours of the night he raved. He had run her down. From that moment when first he saw her face at French Pete's, his accursed instinct had set him on her track. He had hunted her, trapped her—but he loved her! The woman, tending him through the long night, heard it all. "Laure," he moaned, "Laure!"

Over and over again, the same battle, his duty and his sudden, overwhelming attachment for the woman. Then, when he felt her cooling hand on his hot forehead, or tasted the water she pressed to his parched lips, he raised glazed

eyes to hers and murmured broken, unintelligible words.

Hour after hour thus, and then, at last, voices, figures moving before his fevered vision, strange shapes, fresh thrills of agony at a new touch on his swollen arm and his wounded head, a strange voice.

"Give me more light here! And a basin of hot water."

The words trickled through his consciousness. A glare shone in the room. He tried to rise and was thrust back into—nothingness.

IT WAS morning when he opened his eyes again. Through the door of the outer room he heard a kettle singing loudly on the stove. Then he suddenly was aware that his broken arm lay in splints, and that his head had cleared. Dimly things came back to him. A doctor had been summoned for him from somewhere.

Where were they now, the doctor and the woman? O'Hara lay still, watching the door. Presently he heard soft movements, then a shadow fell across the rectangle of light.

"Laure!" he breathed.

"You're awake, m'sieur!" She was smiling; there was something like a thrill of joy in her voice as she knelt beside him, lifting a cup to his lips. "You must eat something now, and get strong again."

The hot broth tasted good after his long fast. He finished the cup.

"The pain in your head isn't so bad now, m'sieur? Your fever's almost gone, and you've slept off the medicine too." She was close, bending over him, and the light from the other room touched her face with a softened glow.

He lifted a fold of her dress to his lips and kissed it humbly. "You've been an angel to me. Forgive me for all I've done!"

She rose from her knees, flushed and trembling, but her eyes were shining. "The doctor said you must be quiet, m'sieur."

"Where is he?"

"He—he had to go back," her voice faltered strangely. "He has another patient. Jacques took him. It was a lucky chance to have a doctor anywhere out here."

As she spoke she moved toward the door, carrying the empty cup. But he called to her in a low strained voice. "They've gone—and you stayed here with me?"

"Of course, m'sieur, you needed someone."

"You stayed because I needed you?" "Are you not suffering, m'sieur? And I'm a woman! I had to stay."

"You had to stay? No, Laure," His lips compressed to a grim line, but this was self hatred. When he spoke again his voice was harsh. "Why did you let pity keep you here?"

She turned back and stood looking down at him, pale and calm. "Would you rather have me desert you now, m'sieur? Leave you to suffer alone until the doctor returns, to thirst with fever, to starve?"

He nodded slowly, firmly. "I prefer it, Laure! Let me fail, attempting duty, rather than succeed—"

Shocked protest was mirrored in her features. "No, no, m'sieur! Even if you hated me, even though you charged me with crime, you could not wish to be left alone thus!"

"You don't know all!" he cried abruptly. "Tell me, what day is it?" "Friday, m'sieur."

His tension relaxed—but this was hopelessness. Inspector Macdonald knew everything by this time. Listlessly his scraggy face suddenly years older, O'Hara turned his face toward the wall. "I have done it—betrayed you," he muttered.

There was a moment of silence; then her voice still sweet and modulated, "I know all, m'sieur. You told me in your fever." [Continued on page 77]



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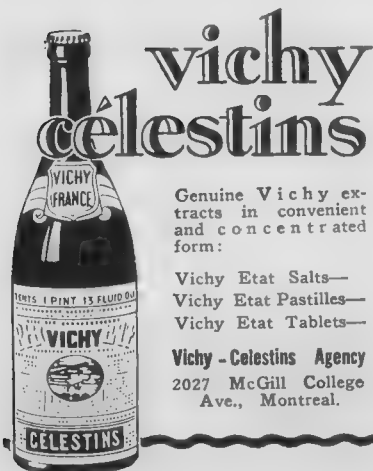
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Beyond the Law

Continued from page 76

"You knew the inspector will send an officer here, now I have failed to bring you in?" he gasped, in fresh agony of soul, "you knew?"

"I know, m'sieur."

"You knew and you stayed? When you could have gone with Duval—you stayed to wait on me?"

She put him gently back as he struggled to sit upright. "You must lie still, m'sieur. The doctor bade me keep you still. Even if I were as bad as you have thought, m'sieur, I could not abandon an injured man."

O'Hara had no words for that. He lay there tight lipped, staring at a strip of bark not a foot from his eyes. But he was regaining a grip upon himself. Come what might this woman must not suffer, must not be dragged to the ignominy of a trial for murder—perhaps worse. Concentrating every mental resource, he focussed upon a new mode to attack. "There's some way out of this; I'm sure of it. Tell me, in God's name, tell me all!"

She put her cool hand on his forehead and pushed the hair back with a tender touch. Was she smiling? "I'm your prisoner, m'sieur, you mustn't ask a prisoner to talk."

He caught at her hand and drew her nearer, lifting fevered eyes to the calm beauty of her face. "Laure, tell me about this man, Duval. He's devoted to you like a faithful dog—"

She dragged her hand away, gently. "It's quite simple about that, m'sieur. When I came here a bride, Duval's young wife would have died one night but for my care. I went a few miles through the snow to help her. He loves her, m'sieur, and thinks I saved her life. That is all."

O'Hara uttered a sharp cry. "I know now," he said with a rasp of throat. "I know! Duval brought you here. He found the girl, believed your husband false; and in revenge he killed them both!"

She fell upon her knees besides him, catching his fevered hand and holding it. "No, no. Before the good God, Duval is innocent! He never came here while the girl was here. He never saw her—even dead!"

"He did! You want to save the man because he's been faithful, or for some other senseless reason! Gharian was cruel to you, they've told me. He deserved to die. I swear it! But you must be cleared. I'll have to take Duval. He's the guilty one, but I don't blame him—"

She dropped his hand and wrung her own together. Sobs of terror shook her. "He's innocent! If you accuse him you're a wicked man! Duval saved you; be grateful and just to him!"

"He didn't save me; you did! I know now you're innocent; I'd stake my soul on it! It's the man who did it. He must pay for it, not you."

"M'sieur, Duval's innocent; there's no clue which can lead you to him. You know it!"

"You can't deceive me now, Laure! Don't I remember how you begged me not to try Creuse on circumstantial evidence? One of those two did it, Laure, and one of them must pay—if not your halfbreed, then Nicky Creuse. He had the motive, he was taken haunting this house, and there's only one link missing. He seems to have been at Churchill. Well, he wasn't, that's all. We've miscalculated time. He got here in time to fulfill his threats. As soon as I'm up I'll nail it!"

She drew a long breath, her eyes shining strangely, but she did not move. "You'll do this because—of me?" she whispered. "To save me you'll send that boy unjustly to the gallows?"

He did not answer. A startled light of sanity shot through the madness of unreason in his eyes, however, as he stared at her.

"And what if I swear to you that both are innocent, Creuse, and poor Jacques?"

"I know you can't, Laure, I—I'm sure of it, for one of them had to do it; there can be no one else. I—Laure, I'm a manhunter born, I know—there's no one else." Yet in that second, instinct told him he erred.

"Except Gharian's wife, m'sieur, the one whom you suspected first, the one whom you hunted first!"

"Come nearer," he pleaded. "Let me look into your eyes—Laure!"

"Yes, m'sieur." She knelt beside him, looking at him with soft, melancholy eyes.

"Look at me, Laure," he whispered hoarsely. "Hear me! As God is my judge, I believe I was mistaken. You're innocent! I—I love you!"

She was so close that his well hand touched her flushed cheek, but she evaded him and rose to her feet. For an instant she stood thus, looking down, then she hid her face in her own hands and burst into bitter, passionate tears.

"Laure," he cried hoarsely, brokenly. "forgive me! I had no right to tell you, but I couldn't keep it back. From that first moment at French Pete's I've loved you more than any other woman on God's earth! That's why I left that letter with the chief. I was afraid my heart would fail. But I put the Service before my own life, before yours. I can't betray my trust, but I deserve to die, Laure; kill me!" He half rose to his elbow. "Kill me, Laure, and escape! I can't give you up!"

"See what harm you do yourself, m'sieur; your head is burning, the doctor said you must be quiet!" She put him back among his pillows, but he caught at her hand again and he held her captive, voicing his love and his faith in her.

"Laure," he whispered thickly, "do you—care?"

She bent over him gently, looking into his grief-stricken face, then she stooped and softly pressed her cool lips against his hot cheek.

"Laure—"

The room swam in glory to his eyes. He tried to draw her to him, but she slipped from his hold and stood, listening.

"Hark, m'sieur, there's someone at the door."

He almost shouted. "Duval! He shall tell me the truth, Laure!"

But she turned quietly and looked at him with a wan smile. "Not so, m'sieur! They've read your letter. It's one of your comrades—come for me!"

"THIS is tough luck, old chap!" Gayle was a big broad-shouldered officer, red with the biting cold. "I understand now—" he cast a quick glance over his shoulder at the figure of the woman in the outer room, "—why you didn't bring in your prisoner in six days! Old Mac got worried, thought something had happened—must have had a hunch, eh?"

O'Hara groaned. "Listen to me, Gayle," he whispered hoarsely. "Did the chief tell you what I'd written in the letter?"

Gayle nodded. "Sure! How else could I carry it out if you failed? I know—" he lowered his voice, "—about her. Great Scott, man, she's beautiful!"

O'Hara writhed. "Hush! Don't speak of her in that loud a tone—she—listen, I must speak to you alone—" His tone was passionate, his eyes glazed with fever; even his lips were parched.

Gayle saw it and began to think the man out of his head, so humored him, bending nearer. "What is it, old chap? Don't worry, I'll take her back with me. I'm only waiting for the doctor. She says he's coming back about your head. I can't leave you alone here, see?"

O'Hara caught at that. "No, you can't leave me alone. Stay until I'm better, Gayle, for God's sake! As soon as I can go I'll get to the post. I must see the inspector, I—"

He choked, catching his breath and seizing his comrade's arm with a shaking left hand. "Gayle, I've made a terrible mistake, I've accused an innocent woman!"

[Continued on page 78]

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SCHOOLS

Beyond the Law

Continued from page 77

Gayle laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. "Be quiet, old chap! You'll injure yourself. It's all right! You'll only have to prove it. I'll stay right here. She's making broth for you now, isn't she?" He glanced through the open door into the outer room, where Laure had busied herself. "It'll be all right. The chief thinks a lot of you. Let it go at that until you're better."

O'Hara uttered cryptic and incoherent things below his breath. "You think I'm out of my head, Gayle, I can see that. I'm not! I'm that devilish thing, a manhunter. I had no mercy—you know the game? We all play it, proud of our score, proud because we've run down some poor wretch and sent him to his death! I went to work and wove a web, I caught her in it. I've written it all down for the inspector. Of course he believed it, as I've done good work before, but it's all a lie, a damnable bunch of lies. I swear she's innocent. I'd stake my immortal soul on it!"

Gayle looked at the raving man with something like an ironic smile upon his lips.

O'Hara caught the look and gasped, "You don't believe me?"

Gayle smiled, this time broadly. "She's mighty pretty, O'Hara!"

O'Hara groaned. "Oh, God, this is my just punishment! I'm caught in my own web. I tell you, Gayle, she's innocent. You can't touch her. She goes free! Go back and tell the chief I'm a liar and a fool; I've laid a snare for the helpless and the innocent. She's not Gharian's slayer!"

Gayle tried to stop him, touched his shoulder warningly. The woman was busy over the stove, the red glow of the fire shining up on the pale perfect oval of her face. She did not look up. No wonder O'Hara had lost his head, thought Gayle; she was a lovely creature, and surely she did not look the part of a murderess!

He leaned toward his comrade and whispered. "If she's innocent, O'Hara, who is guilty? You checked up on young Creuse and found he was in Churchill the day of the killing."

O'Hara seemed to brush the haze of fever from his eyes, he was straining every nerve to be calm. "I may have been wrong in that, I've been a fool all through! I want time to check up on Creuse again. That's why I want to see the inspector—to beg for time! I believe it must have been Creuse, he had the motive, he'd made threats, he may have shot his sister in sheer rage because she had been here to nurse Gharian. If I have time enough—"

Gayle interjected good naturedly, "The chief will give you all the time you want, but you'll have to wipe out your own work, old chap. He was mightily taken with your report. Thinks it a fine bit of work, besides, he got Johnson to admit he saw this woman in full flight that day. The chief thinks Johnson shot up his own arm rather than run down a woman. You remember Johnson made a mistake about that woman at Fort Smith, and ever since then he—"

O'Hara broke in harshly, "I tell you it's all a lie, a damnable lie! She's innocent. If you attempt to arrest her, I—by God, I'll shoot you!"

Gayle looked at him with consuming pity. "His head's bad," he thought, "and this woman's been kind and patient. She looks it." But aloud, "It's all right, O'Hara. I'm not going to butt in on your case, but stay here until you can go. That'll keep this lady under surveillance, you see, without hurting her feelings. My orders were to bring her in, but the chief'll understand that your injury caused delay, and you're still on the job. That lets me out easy, see?"

O'Hara nodded; he was spent and weak with the struggle to undo his own work, and his head ached. He knew, too, that Gayle was, at heart, unconvinced. "You don't believe Creuse did it?" he said slowly.

Gayle smiled. "You cleared him pretty well, old chap."

O'Hara's eyes narrowed. "Suppose there's another suspect, a man who might well have done it in a wild rage, and who was here that day?"

The other started. He knew O'Hara was the keenest manhunter in the service, he had the highest record, never before had he shown doubt or pity.

"That's a horse of another color! Something new, then? What man?"

"Jacques Duval, the halfbreed. He adores the ground Mrs. Gharian walks on because she saved his young wife. It was his dog train that brought her here. He was her champion. If he found Gharian infatuated with this young nurse, knew he'd been a brute to his wife—well, he shot them both!"

"If? Then you're not clear on that?"

"She won't incriminate Duval; she's too tender-hearted."

"But if he killed her husband?"

"Gharian richly deserved killing. She'd left him years ago, and only came here to visit the grave of her little child."

Gayle laughed. "It gets around to making her a material witness, anyway."

"They were shot outside the cabin; she didn't know until it was too late."

"She's told you this?"

"I tell you she won't incriminate the halfbreed—"

"Oh, see here, O'Hara, you're making yourself ill; you're in a fever again. Let this thing rest, I'll get Duval. We'll hold him anyway. I—"

"Pardon, m'sieur, but you make my patient ill indeed. You've talked too long, and I must feed him now. He must sleep."

At the sound of her soft voice both men turned, startled. Laure stood there, silhouetted against the light, a tray of food in her hands. Gayle made way for her, his face reddening under her calm eyes, but he saw her bend over O'Hara, holding his bowl of broth and talking to him softly, her very presence an influence for peace.

Gayle turned his back, a strange tightening in his throat. "It's a darned rotten job to run down a woman anyway," he muttered to himself, going into the outer room to stare out of the window.

IT GREW late now, the wind was singing overhead as the gale rose, and clouds were piling up in the north.

"More snow," Gayle prophesied. Then hearing a soft movement in the room, he turned sharply and found the woman standing there, looking gravely at him. "M'sieur Police," she said quietly, "I heard what you said just now—I couldn't help it—about Jacques Duval. My patient here is half delirious, m'sieur, has been so ever since he struck his head in a fall. If he accuses Duval of—of killing Ninon Creuse and my husband, it is a mistake. Duval's innocent, I—I'll prove that when the time comes."

"You're sure, madame?"

"I swear it, m'sieur, by all I hold most sacred!"

Gayle stood looking at her; she lifted fearless eyes to his. "I know why you came, M'sieur Police," she went on in her low even voice. "You came for me."

Gayle nodded. "O'Hara wants to clear you. He accuses Creuse and this man, Duval. If you clear the halfbreed—"

She paled suddenly and her lips shook. "It would mean—if Creuse is judged guilty—?"

"Death," said Gayle. A voice from the inner room intercepted.

"Have you eaten your supper yet, Gayle? You mustn't make trouble around here. I'm trouble enough for Mrs. Gharian."

Laure's glance went back to the inner room and Gayle saw it. "By Jove," he thought, "she loves him!"

Her voice was calm when she spoke. "Supper's on the table, m'sieur. Will you please sit down?"

[Continued on page 79]



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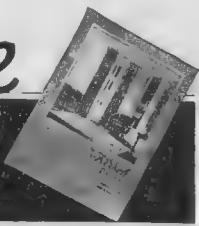
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Beyond the Law

Continued from page 78

He obeyed her awkwardly, for something in her look abashed him. She had hot food and drink for him, and served simply. Gayle ate with an uncomfortable feeling that this was all a tragic mockery. Even at that thought he looked up and encountered the woman's clear gaze. Innocent or not, she did not fear him! Thoroughly puzzled he busied himself with his supper while she carried another cup of tea to O'Hara.

"I try to keep you still," she said to her patient. "Your head troubles you, I know it!"

O'Hara nodded; his face was white now, the flush of fever had left it and his eyes were haggard. He took the tea from her.

"You must sleep, m'sieur," she urged. "You've been in fever—you must sleep!"

Something in her voice and her touch seemed to weave a spell. O'Hara had drained the cup of tea, and now he sank back. A subtle feeling of drowsiness crept over him, and his head sank back on his pillows.

Laure came back to Gayle to pour more hot tea for him. There was relief in her face. "He's going to sleep," she said in a low voice.

Gayle rose, taking the cup from her hands. "I'll drink it by the fire," he said, and moved to a chair there.

A sudden gale had risen. It shook the little cabin and beat upon the door and windows, but not even the noise of the wind seemed to rouse O'Hara once he had fallen asleep. Gayle drank his tea beside the fire with a new sense of physical comfort. It was good to be indoors on such a night. The woman was clearing the table and he watched her stealthily. Her movements were slow but wonderfully graceful; there was harmony in them like the facile lilt of music. The firelight made glory of her hair. He seemed to hear again O'Hara's plea for her.

"Good Lord, it's a pity! Love at first sight, of course, and she's guilty!"

IT WAS morning when O'Hara opened his eyes. A sudden sense of loss assailed him, a deathly chill. The fire was out! He started up, gripping at the side of his cot with his well hand. Thank God, his head was clear! He rose unsteadily to his feet, stretched himself and straightened; he was better. He walked stiffly to the door and looked into the outer room. Gayle still slept before a black hearth. Beyond was a deserted room with only a spark of fire showing in the stove, there was no sign of a woman's presence!

"Laure!"
Her name rose involuntarily to O'Hara's lips. There was no reply. He straightened himself again, for the first time since his accident he felt physically fit; except for the broken arm he was well. He glanced again at Gayle, and again looked about the room, scarcely able to believe that she had gone.

"Laure!" he called entreatingly.

Still no answer! A horrible suspicion tore at his heart. Without a thought of Gayle now he rushed to the outside door of the little cabin and tore it open with his left hand. In the snow outside he saw the tracks of her webs, and knew. He steadied himself and swept the vast sheet of snow with his eyes. He could see far off the tops of the blue green spruces, dwarfed by the snow. There was no living thing in sight. He went outside quickly. Gayle's dogs were in the shelter and yelped for food as he approached. She had gone alone and on foot!

Gone? And he was just awake! She had drugged them both and made her escape!

A sickening dismay seized him. She had done this—like a guilty thing! His feet slipped on the ice, he caught at a frozen willow and broke a bit of it in his one useful hand. He tore it to pieces with his teeth as he went back to the cabin, seized Gayle and shook him. The place was freezing and the constable awoke, cursing.

"It's cold as hell!" he growled.

"Get up," O'Hara ordered. "We must have been drugged. She's gone, been gone for hours, and there's been a light snow since, it'll be hard to trace her."

Gayle leaped up. "There! I told you," he snapped, "she's guilty!"

O'Hara did not answer that; he was trying to drag on his furs with one hand. Gayle aroused fully now, came to his aid. As he did so he saw O'Hara's face, and put his hand on his shoulder. "Oh, man, I'm sorry!" he said with feeling.

O'Hara choked. Then he glanced down. On the floor lay a woman's handkerchief. He picked it up and thrust it into his breast. "We've got to get her!" he said grimly.

Gayle tried to stop him. "Stay here; I can do it. Why, man, she can't go far on foot alone!"

"Duval will meet her." O'Hara's face was hard. His eyes looked like a dead man's, lustreless.

"I'm equal to Duval," replied Gayle. "You're not really fit—"

O'Hara thrust him aside with his left hand. "Do you think I'd let anyone else—take her?" he questioned bitterly.

Gayle nodded. He knew what it meant; O'Hara was true blue. He would keep his faith to the service, he would bring her in though it killed him.

"I'll harness the dogs," said Gayle.

O'Hara pointed at the web prints. "She's started afoot, but it's been four or five hours." He hesitated, studying the frozen waste. Dark snow clouds lowered again in an Arctic sky. "I'll go on. You follow my tracks with the dogs. If she's met Duval we'll need them; he's the fastest driver in the North," he added, and his voice thickened.

"Wait!" Gayle called to him, running back. "I'll come—you're not able, only having one arm; there's the halfbreed!"

O'Hara smiled grimly, drawing his pistol with his left hand. "I can shoot with either hand," he said.

Gayle, harnessing the team, shouted again to him, but he saw the tall figure moving steadily across the frozen barrens.

A light powder of snow had fallen since Laure left the cabin. Now and then O'Hara lost all trace and had to double back. But the wind had driven the new snow off the higher slopes, and as he rushed ahead he found the clear-track of her snowshoes and followed it.

Once or twice he stopped to glance at the bleak scene with a thrill of wonder. What a woman, starting alone in the night! Her courage was magnificent; it was like her beauty, her gentleness. O'Hara set his teeth. Behind him he heard Gayle's dogs coming. A horrid fear that Gayle would find her, that Gayle would take her from Duval, obsessed him. She was guilty; her flight proclaimed it, and, guilty, he, O'Hara, must take her, he and no other man!

Gayle shouted to him, "Here are sled runners!"

He looked back and shook his head, pointing down. "The webs go this way!" he shouted back.

Gayle drove slowly, in a semi-circle, trying to trace the spot where Laure might have met Duval, but O'Hara went on. The barrens seemed endless. He came to a clump of frozen willows, the blue ice of the creek. He remembered suddenly that she had crossed it here that day when Gharian died. It gave him a clue.

Before him rose a sharp eminence and a mass of spruce tops, a little forest. The wind had swept it bare of fresh snow and on the slope he saw the mark of her webs. Gayle shouted to him again but he heard nothing. A biting wind cut his face, but still he climbed steadily. At the top he could look down into the small forest. A thin plume of smoke ascended!

[Continued on page 80]

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Beyond the Law

Continued from page 79

Something tightened about his heart. He forgot to signal to Gayle, and plunged down into the snow, following her prints through the trees. At last the evergreens parted. In a coulee he saw a brown object and knew it for the roof of a tiny cabin, some trapper's shelter. Strange that in all his previous hunt for clues he had not found it! He was right now; her prints were fresh here. It had taken her a long time, too, to reach it in the drifts. The webs led him straight to the door.

There were no fresh signs of dogs or a sled; it was unearthly still. Only the thin curl of blue smoke and the footprints to the door! Her feet—going here—for what purpose? She knew she would be tracked! Was it the baiting of a trap?

O'Hara drew himself up. He pressed his hand across his eyes, a shudder ran through him. Behind him he heard Gayle's dogs give tongue to their long howls. "For the service!" he whispered, and opened the door.

There was a fire burning in the stove, and the glow of red coals fell on the figure of a man stretched on a bed of furs. He lay still, a rigid profile. One glance told O'Hara he was dead. Beside him, kneeling, her back to the door, was Laure Gharian.

O'Hara stood still. The fire glow made a glory of her beauty. Her hands were clasped; she was praying. There was a long moment of silence in which he could hear her breathe, then—nearer and nearer—Gayle's dogs yelped.

She lifted her head and their eyes met. O'Hara could not speak. She rose slowly to her feet and stood, looking down at the dead man's still face. Then she turned, and her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"So you've come, m'sieur? Even here?" Her hand went to her heart, as if to still its beating. "I'm glad you slept—I meant you to sleep—until he was—beyond the law!"

O'Hara took a step forward, looking down at the dead man. "He did it!" he gasped, suddenly knowing the truth.

"He was my brother," she said simply. "We came together to the grave of my little child. I never went to the cabin at all then; I didn't mean to go there, for my husband and I were utterly separated. But Paul saw Ninon Creuse at the door. He had known her in Quebec, when she was training in the hospital, and he loved her!" It was that, m'sieur, not so much my quarrel that he took up. It was mad jealousy because Ninon was there and Gharian loved her. Paul told this afterward.

"At the time I didn't know, didn't realize it all until—too late! He was

furiously, tried to make Ninon come with us. Gharian interfered, and my brother told him to come outside like a man and fight it out.

"In the end it was a duel. Gharian wounded Paul. Paul's shot killed Gharian outright. The girl sprang between them, struggling to disarm them. To keep them apart. Unhappily it was a shot from my brother's pistol that killed her—and broke his heart! I was at the little grave when I heard the shots. I ran to them and found Ninon dying, in her agony she caught at my coat and tore those two bits away. Oh, I didn't hate her, m'sieur; I pitied her. I did all I could. Paul was mortally wounded, and in great anguish of mind. I held him up. We got to the creek and Duval came, we put Paul on his sled and brought him here to hide him. I took his pistol to the cabin on purpose, and Creuse found it.

"For weeks I've stayed to tend him secretly. The doctor who dressed your arm has been here, but he couldn't save him. He kept our secret because Paul was dying, I begged to have him die in peace. I came to him just in time last night. The doctor had warned me that the end was near. M'sieur, I wouldn't betray him as he'd suffered enough. I decided to go with you to prison until the end, rather than have the law here! I loved my brother, for he was all I had. He fought—as most men would—and Gharian died. I can tell you now, he can suffer no more, he's—beyond the law!"

As she finished she turned again, drew the furs up over the dead face, sobbing.

O'Hara snatched at a chair back and steadied himself, the room seemed to reel. "Laure," he whispered, white lipped. "I came today—"

"To take me? she smiled wanly. "M'sieur, I wouldn't kill a mouse."

"Laure," he sank to his knees beside her, snatching at her cold hand and resting his face upon it. "Laure, I'm not fit to tie your shoe!"

She did not move or speak, and his heart sank. The door fell open and the bitter wind drove in. He lifted his head and looked at her with anguished eyes. But her face was calm and beautiful, and, as he looked, her eyes softened.

"M'sieur," she whispered, "I wouldn't have had you fail to do your duty. For that I honor you! For this, for your pity and your gentleness to me, for this—"

He held her hand tight. "For this?" he cried, "for this, Laure?"

"For this I love you," she answered simply, and laid her free hand upon his cheek.

Filling the Cellars With Foods

Ventilation is An Important Factor in Keeping Fruits and Vegetables

AS a general rule either the old root cellar or house cellar is used. Adequate provision should be made for ventilation through the use of cold air intakes and outlet flues, having valves by which to regulate the movement of air. In connection with the intake flue, care should be taken to prevent "freezing" air entering the cellar. Care should also be taken to exclude all light from the storage cellar.

With apples and pears only the best grade of fruit should be placed in storage and boxes or barrels should be used. The storage cellar should be such as will insure that the temperature will not fall below freezing point. Around 36°F. with relatively moist temperature is best and should keep the fruit in splendid shape throughout the winter.

For most vegetables the bin with slatted sides and bottom, providing circulation to prevent heating, are desirable. These should be narrow and not too large in size.

Celery keeps best when planted with the roots on in sand on the cellar floor, with the plants set closely in rows six to eight inches apart.

Cabbage may be treated in the same way as celery but equally good is the slatted tray method, tier above tier, with heads placed two deep on each tray.

Onions require dry storage at a temperature around 34° to 36°F.

Squash, vegetable marrow, and pumpkins also require dry storage but they keep best in a warmer temperature, ranging around 65°F.

Dead Rose Leaves

By Jessica E. Money

Ah, dark, dead Rose Leaves,
I would that I might know
Thy message had but passed into the Infinite
To be recalled.

As thy matchless bloom,
That now lies crushed to dust,
Awaits, in nature's womb, the quickening
Of re-birth.

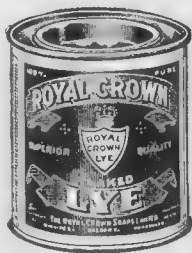
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English: How She Got That Way

By Lillian Gibbons

WE HAVE heard about English, as she is spoke (Mark Twain), and English as she is taught at college (Stephen Leacock); now we shall hear how she got that way.

Recently we read in the newspapers of a lady who wanted someone to give her an ear; but, like Antony of old, dear readers, I only ask you for a lend. Harken! Dost thou know how English got that way? She is not the indigent language of the Briton, but a foreigner of the Teutonic kind, whose poor relation is High German. English is a multi-breed, having words from the Danish, Norman, French, Italian, Spanish, Hindoo, and American Indian. It has been said that sixty per cent of the words in our language are of Latin origin; thirty per cent of other sources, and ten per cent of English. Now, how did English get that way? One can't even swear—from by Jimini, to damn—without using Latin words; for the Latins called the heavenly twins Gemini, and "damn" is only "condemno," after all! Any poor sinner could stumble upon animadversion and "transversal" as Latin words; but what about such common ones as "street," "wall," "animal"? What would we all do without "vim"; the laborers without a "bonus"; social butterflies without a "memorandum"; housewives without a "recipe"; students, without a "stimulus"; professors, without "data"; the coroner, without his "post mortem"?

Then, look at our abbreviations; they persist in Latin form—yet they suggest, not the Latin words, but the English equivalents: i.e. (id est) is popularly "that is"; £ s. d. (librae, solidi, denarii)—pounds, shillings, pence.

Yet, with all these various causes for the words of our so-called English language, there is a peculiar unity about our vocabulary. The forms are essentially Teutonic, while the foreign words are, in large part, Anglicized by the English change laws of sound and form.

We hear a great deal about the blessings that the Latins conferred upon us when they let us borrow some of their words. Here are a few of them, converted into monstrosities by popular English:

"Agitate the communication" is a far-fetched, Latinized way of saying "ring the bell."

Said Mr. Bob Sawyer to Mr. Pickwick: "I say, old boy, where do you hang out?" The reply was: "I am at present suspended at the George and Vulture."

Even well-known proverbs can be Latinized beyond recognition. Try these: "In the absence of the feline race, the mice gave themselves up to various pastimes." — "Cryptogamous concretion never grows on mineral fragments that decline repose."

"Sapient" comes from the perfectly respectable Latin adjective, sapiens; yet in English it has been jocularly shortened to the popular form of "sap."

Are you a highbrow or a lowbrow? Here's a good test. Only the Plebs say "he died." The Pats say "he deceased; he passed out of existence; his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, or—winged its way to eternity, or—shook off its burden." Again, only the intellectually vulgar would say "the man fell"; the Patricians would utter this statement, "The individual precipitated himself headlong."

As Lecky said of Gladstone, pedants "seem sometimes to be laboring to show with how many words a simple statement can be expressed or obscured." Take this for an example: "The young lady home from school was explaining, 'Take an egg, and make a perforation at the base and a corresponding one at the apex. Then apply the lips to the aperture, and by forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is discharged of its contents.' An old lady who was listening exclaimed: 'It beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a gal, they made a hole in each end and sucked.'"

One can display one's knowledge of the classics by saying, "He sank from inanition to nonentity" instead of "he starved to death."

A good example of Latinized expression comes from that master of a classical style, the lexicographer, Johnson. "A kiss," he wrote, "is the juxta position of the oscular muscles." If Mrs. Johnson was wooed in that way, no wonder she soon died.

AS EARLY as 1600, an ingenious author made tricks of an affected style of English:

"As on the way I itinerated,
A rural person I obviated;
Interrogating time's transition,
And of the passage demonstration,
My apprehension did ingenious scan,
That he was merely a simplician."

Who said the Latin language was a dead one? At any rate we moderns are being haunted by its ghosts.

In English as she is wrote we find dangling participles, which are always hanging round, like an unwanted Romeo: "Standing on top of the hill, the little valley stretched away for miles." Carlyle, how could you?—"Speaking in quite unofficial language, what is the net purpose and result of war?" Another offender is R.L.S.—"Thence, looking up and however far, each fir stands separate . . ."

It is hard to explain how English got that way; yet we find such obsolete compounds as these: "woman," "husband," "bride groom." "Woman" is equivalent to "wife man," not "woe" plus "man." "Husband" is "hus bonda." This is an etymological reason for woman's equality with man. "Bridegroom" means "bride man."

No doubt you'll be surprised, but some of the modern slang is of Scriptural origin. "Olive-branches" is used for "children"; a "rib" for a "wife," and a "howling" wilderness is the ancestor of the modern "a howling success," which later became "a scream," and then "a wow."

Euphemism is really prudishness, after all. Politeness can go too far, even in English. Therefore, one author writes: "I do not know whether Boston ladies are as prudish as they are reported to be, speaking of the limbs of a piano, and of their own benders, instead of legs." Again, an ox is euphemistically called "a gentleman cow." But, says T. B. Russell, such expressions as "lady-dog," "male-hogs," and "gentleman turkeys" belong to the natural history of refined Boston only.

One of the most important parts of English, as she is taught at school, is modern grammar. All ye unwise ones, lay aside your cares. Talk as thou wilt. Let usage be your teacher; rejoice and be glad—for grammatical rules are disappearing! Pay no heed to school text; great students of the language are now sponsoring split infinitives, hanging participles (as long as they don't hang too long to endanger their necks) and the objective after the verb "be." Hooray! We can now say "to rightly judge"; "It is me"; "who do you mean?" "the whole room were laughing."

Talk about the liberation of the slaves! That has nothing on the liberation of parts of speech. No longer does "the" always have to be an article; why shouldn't "the" have a little freedom, just like the slaves? Now it can be an adverb, if it likes—to wit: "the more the merrier."

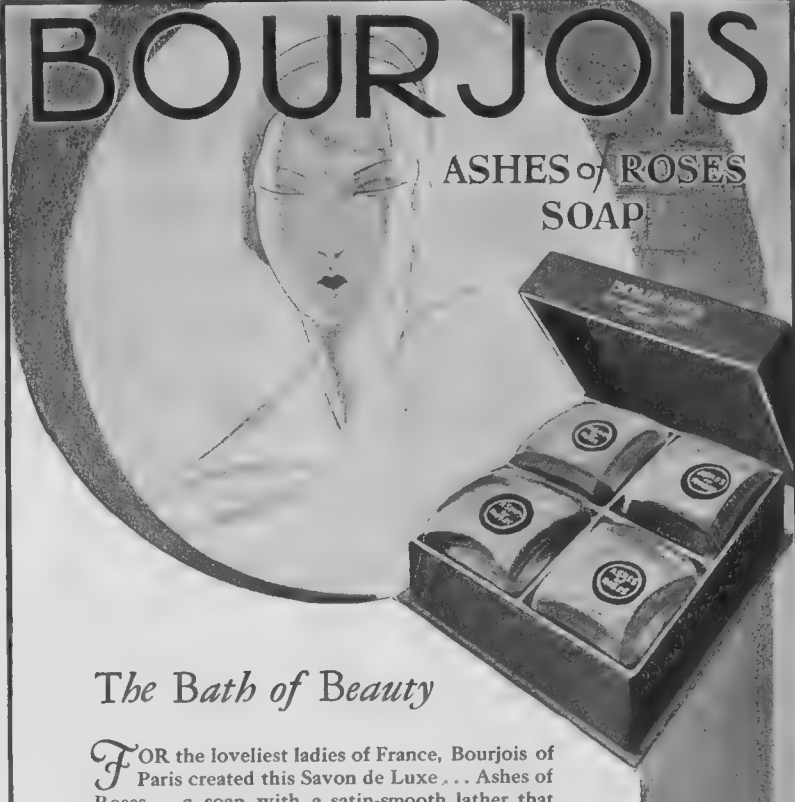
Did it ever occur to you that there is fashion in language, as well as in dress? Everyone uses the language of his profession in ordinary conversation. A physician "dissects" his subject; a chemist "analyses" it; a preacher "expounds" it, while the common home merely "makes it clear."

In the Middle Ages, it was fashionable to make use of the allegorical treatment of love. A knight "took his lady's heart by storm," and she "surrendered."

So, even though we'd hate to tell all the secrets that would explain how English got that way, we conclude that it's a good old language, after all. And besides, whatever the King says, goes, you know. So, ask George how to say it, and you'll be sure your King's English is unimpeachable.

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A Woman Who Dares to Be Herself

Continued from page 23

subject. Lady Astor's requests are rarely denied, her radiant personality makes her a social dictatoress!

She possesses also the happy gift of being able to engage and to sustain a conversation with several people at the same time; total strangers are made to feel at ease and friendly toward each other, which trait is due to her being an "Anglicised" American, possessing and portraying the hospitable genius of both peoples; she is an internationalist with an Anglo-Saxon bias, an obviously understandable complex. A luncheon party at Lady Astor's home is an intelligent Tower of Babel—everyone talks at the same time, everyone seems to understand all the various arguments going on at the same time, and Lady Astor is chairman and debater as the whim suits her mood. No subject is allowed to be exhausted, for as soon as it wears thin she flings another into the arena to allow her guests to tear it to pieces. It is all great fun, in which I am sure she gets the major share.

It is amazing the way in which her Ladyship dismisses great subjects of discussion. "Have you a cure for Bolshevism?" I asked. "Sure," came the confident answer, "better social conditions, and certainly better, far better, education. Slums and bad housing generally are a main cause of Bolshevism." And how about India? "Common sense and humanity are required. Absolute justice. Which means a firm hand to keep law and order until the Indian people are prepared to do so for themselves."

Her Ladyship believes that the greatest force for good in British public and political life is the underlying love of good in the British people themselves, and she says: "The longer I am in public life the more I have to admire this quality—it is the greatest power we have got and will always make for ultimate good government. I see this happy trait at work in the House of Commons. It is truly wonderful how these men of all parties and from all classes stand for good and justice. Opinions of how to attain these virtues might differ, but the underlying sense was present all through our deliberations. We are gradually clearing the lines for sacrifice and service. Humbug and cant are gradually being crowded out of political life. Vanity is fast losing its place, the way is brighter for all political reform. There is nothing in public or political life that needs a lie to aid its efficiency, and the time has come when Truth is asserting itself as never before. The mass of people are out for good all the time, and for making the world a more fit place for children to be born into. We must take our religion into politics, not our politics into our religion."

IT IS well-known that Lady Astor has a passionate interest in child welfare. This is easily understood when we remember she is the mother of five happy children, four boys and a girl. But her child welfare work belongs very much to her private life. I know of one Kiddies' Home, and Nursery School in London's East End, which has had to thank her Ladyship for generous help, in the form of service and money to keep it going, although it is run by a lady who is a Socialist!

With children she believes that the Cinema can do a great work in supplementing what the school and home can do for them. Give them fascinating natural history films, fairy tales, historical and travel pictures, and talkies with a good story and, above all, good speech with pure intonation and diction. She does not suggest that children should spend many hours each week in the cinema, but that thousands of children lack books, toys, and a decent chance of healthy, educative pleasure, and the cinema can supply a real social and educational need.

Her Ladyship demands that all films should be a work of art, dramatically and artistically. Given proper conditions, and public encouragement to produce

really good stuff, the future of the cinema should be in the forefront of the great arts of modern life. It has a wonderful chance to bring color and romance into the lives of millions who otherwise—as far as romance and beauty are concerned—would go empty away. Psychology teaches what vivid impressions things seen with the eye leave on the mind. Hence her desire for the very best in moving and talking pictures, especially as they are the only real recreative pleasure in the monotonous lives of the poor. The cinema industry, she agrees, has become one of the world's greatest industries, but its greatness can be sustained only if its human service is likewise great and character-building. Indeed, she goes so far as to say there is only one aristocracy in the world—people of all classes and of every nation possessing character.

It is for the last reason, perhaps, that her London house is the centre of the most amazing collection of personalities in the city. Men and women from every rank and profession in life attend her social functions, rich and poor rub shoulders and Lady Astor and her genial husband make them all feel equally welcome and at home in the real sense. But character and some worthwhile attainment in service is demanded of all her guests. Whilst possessing an abundance of human understanding, her Ladyship has an uncanny accuracy in assessing human values, and the worth of every individual who seeks her aid or enjoys her generous hospitality.

SINCERITY of speech and action are not the least amongst the gifts that have endeared her to friends and opponents alike. Her deep sincerity is apparent in all her undertakings, and even her greatest opponents secretly admire her depth of feeling. Many of her utterances in public are not characterised by great scholarship. At times her animated speeches, sweetly reasonable, delivered with a personal charm which adds conviction to her argument, show the benevolence of her good intentions more than a basis of practical, reasoned economic fact. Yet she has the courage of her convictions at all times, even though some of them could be riddled by an economist or a more expert legislator. Her advocacy is tempered by a good heart and a fearless spirit, more than by critical analysis or concentrated study. At times she is almost guilty of being the passionately sincere preacher, blunt, limited in imagination, giving a glimpse of her Puritan forebears.

Her courage has always been acclaimed. In the present House of Commons, where she is deservedly popular amongst members of all parties, I witnessed one of the inevitable clashes of personality which must occur. Her courage was refreshing, challenging. She stood in her place facing the furies of the Socialist Government supporters, and was unable to speak against the din of jeers; for her views are never so popular as her personality. It was impossible to "sit her down," and eventually she got a hearing. Yet half an hour afterwards, during the tea interval after "question time," the same members who had tried to shout her down inside the Chamber were on jovial terms with her in the Lobbies.

Sometimes her views are extremely irritating to many of the members on all sides, and her bantering manner not a little tantalizing. She is an antagonistic debater, her sincerity encourages her to believe she is always right; and although she has a great regard for all forms of traditional law and order in the Commons, she finds both these irksome when they attempt to cramp her style and stifle her self-expression.

This little Anglo-American woman who was destined to become the first woman Member of Parliament in Great Britain, ranks amongst the world's great personalities, not so much for her considerable achievements, nor for what she has said, but for what she is—a woman who dares to be herself.

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TORONTO CANADA



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Favorite Poems

WE have several we intend to print from time to time as we need them, and when they appear gold buttons will go to the Cornerites who sent the verses. If you haven't got a button yet, cheer up, you may next month. Because this is November, and Armistice Day is kept on the eleventh of the month, we are printing the verses sent by Eleanor L. McDougald, Tupper Creek, B.C.

"In Flanders' Fields"

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row.
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

(Colonel John McCrae, the poet who composed these beautiful verses, was a Canadian who was killed in action. No other verses written during the war have been so widely read or so much beloved and quoted. In France you know wild poppies grow everywhere, and in England every wheat field is crimson with them. There is an old legend that poppies only grow where blood has been shed, and many battles have been fought in these old countries, but we hope very much that there will be none in the future).

Our Summer Competitions

Eleanor McDougald, who has won a gold button this month in the poetry contest will have a star placed on it for her splendid diary from which we print some extracts.

Honorable Mention is given to Teddy O'Grady, of Calgary, who wrote such a nice story of Chipmunks at Lake Louise, that we wish he had gone on with the competition and written a story a week. And Mary Maloney, of Goodeve, Sask., wrote a good single story too. It takes more than that though to win in the summer competitions.

Buffalo

Living near the Buffalo Park I often see the buffalo. They are like big cattle only they are all covered with dark brown wool.

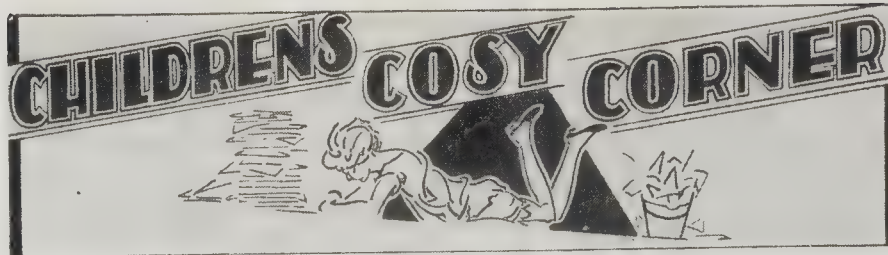
The bulls have very large front quarters and small hind legs. They are very powerful and it is lucky they don't fight or the Buffalo Park would be in a mess. They have magnificent heads with a pair of short curved horns. They also have large woolly manes. The females are not quite as big as the males and are more evenly proportioned.

The calves are born in the spring and it is quite a sight to see a big herd of cows and calves. In the spring, too, wool is seen blowing all over the place when the buffalo shed their winter coat. Every available post and tree is used by the buffalo to aid them to rid themselves of their out-of-season wool.

The buffalo have multiplied so quickly that some of them have had to be butchered for the public and some have been shipped up to Athabasca.—J. D. Siddons, Wainwright, Alta.

Mouse

The mice out here are Bush Mice. The bush is just full of them. They are a little bigger than the house mice. I was down by the creek one day, when I happened to look up and I saw the cat chasing something and something jumped into the creek. It swam very fast and at first I thought it was a frog but it turned out to be a mouse. When it got to the other side it climbed up on a rock and stayed there till it was dry. Then it crawled along the bank until it came to a hole in the bank. It looked at me and then at the hole and at last disappeared and I never saw it again.—Eleanor McDougald, Tupper Creek, B.C.



By Bobby Burke

Isabel Johnson, of Malakwa, B.C., is another fortunate gold button winner, for the poem called "Indian Summer," by William W. Campbell. We are printing this because it will soon be too late to remember Indian Summer. Isabel writes a nice letter of greeting to the Corner and the Cornerites.

"Indian Summer"

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands.
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Haste to the woods—put books away,
They'll wait the tardy comer;
For them there's many a winter day;
But brief's our Indian Summer!

—William W. Campbell.

Sent by Isabel Johnson, Malakwa, B.C.

The R-100

I spent a very interesting evening this Fall listening to the story of a newspaperman who travelled to England in the great airship that visited Canada this year, the R-100. Since then the terrible disaster to the R-101, has made people feel that it may be a long time before airships can be used for ordinary travel, but someday like planes, they will be perfected, and so I am sure you will all enjoy hearing a little of what we heard that night of the ship that flew the Atlantic.

To realize how wonderful such a feat as this, or that of the plane fliers is, you must try to picture the Atlantic Ocean. A great, gray, rolling, tumbling mass of water. No land anywhere in sight, just sky and water. Sometimes a gull flies overhead, or clumsy por-

poises play in the sun, or a whale sends his spout into the air. For two days the fliers travel over this unfriendly sea, knowing that if they fail, no one can save them.

Well, the R-100 started out from her mooring mast in Montreal just at dinner time, and so smoothly did she sail that the passengers didn't know except by the cheers that she had left the mast. Down the winding course of the St. Lawrence she flew with lighted villages blinking below her, and friendly ships flashing light signals. The travellers ate and presently went to bed. Their beds were in little cabins, which held two bunks like a train section, and the walls and the floor were built of the lightest possible wood. Most of the fittings in the airship are made of a substance lighter and stronger than aluminum, and even the knives and forks have hollow handles. The mattresses were filled with a kind of material that had hardly any weight, and in short weight was the thing most avoided on that great ship. The passengers entered by a regular gangway with railings but the crew had to walk along a nine inch plank set in the middle of the big sausage with nothing to hold on to.

Mr. Whaling, the journalist who talked to us, named this the Cat Walk and it seems to be a good name. The observation room, made all of glass, hung just below the front of the ship, and from there all the steering was directed, just as from the bridge of a ship. There were many compasses, wheels and charts in this room, and from it you could see below, and on all sides, but not above.



Thanksgiving

A Harvest Story

By Evelyn Overton

JUST now when we meet in thanksgiving for the bounteous Western harvest, let us look back hundreds of years to another harvest time.

Long before Christ was born in the little town of Bethlehem, there lived a man called Eimelech and his wife Naomi, who were very poor. There was a famine in the land and food was scarce. Many times they looked toward the distant hills beyond which lay the land of Moab. They thought they might be more prosperous there, so one day they packed up and journeyed over the hills, taking their two sons with them.

After a short time the father died. Then the sons married women belonging to the land of Moab. Some ten years later the sons died, leaving Naomi and her two daughters-in-law alone.

Without her husband and sons the mother thought longingly of her own country and resolved to go back to Bethlehem. The two women wanted to go with her, but Naomi feared they would not be happy in a strange country and begged them to return to their own families. After much persuasion one went home, but Ruth still wished to accompany her mother-in-law to Bethlehem, and in these beautiful words asked Naomi's permission: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me."

After such an appeal Naomi could not refuse to let Ruth accompany her, so the two women set out for Bethlehem. It was a long journey and they did not reach there until harvest-time.

It was the custom in those days for the poor people to follow the reapers in the fields and gather the corn which was left on the ground. These people were called the "gleaners." Ruth went with the gleaners to the harvest fields which lay a few miles out of Bethlehem, to gather what corn she could to make their bread.

The fields were not fenced off but marked by piles of stones, so that the gleaners wandered anywhere. On the day Ruth went to glean, it happened that the owner of the field came to see how the work was getting on. His name was Boaz, and he was a Jew. He greeted his reapers cheerfully and rejoiced when he saw the abundance of grain.

Looking round at the gleaners in the field he saw Ruth and enquired who she was. The master of the reapers told him that she was the woman who had come with Naomi out of the land of Moab. Boaz was a very kind man and he told the reapers not to disturb Ruth, but to let her follow them from field to field, gathering all the grain she could, and to even let fall more than was necessary, so that she would be amply rewarded for her labor.

From this little story you will see that in thanksgiving for the plentiful harvest given to him, Boaz remembered those less fortunate than himself.

Farther back, towards the end of the big craft, hung the aft and forward engine rooms. The chief engineer offered to guide Mr. Whaling to these places and he went along, not knowing just what was going to happen. What did happen was this—half way down the Cat Walk the engineer stooped down, opened a round trap door, and began to descend a ladder, our brave newspaperman followed, only to find he himself suddenly buffeted by a tremendous wind for he was on a ladder outside, between the ship and the hanging engine room! Below him was darkness, the Atlantic Ocean, and a wild tearing wind. To make matters worse he suddenly put down his foot and found no rung! However, just as he made up his mind that all was over someone seized his foot and put it on another ladder that was turned at right angles, and eventually he got into the engine room. There he found himself in a tiny place almost completely filled with huge throbbing, roaring engines. The noise was terrific and there was only room for the three men to stand between the great monsters. Signals were flashed to this room from the observation room and from the forward engine room, which later was also visited. In this forward engine room were two great wheels, one lying flat like a ship's steering wheel, controlled the forward movement of the airship, the other placed upright, controlled the rise and fall of the ship. Signals flashed to this room, and intricate compasses and guides were placed on a control board like a huge motor car board.

During the two days of the trip Mr. Whaling climbed to the outside of the great sausage, holding on frantically to a rope to save himself from sliding down the sides; he followed the captain up to the tiny bridge at the top and front of the ship, where once a day, at noon, sun observations are taken. He found himself in a hundred perilous places and positions, with nothing underneath him but the frail fabric that covered the metal ribs. Unused to lighter-than-air craft he must have risked his life many times, but he can tell us a story that may in years to come prove to be unique. Never again will an airship just like the R-100 attempt such a feat as this, for many changes must be made, and now the men who for years have worked on the building of these ships have all gone to their deaths. They had faith in their idea, and they became martyrs in the cause of flying.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Mabel Lochen, of Bearberry P.O., Alberta, wins a button for the following verse:

Ten Little Muskrats

Ten little muskrats swimming in a line,
A mink came and caught one and then there were nine.

Nine little muskrats wary and sedate,
One went enquiring and then there were eight.

Eight little muskrats, Little Brother Bevin

Tried to lick a neighbor and brought 'em down to seven.

Seven little muskrats happy in the "cricks,"

An otter came a visitin' and left only six.

Six little muskrats glad to be alive,
A hawk swooped swiftly and then there were five.

Five little muskrats—roots and rice galore,

One ventured upland; his death left four.

Four little muskrats, happy as could be;

A jack-fish got playful and left only three.

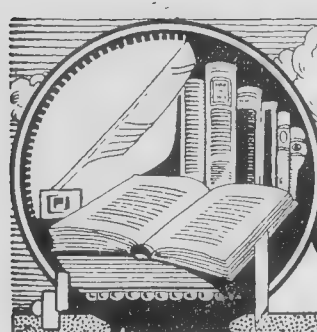
Three little muskrats—night in the slough,

Something discovered them but didn't catch two.

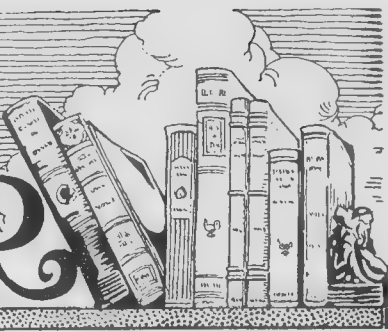
Two little muskrats travelling for fun;
They met with a weasel who missed the quickest one.

One little muskrat, slippery as an eel;
A steel trap fooled him and he's Hudson Seal.

—By Mabel Locken.



Sitting in with The PHILOSOPHER



Canada and World Trade

WHEN the news of the taking of Quebec in 1759, which was followed by the transfer of the greater part of the North American domain of King Louis XIV of France to King George II of Great Britain, arrived in the Court at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour exclaimed: "It makes little difference. Canada has been useful only to provide me with furs." That historic remark of a celebrated lady came into The Philosopher's mind when he opened out a large map of the world he received a few days ago from Ottawa, showing the trade routes and the sailing distances from Canadian ports to all the important ports in other countries. Canada's progress among the great exporting countries of the world is only in its beginnings. All the world knows that Canada has vast and varied natural resources, which have only begun to be developed. By next summer Western Canada will be brought a thousand miles nearer Great Britain and the continent of Europe by the opening of the new route of only 2,936 miles of salt water between Churchill, Manitoba's seaport, and Liverpool. When the improvement in world economic conditions arrives, with increase in the volume of international trade, no country will respond more promptly than Canada, with a greater measure of increase of development production, with consequent progress and prosperity.

Parties and Politicians

A STUDENTS' society in Winnipeg debated recently the question: "Are Political Parties Necessary?" However that question was decided, there is only one answer to the question. "Are politicians necessary?" Politicians are both inevitable and necessary, and always will be, as long as human nature is what it is. If a public man is a great and wise patriot, with a constructive, far-seeing mind, he is called a statesman after he is dead. But while he is alive and working he has to be a politician. Every man in public life, if he is to achieve anything must plan to keep himself in public life and to gain support for the policies he advocates. If he cannot attain office, he must work for his country in opposition, or as an independent striving to make as many as possible of his fellow-citizens think as he does. That is to say, he has to be a politician. It is as much his business as it is a jockey's to keep in the saddle. He may have the wisest policies for his country's good, but of what use is he if he cannot make himself heard and felt? There are good politicians and bad politicians, of course. As the darkey in the story said after he had lost at a gambling party the proceeds of the church festival, "We all is human, an' the game is shorely excitin'."

"What a Marvel is Man!"

AT THE time of the series of baseball matches every fall to determine which of two sets of men hired to play baseball are "the World's Champions" (that is to say, the champions of the United States), The Philosopher never fails to marvel at the crowds which gather, even when it is raining, in front of the newspaper offices in Winnipeg, as in every other city in Canada, and stand watching the electrical devices which show every move of each game and listening with frequent cheering to the megaphone announcements. There are so many things in human nature to marvel at. Such, for example, as the fact that official, legislative and commercial activities were at a standstill in Buenos Aires and in Montevideo one afternoon a few weeks

ago, when there was a football match in Montevideo between the Argentine and the Uruguayan teams, which the home team won by four goals to two. Five thousand of the Argentine "fans" who went to Montevideo for the match were relieved of their revolvers on landing by the Uruguayan police. There was rioting in Montevideo after the match, and in Buenos Aires 50,000 people gathered in front of the newspaper offices for the broadcast description of the play. But that was not for either the Buenos Aires crowds or the Montevideo crowds a match between alien teams outside of both the Argentine and Uruguay, as The Philosopher pointed out to the friend who was with him among the crowd of "World's Series" baseball "fans" in front of a Winnipeg newspaper office. "Oh, well," said the friend, "we can't all be philosophers all the time." Which is true. This is not a world which is governed entirely by logic.

Men and Women

WHEN all eyes were turned to the bride at a wedding which the Philosopher had the pleasure of attending recently, he stole a glance at the bride's mother, an old friend of his, and was touched to see that there were tears in her eyes. Recalling afterwards that evidence of womanly emotion, he began thinking of the difference between men and women in the expression of their feelings. To say that women are more emotional than men does not say it all. Women are closer to the realities of life than men are. They are more realists than men are. Men are more romantic. In true courage men are not superior to women, but they feel that it is an obligation of manliness not to show emotion. When little Johnny falls down and hurts himself and begins to cry, he is exhorted to be a little man and stop crying. And so men have queer ways of camouflaging their emotions—by laughter, by a show of severity, by a pretence of indifference and otherwise. But the mask is often thin. If a woman, in driving a nail, hits her thumb, no one would deny her the solace of a few tears, though not every woman would have tears come to her eyes on such an occasion. A man, in the same circumstances, finds relief in making a few unrestrained remarks. But to speak of more serious occasions, women do not feel shame, as men do, in showing the depth of their feelings. They are more expressive than men are. Tradition and custom have made it seem weak for men to show feeling, and so, sometimes, men are misunderstood, and lose much in life that they would not lose if they did not practice such rigid self-restraint, in fear of giving expression to their feelings.

The Variety of Life

IN moments of depression or gloom we may feel that life is full of material for bitterly ironical thoughts and that tragedies lie all around us. And yet on a bright morning we can face the world cheerfully—even those of us who have most reason to feel that life can be cruel. Most of us are acquainted with sorrow in some form, and many of us bear inward wounds. But healthy minds can face hard facts. Every newspaper we look at tells us of tragic happenings—tragedies that did not happen in a book, but in real life. We go on living our lives with the buoyancy of spirit without which we could not continue to do so. To every healthy mind there is enduring interest in the contrasts presented by life. There is the relish of living. Life is full of variety—there are comic things in it, as well as tragic things.

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The Western Home Monthly

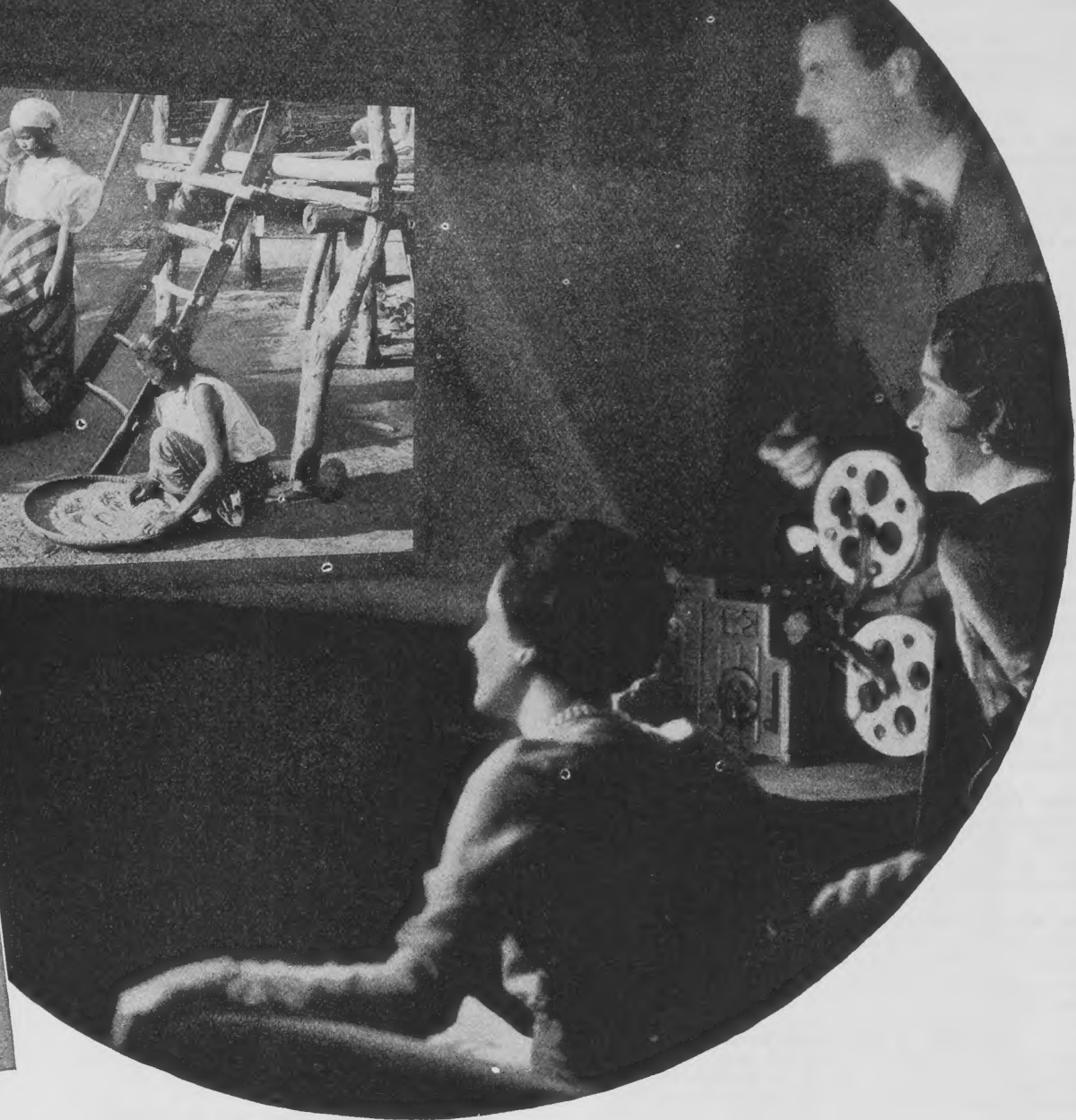
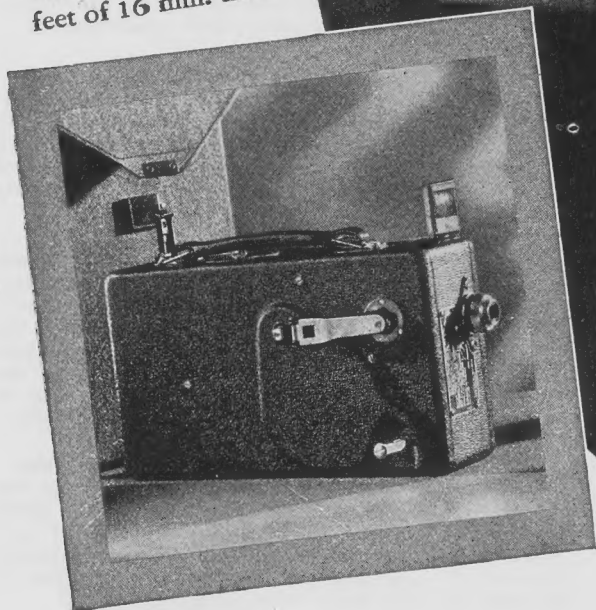
WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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SIMPLEST OF HOME MOVIE CAMERAS

What the World is Saying

Snappy, We Do Not Doubt

Men's neckties resembling silk are now being made of rubber, in France.—Peterboro Examiner.

No Wonder The U.S. Insists On War Debts

A musician declares that England gave America the saxophone.—London Saturday Review.

It Probably Discovered Him First

A Harvard entomologist has discovered a new mosquito in Florida.—Popular Science Monthly.

But He Doesn't Write Like Shakespeare

Mr. Arnold Bennett says that he writes for money—like Shakespeare.—London Tatler.

Including The Electric Light Plant

Some plants, we are told, derive benefit from the use of electric light.—Toronto Star.

It Seems Too Much To Hope For

The varieties of endurance contests may yet include endurance in some useful activity.—Montreal Gazette.

We've Seen One Spring From A Dog

"From what does a tortoiseshell cat spring?" asks the writer of an article in Our Dumb Friends.—Ottawa Citizen.

Isn't Literature Wonderful?

"What a beautiful, powerful ending!" breathed the maiden, closing the book. "I wonder what the beginning was like."—Brandon Sun.

Will They Call It "The All-Highest?"

Several skyscrapers are being erected in Berlin, in the American style. One is to be of twenty stories.—London Spectator.

Does Ye Ed. Mean They Want A Loan?

A lot of fellows ask for advice, but it is not really advice they want.—Red Deer Advocate.

Buy Your Alligator Suit Cases Early

Alligators are said to be disappearing in Florida, and the Miami Tribune predicts their early extinction.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Nor, We Are Told, Is It Always Even Beer

The Supreme Court at Washington has decided that beer in the United States is not a medicine.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Why Not A Text From Revelations?

Sometimes a minister exercises great ingenuity in picking his text for a sermon on modern fashions in women's wear.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Like A Nail Driving Out A Nail

The only thing that will drive out a talkie theme song is another talkie theme song.—Buffalo Express.

Words Cannot Express Our Relief

It is announced from the observatory on Mount Wilson in California that the lost planet Aethra has been recovered.—Victoria Colonist.

Referring To Fellow-Scientists?

"The great apes have only of late years been employed in psychological research," writes Mr. Julian Huxley in a recent article.—British Medical Journal.

Often Occurs Among Human Beings, Too

It is a noteworthy fact, in this connection, that many birds continue to sing long after mating.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

About Time Radio Sets Had Opposition

The Manitoba Court of Appeal has declared in a recent decision that babies have the right to be audible in apartment blocks.—Western Law Reports.

Well, We Know That Now—They Didn't

A writer in a magazine assures us that nothing more is really known about the planet Mars than was known by the astronomers of fifty years ago.—London Times.

The Man, In That Case, Is Married

When you see a dog leading a man, you know the man is blind. But if the man is leading the dog, what do you know about that?—Vancouver Province.

Another "Once Upon A Time" Story

Once there was a young wife who trusted her young husband who was going duck shooting for the first time, to bring home a Saturday bag.—The Pas Herald.

Is That His Daily Good Deed?

Attention is drawn to the performance at a music hall of a Boy Scout, who lifts a heavy iron bar with two other boys swinging from it.—Glasgow Herald.

Such As "A King Without A Consort"

King Carol, if and when he has to light out from Roumania the next time, ought to go to Hollywood. What a star he would be for a romantic, thrilling super-film!—Niagara Falls Review.

May Be No King Carol At Christmas

The way things are going in Roumania, it would not be surprising if Papa's crown were cut down again as a Christmas present for little Mike.—Ottawa Journal.

Do You Believe This? Neither Do We

There could be nothing more characteristic of the present age than the story of the child who, on seeing a rainbow for the first time, asked what it advertised.—Manchester Guardian.



Photo of the Pavilion, City Park, Winnipeg, taken just before an electric storm.

With Both Here and Hereafter In View?

A Halifax church bell is to be used hereafter also as a fire alarm bell.—St. John Times-Globe.

So Many Things There Are To Consider!

Young people of thirty years ago did pretty well, it must be admitted, when you consider that they had no moving pictures to teach them how to make love.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Better Try Something Easier

Enough cotton could be produced in Texas alone to put cotton stockings on all the feminine legs in creation, but it would be necessary to rope and hog-tie the owners, in order to do it.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

How About Friend Husband's Fairy Tales?

A writer on modern children asserts that mothers find it difficult to make them believe the fairy tales they tell them. But we find it difficult to believe this assertion of the writer in question.—Edmonton Journal.

And Some Is Even Worse Than That

A local radio expert says that some of the jazz he gets sounds like a collision between a truck load of empty cans and a freight car filled with wild ducks.—Kamloops Herald.

Remarkable Foresightedness Of Ye Ed.

Hearing that women are letting their hair grow again, we are thinking of buying a little stock in an old hat-pin factory that has been closed for several years.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

But Hot Air Disturbances Occur At Times

Canada does not produce bananas, it is true, but it produces far finer apples than can be grown in the southern regions of the continent and many other fruits, to say nothing of the best wheat in the world, and among the many advantages enjoyed by the northern regions is the lack of typhoons, cyclones and other violent atmospheric disturbances.—Regina Leader.

Isn't Civilization Wonderful?

Scientists have now discovered a gas which is odorless and causes an agonizing death.—Toronto Globe.

This Is Only Too Often True

An enthusiastic writer in a motor magazine begins an article describing a motor tour by saying that motoring opens up a new life.—Kitchener Record.

They'd Have To Be Higher Nails Now

Among the letters in the old files are several scathingly denouncing the City Council because the ladies were tearing their skirts on loose nails on the Main Street sidewalk.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Ways of Progress

On the old-fashioned narrow highways, just wide enough for two cars to pass, many a time a couple of cars would collide. But now they're building highways much wider, enabling three or four cars to smash at one time.—Boston Transcript.

What Was Seen and Heard

On the Western frontier in the early years oxen and sawmills were two of the most important essentials. In fact, it might be said of the pioneer settlers that they saw the herd and heard the saw.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

As Though We Had To Run After It

It is remarkable that the ancient Romans, in speaking of this uncomfortable experience, used an expression, "colligere frigus," which is in Latin exactly the two words we use when we say we are "catching cold."—London New Statesman.

They Had The Thrill Of Being Young

It is hard to believe that the grandparents of the young people dancing to the racket of a jazz band used to get a thrill out of gathering around the old parlor melodeon and singing hymns. But they did.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Soft Answer That Didn't Turn Away Wrath

"I made my husband a tapioca pudding, and he picked it up and threw it at me," said a woman witness in a case before the police magistrate at Stratford-on-Avon. Perhaps her husband had been seeing the film version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."—London Daily Express.

It Is Different With Grape Fruit Juice

Neither merchandise of real value nor talent of real merit can hope to find itself in the public eye—and this means the eye of every one of us—unless it has had recourse to some form of publicity. And of all mediums of publicity, printer's ink is incomparably the best.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

If So, Rumble Seats Will Need Derricks

As far as styles go, Time has been to some extent turning backward in its flight, but we ask dubiously, Can hobble skirts come back?—Chilliwack Progress.

But Without Air Traffic Cops As Yet

As Mayor Walker, of New York, said in welcoming Coste, the French aviator, the achievement of that flier has made the Atlantic air a one-way street.—Quebec Evenement.

How Far Will Complexions Extend?

Tanned complexions will be out of fashion next summer, it is said now. Girls who like to wear backless bathing suits will want to know whether the back is part of a girl's complexion.—Calgary Herald.

Ye Editor Thinks Mr. Wells Is Right

"Youth in America does not lack backbone," writes H. G. Wells, in his latest book. Well, looking back in memory over what we saw during the past summer at several bathing beaches, we'll say that quite a few of our young people gave a liberal display of it, and we understand that a no less liberal display of it will be made by the gowns decreed by the dictates of fashion in high society for evening wear during the coming winter.—Montreal Devoir.

They Are Always Being Told

We often wonder, in reading those stories of the careers of captains of industry and great financiers and other millionaires whom this era worships, why the secrets of their success, as they tell them, are called secrets. They are always being told to the world at large. Somehow we sometimes can hardly help thinking that they are not quite altogether the true secrets.—Minneapolis Journal.

For a Christmas Gift—be sure it's a **Waterman's**

There's a Waterman's for every taste, for every hand—and for every purse. To the right, Waterman's finest man's pen, the Patrician. Shown in Onyx, Nacre, and Turquoise. Comes also in Jet and Emerald. For the man who wants the best. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil, beautifully boxed, \$15. Pen \$10, pencil \$5.

A fountain pen desk set is a wonderful convenience for anyone who writes. Equally useful in home or office. This one with French Onyx base and matching pen is \$8.50. Others from \$7.50 to \$350.

Waterman's Lady Patricia—the first fountain pen ever created expressly for women. A dainty clasp replaces the masculine clip. Beautifully finished. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil in a charming box \$8. Pen \$5, pencil \$3.

See these pens at your local Waterman's dealer. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects, and will be serviced by the L. E. Waterman Company Limited, 263 St. James St. West, Montreal, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

Waterman's

Science shows you the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy



The microscope shows, as pictured in the illustration to the right, that the particles of Old Dutch Cleanser are flaky and flat-shaped. These unique, soft particles lie flat on the surface and come in full contact with it . . . not simply touching the surface with hard sharp points like chunky grit does and naturally they cover more surface. This explains the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy.



Old Dutch is perfect . . . it cleans without scratching the surface, it contains no scratchy grit or crude abrasives. You will convince yourself by making this simple test. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on

the porcelain drain board of your sink; take a smooth coin, lay it on top of the cleanser and rub gently. You won't feel or hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles. Avoid scratchy cleaners. They make scratches which destroy the beauty of the surface and are lodging places for health-endangering invisible impurities.

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is the safest, most convenient and practical method of cleaning. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of "seismotite" which form the basis of Old

Dutch Cleanser possess a natural distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt. Old Dutch, therefore, protects your home and family with *Healthful Cleanliness*.

Old Dutch has innumerable uses. In the kitchen; for pots and pans, all kitchen utensils, for cleaning the sink, stove, kitchen cabinet, painted walls and woodwork, etc. In the bathroom, Old Dutch quickly and easily removes the unsightly water rings, stain and soap accumulations in the bathtubs and washbowls, for cleaning metal fixtures, tile, wall and floors, etc.

Old Dutch is perfectly adapted for cleaning modern colored as well as snow-white porcelain and enamel. The use of Old Dutch exclusively assures the lasting beauty of these fine surfaces because it is free from acid and caustic which dulls their lustre and it doesn't scratch because it is free from harsh, chunky grit.



There is nothing else like it

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - *Healthful Cleanliness* 1930

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